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the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are under 15 years of age is expected to increase by 1.5 billion (United Nations 1994).

There is a growing awareness that the needs of children are not being met in many parts of the world. The United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF) has estimated that 100 million children are malnourished, 100 million are illiterate, 100 million are in need of shelter, and 100 million are in need of health care (UNICEF 1994). The United Nations Development Programme (UNDP) has estimated that 1 billion children are in need of basic services (UNDP 1994).

The United Nations has set a goal of reducing the number of children in need of basic services by 50% by the year 2000.

The United Nations has also set a goal of reducing the number of children in need of health care by 50% by the year 2000.

The United Nations has also set a goal of reducing the number of children in need of shelter by 50% by the year 2000.

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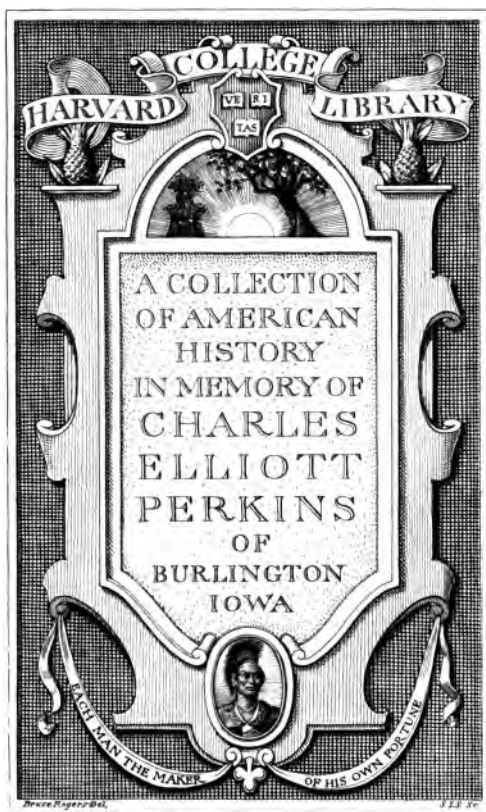
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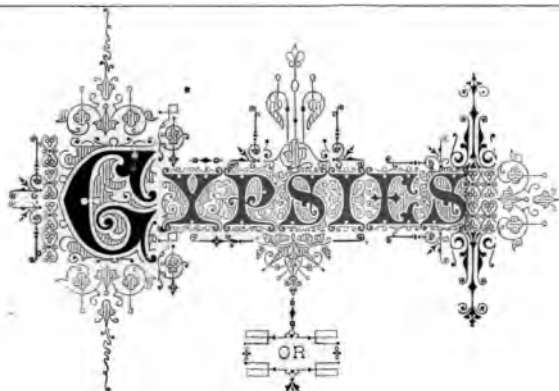








Vonnet del.
Dr. Lewis



Why we went Gypsying in the Sierras.

By DIO LEWIS, M.D.,

AUTHOR OF

"OUR DIGESTION, OR MY JOLLY FRIEND'S SECRET;" "CHASTITY
OR OUR SECRET SINS;" "WEAK LUNGS, AND HOW TO MAKE
THEM STRONG;" "OUR GIRLS;" "NEW GYMNASTICS FOR
MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN;" "FIVE MINUTE
CHATS WITH YOUNG WOMEN;" Etc., Etc., Etc.

"Life in the open air restores man to harmony with nature."

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1881.

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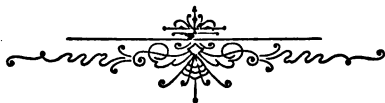
1915



To My Wife,

My constant companion in all these wanderings,
My thoughtful, devoted helper in every task,
I inscribe this volume.

DIO LEWIS.





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PREFACE.

I never did know the difference between a Preface and an Introduction, but I always put them both in for style.

You will notice that my story is made up in part of thrilling incidents. In truth, the average experiences were very quiet, but of course in three years of wild camp-life, we had many exciting adventures; and very naturally, in writing the story, I pass by the every day humdrum, and give the more striking haps and mishaps, just as I would if I were sitting face to face, telling you the story.

I went to California to seek rest after thirty years of unbroken toll as physician, author and lecturer. It may seem incredible that one who had written so much on the value of recreation and change, should have worked thirty years,

often sixteen hours a day, without a vacation. But with a rich inheritance of vitality, and the best habits in everything but the hard work, I believed that I should never fail. Seeing so much to do, I kept on till I could do no more.

7 Then I went to the Pacific coast, and rested for three years.

Three summers of camp life in the mountains of California will restore a man from almost any condition of broken health. A humorist says:

"It will restore a mummy; not one of the oldest, of course, but one of the fresher specimens."

I have never seen it tried on a mummy, but I have seen a number of almost miraculous restorations from a few months in the mountains of the Pacific coast.

Nature is slow to forgive such a violation as that of which I was guilty, but I have returned to my home and my work nearly as good as new.

INTRODUCTION.

"Big, big D's" are very bad, and things are perfectly blue with them, just now, over this New England weather.

Cecelia, the youngest of my six daughters, started out this morning, for her music lesson. She got as far as the gate, stopped, started: stopped and started again, held her cape before her face, turned her back to the storm, then returned to the house on a run, stamped her feet a little harder than was needed to shake off the snow, and asked me:

"Where is Charley?"

"At the barn, I suppose."

"I wish you would send for him."

"What for?"

"I want him to scold this weather."

I will remark here, that Charley is the only one in my family of more than fifty persons, who scolds, and so the others call on him, when a case demands a "big, big D."

Now Cecelia is one of the blondest of the blondes, and our Concord philosopher says that blondes are the natural saints; that they go to heaven by natural attraction; while brunettes, if they enter the kingdom at all, must enter it by violence.

If my daughter Cornelia, a brunette, had demanded Charley's assistance, it would not have so stunned me. Besides, Cecelia is a devout Presbyterian.

As the climate of New England is the source of her most precious treasures,—her forecast, prudence, patience, enterprise and force, it does seem to me, that in the interest of the Anti-Pro-fane Society, something ought to be done.

This book is devoted, in part, to a defence of the climate of New England. While I will try to make this defence readable, I shall keep within *the bounds of truth*, and trust I may lead many

people who have been restless and wicked, to add to their prayers, something like this:

“And we thank Thee for our rugged climate. We thank Thee that our forefathers were led, in Thy Good Providence, to land on the coast of New England, where the severe climate compels a vital, sturdy manhood; and not in southern regions, where the climate indulges and pampers, until the faculties fall asleep. We thank Thee for this among the trials and struggles of our life, without which, we should ever remain idle children.”

I have another motive. A new treaty with China is about to come before Congress, and the country. The “Chinese Question” will be rampant again; and the same people who devoted their lives to shouting “——the Nigger,” will be at it again; only this time it will be “——the Chinaman.”

You can't get rid of these profane people. They are here among us, and, fearful to think of, they are voters—law makers.

The Chinese have come, and they have come to stay. *They are a singularly quiet, inoffensive,*

temperate and thrifty people, with a real genius for hard work. One would suppose that this was the right sort for a country, whose natural resources have hardly been touched, and whose wealth would be easily quadrupled, by doubling its labor. The *labor*, observe, and not the *bossing* and *speculating*!

While digging on the railroads, and in the tule swamps, "*The Little Brown Men*" must defend themselves, as best they can, against the Statesmen and Patriots of the Saloon.

And we must see, that they have justice. Having lived among them in California three years, I wish to tell you what I saw.

This is another object in writing "Gypsies."

I hope in this way, to contribute something to the just settlement of another "vexed question." I tried hard to help in the settlement of the Negro Question.

Then I have something to say about the precious metals, which possibly may interest you.

Finally, I will not deny, that it gives me great *pleasure*, to tell you the story of our Gypsy Life.

Of course this will occupy much the larger part of the book. I say *of course*, because otherwise the title would not be an honest one.

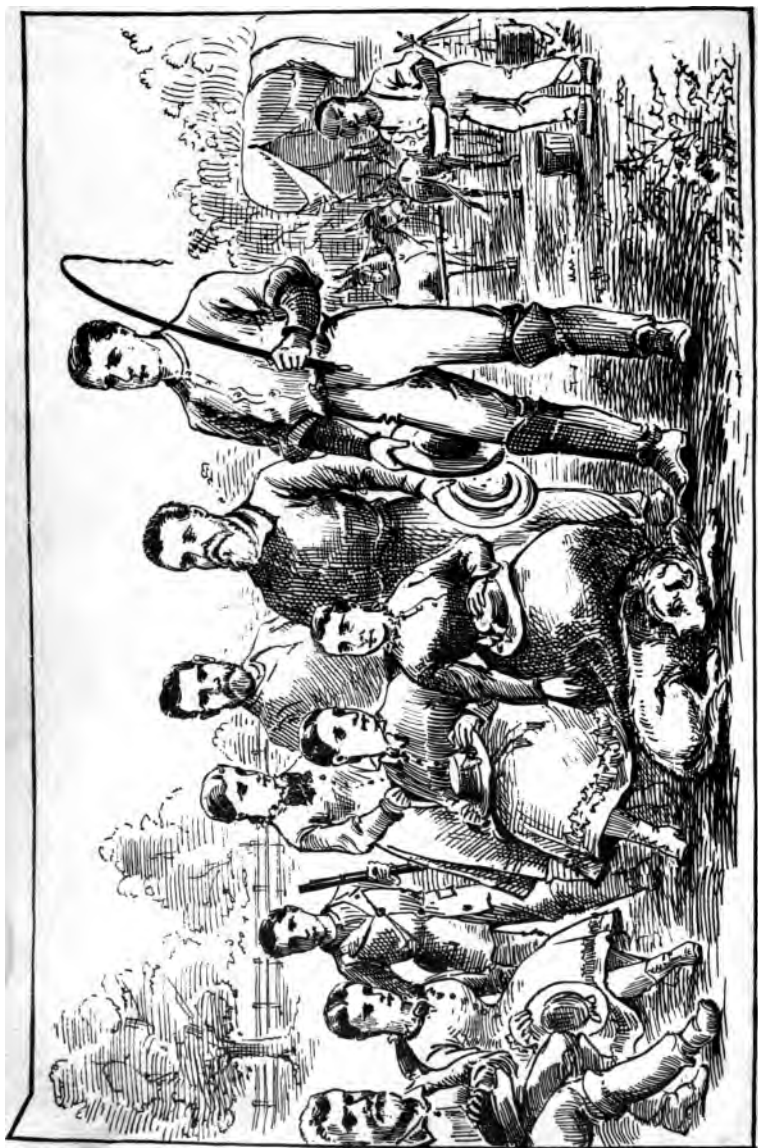
I have selected a few incidents which occurred in the second and third year, and placed them in the story of our camp-life of 1876. I choose 1876 for my story, because during that year, we spent considerable time in and about the Yosemite, while we were not in The Valley during 1877 or '78.

There are volumes in your libraries, giving a world of exact information about the Pacific Railroad, and the country through which it runs, and about the wonderful Golden State.

I propose a chatty story of travel, and not a volume of instruction. I may have forgotten figures. I kept no diary, and now, after four years, recall, as I write.

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"OUR CAMPING PARTY."

CHAPTER I.

FEARFUL LEAPS.

I read in a school physiology, that a flea can jump five feet, and that if a man could jump as far, in proportion to his weight, he would jump 500 miles.

Let me suppose that a man could jump 500 miles. Place him on Boston Common. Give him room to swing his arms, and get good ready. His face is turned westward. He leaps, and lands on the square just in front of the old Court House in Buffalo. He keeps his face turned west, swings his arms, jumps again, and lands just in front of the Palmer House in Chicago. Still he keeps his eyes west, and makes his third jump, and lands just at the end of the Union depot in Omaha. With a good swing he prepares to take his fourth leap. He must now leap up hill. The next leap of 500 miles

lands him on top of the Rocky Mountains, right by the side of the railroad track. Still keeping his face westward, he swings his arms for his fifth. The next 500 mile jump lands him on top of the Wahsatch range of mountains in Utah. Now a strong swing, for he must leap across the entire state of Nevada. He jumps, and lands on the top of the Sierra Nevada. When he takes the next leap, he must look out, or he will find himself 300 miles out in the Pacific Ocean. So this time he would better stand on one foot, have his hands tied behind him, and give a little hop of 200 miles, which will land him in the city of San Francisco.

I have crossed the Continent four times, but have always forgotten to take my wife's tape measure with me; so I am not sure about these measurements. They may vary a few inches, either way, but they are about right.

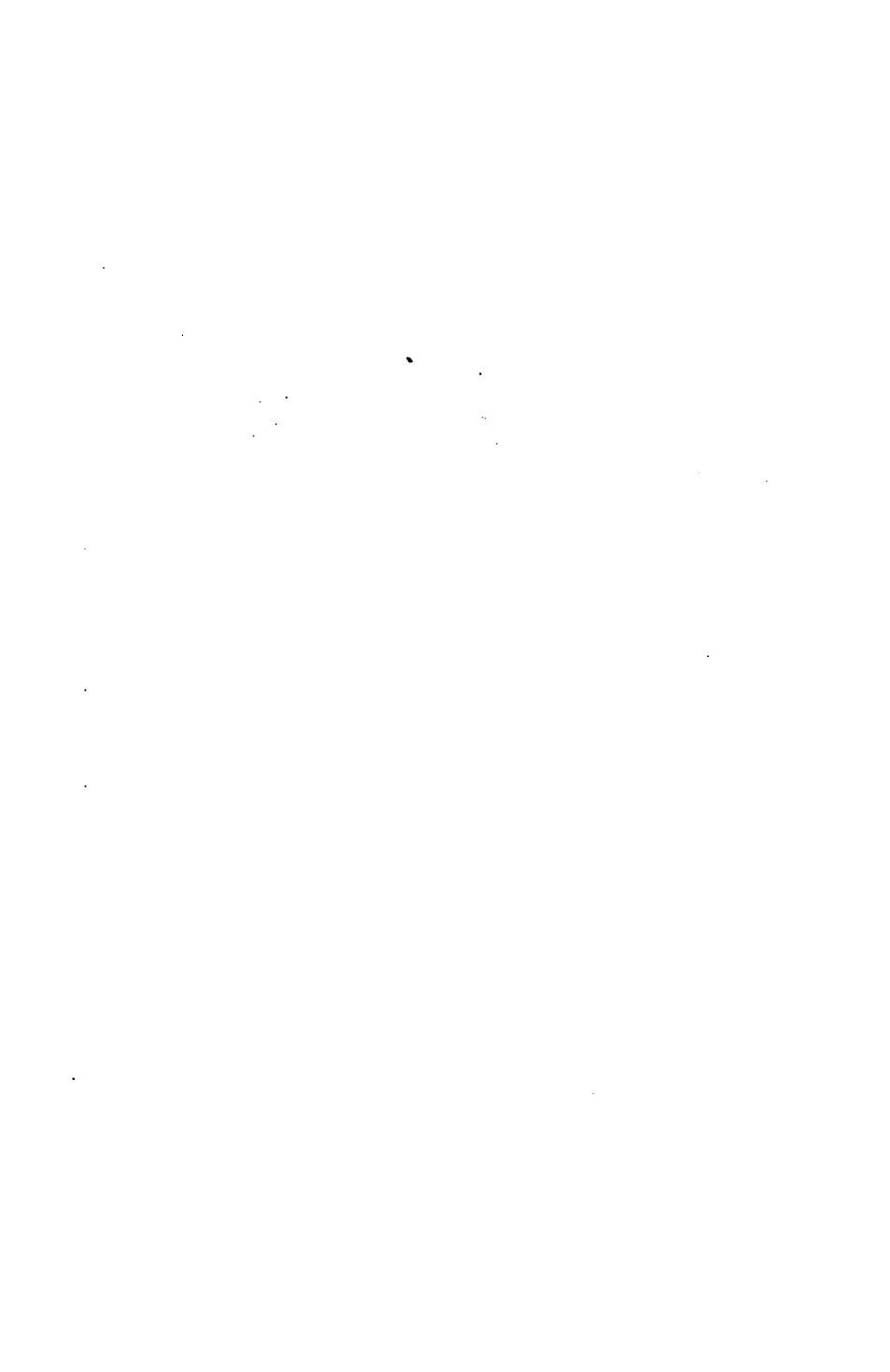
THIS TIME BY RAIL.

I can say nothing new of the journey from



LEAPING 500 MILES, ACROSS THE STATE OF NEVADA, FROM THE TOP
OF THE WAHSATCH MOUNTAINS TO THE TOP OF
THE SIERRA NEVADA.

(See page 16.)



Boston to Omaha. I had many times passed over that part of the route before, and this time was only impressed with the fact that after all the good roads and fast trains, the 1500 miles are all there. You can't wink them out of sight. With all the improvements, it is a long, weary ride.

The 500 miles between Omaha and the top of the Rocky Mountains, are one long, long stretch of prairie. Of course, you climb the mountain, and when you get to the top, you are up 8000 feet. But you haven't realized that you were climbing, unless you may have observed that they use for the last hundred miles, two very powerful locomotives, with large, long cylinders, and small drivers.

A WORD ABOUT CHEYENNE.

About 30 miles before you reach Sherman, (which is on top of the Rocky Mountains), you come to Cheyenne.

Now, you can't approach a place, without having some picture of it, before your imagination.

As we approached Cheyenne, I had an impression that it was a small town, with a little stone railroad station, and a few stone and sod huts.

Of course, I had read that Cheyenne was the point from which stages and freighters left for the Black Hills; but then I knew that on the frontier it only required a few huts to do an amount of business that would fill blocks, in an eastern city. As we pulled up to the station at Cheyenne, with our two immense locomotives, there before my eyes was a large, brick depot building, and, backed up to the platform, were the same omnibuses that we had left in Chicago, and the same red-faced runners, crying, "right up town," to the "National" or the "American." And there were several hacks, with their noisy drivers, shouting:

"Take you to any part of the city."

Getting out of the car, I walked down one of the streets. It was lined with brick blocks, high enough and handsome enough to grace an eastern city. Moving about a little, I saw fine school buildings, church towers, the tightest kind of

pull-backs, and all the other features of a smart eastern city.

Some one told us the number of the population, but, as in writing this book I do not propose to look up statistics, I will simply say that Cheyenne is a beautiful city, and would be so regarded at the east.

You hear a good deal said of the "gentlemanly clerk" of the hotel. All that has been said of him, may be said with emphasis of the porter on the Pacific Railroad. He is a colored man, a polite gentleman, and is always on the *qui vive* to give information to inquisitive travellers.

TOP OF THE "ROCKIES."

We have left Cheyenne, and are climbing to the top, when the porter, or "steward" as he likes to be called, comes along, and, in a style that would have enhanced Chesterfield's reputation, says:

"Ladies and gentlemen you are now approaching Sherman, the highest point ever reached by a railroad train."

Soon we are there. Of course we get out, and purchase some poor little geological specimens of a forlorn little Irish girl, in a forlorn dress, seated on a forlorn stool, at a forlorn table.

Well, here we are on the top of the Rocky Mountains. But where *are* the Rocky Mountains? Certainly not here! We expected, when we reached the top of the Rocky Mountains, we should be in or on the *Rocky* Mountains. But *where are the Rocky Mountains?* This is the same vast plain that we have plodded our way over, ever since we left Chicago. A rough be-whiskered fellow tells us, in order to make confusion worse confounded:

“This is the finest pasture ground in the world.”

ABOUT LARAMIE.

We leave the city of Sherman, consisting of one wretched hut, and move westward on the broad, flat, Laramie Plains, and then begin to wonder what the city of Laramie may be like. *We were so surprised with Cheyenne, that we*

determine to ask no questions, but to picture Laramie just as small as we can, that we may have the greater astonishment if it is large.

We say to ourselves: "Laramie, the *city* of Laramie!" But we have seen more than one *city* in this western country, that had less than ten houses, and all of them little ones; so we venture to squeeze the city of Laramie into very small proportions. We say:

"Well, Laramie has four houses. They are all miserable sod huts. One is the railroad depot, telegraph office, &c. The others are the houses of the cattle men, who pasture their herds on the Laramie Plains." In an hour after leaving Sherman, we are there.

Well! well! well! It is Cheyenne all over again; with the same fine depot, the same red-faced 'bus men, the same impudent hack drivers, the same fine blocks, school houses and churches, and the same tight pull-backs, only just a little tighter. These things seem to grow tighter every time.

It is difficult to believe, as you stand in Laramie

mie, and look out over the vast ocean of prairie around you, that you are on the top of the Rocky Mountains. And when you think of your great altitude, and hear the cattle men say that these Laramie Plains are the best pasture grounds on the face of the earth, and that cattle run here all winter long, taking care of themselves, you are still more puzzled.

When I retire, I think I shall settle in Laramie. I am not sure, but it is a wonderful place; perhaps all things considered, the most wonderful plateau in the world.

OFF FOR UTAH.

But we have no time to speculate. "All aboard," interrupts my chat with a cattle man, a near relative of Baron Munchausen. He draws an amazingly long bow over the Laramie herds of cattle. The number, as he put it, was not 217,000,000, but it was so large that I was glad to get back into the car, and into the atmosphere of my matter-of-fact friends.

The trip from Laramie city to Ogden, and the

end of the Union Pacific Railroad, is all very interesting. But as the trans-continental journey is not the subject of this book, I will hasten on. Instead of climbing over the Wahsatch Range, as we have just climbed over the Rocky Range we run through it. Nature made a contract with the Union Pacific Railroad, to cut through the Wahsatch Range, and she put in the cut a river, for the comfort and convenience of the ancient men who did the digging. The Union Pacific Railroad had only to smooth the ground along by the river bank, and lay down their rails. I am not sure about the grades, but as I remember, a railway train would run from Laramie Plains to Ogden, if let loose, in a very short time, and would need nothing but brakes.

The gorge through the Wahsatch Range is wonderful. It is very narrow, the walls mounting up into the heavens right over your head, and confronting you with a hundred mile panorama of magnificent, sublime, overwhelming cliffs and precipices.

In all my travels in the western world, I saw

nothing which I so long to see again, and to study; not from a passing railway train, but on foot, and in detail. It is one of the hopes I cherish, that I may soon return to that awful chasm in the Wahsatch Mountains, and spend a month in wonder and worship. This chasm is known as the "Echo Canon and Weber Canon."

As we emerge from the Weber Canon, the city of Ogden lies before us. We see it all at a glance. I believe it is mostly a Mormon city, but the two railroads, the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific, which meet there, make it an active and thriving town.

Let us run down to Salt Lake City, and see the Mormons. We take the Utah Central, a railroad owned and run by them.

THE MORMONS.

The reading public is familiar with Salt Lake City, with its scattered houses and pleasant grounds, with its little clear brooks running through the gutters of the streets, with its Mormon Temple and Tabernacle, with its Saints and

Gentiles, with its neighbor, the great Salt Lake, which does not seem able to preserve its saints from spoiling, and I propose to add only some personal experiences.

I went to call on Brigham Young, but he had the kidney complaint, and couldn't see me. The next day, I called again at the "Beehive," and was informed that he had the kidney complaint again. The third day I called, and found that he had the kidney complaint once more. So I did not see him, but I did see some of his principal people. I asked a Gentile which of the Bishops was best worth visiting? He thought Bishop Sharpe.

Bishop Sharpe is the rich Mormon, a Director of the Union Pacific Railroad, and stands high with the business men of New York City. I called at his handsome residence.

"Bishop Sharpe is in New York City, sir."

"Can I see Mrs. Sharpe?"

"She is engaged in her domestic affairs, and cannot see you."

"Can I see *Miss Kate* and *Miss Nellie Sharpe*?"

"If you will take a seat in the parlor, I will ask."

The parlor was richly furnished, and entertained a fine piano. While making an inventory of this best room in the house of a latter day saint, I was interrupted by the entrance of a stately Scotch lassie of twenty-two, announcing herself as Kate Sharpe.

We talked about some interesting subject for awhile; I think it was the subject of the weather; and I asked for Miss Nellie. As her name was spoken, she entered, a bright, sweet *petite* of sixteen years.

We soon got through with: "Is this your first visit?" and I asked Miss Kate:

"What do you think of Polygamy?"

"I *hate* it!"

"Are you not a Mormon?"

"Certainly, but I *hate* Polygamy!"

"Miss Nellie, what do you think of it?"

"I think just as sister Kate does!"

"What does your mother think of it?"

"She *hates* it worse than we do! She loathes it!"

"But I hear that your father has four other wives, beside your mother."

"My father has only *one wife*, and that is my mother!"

"If you feel that way, how can you ever marry?"

"I never will marry unless I am *perfectly certain* that I can have my husband all to myself!"

"Why don't you Mormon girls marry Gentiles?"

"Some of them do, and I would unless I could be *perfectly sure*!"

We talked for an hour, and mostly on Mormon subjects, but I will hardly venture to give more of the conversation.

I am strongly tempted to repeat some other conversations with prominent Mormons, both men and women, but we must move on.

I will, however, take the liberty to make one remark about the treatment of Polygamy, by our *Government*. I believe President Hayes's plan,

to disfranchise Polygamists, is a good one. Let there be the right of challenge at the polls, and compel the challenged party to swear that he is not a polygamist. If he refuses, throw out his vote.

SILVER PALACE CARS.

We return to Ogden, and take up our quarters in a palace car, bound for San Francisco. Splendid! Nothing east of the Mississippi so comfortable and beautiful. *Splendid* is not too strong.

Before we reach Ogden, we express astonishment at our Pullman Palace Car. In New England, we have nothing like it. So comfortable, so clean, so rich, so perfectly balanced, altogether so perfect. While we are expressing our admiration, some one says:

"This is all well enough, but wait until you see the Silver Palace Cars. When you get to Ogden, and get into a Silver Palace Car, you will think you never saw a car before. The *Pacific Road* does everything in a grand way.

Leaving Ogden, we run three or four hundred miles over a very level plain, covered with sage brush where the alkali is not too strong. It is the valley of the Humboldt, and most of the time we run near the river. There is a strip of grazing land bordering the Humboldt, on which are more cattle than you can shake a stick at, unless the muscles of your arm have enjoyed special training.

TRICKY RIVERS.

At length we come to the *Sink* of the Humboldt, or the place where that river performs the little trick of dodging into the earth. It is a very common trick among the rivers west of the Rocky Mountains. Take for example, the San Diego River, in Southern California. It comes down the mountains in a perfectly Orthodox manner, tumbles down in the well-known cataract with propriety, runs along in its bed, quiet and respectable; not a wink which would suggest a tricky disposition, and all at once, while you are looking at it, and without a word, it

dodges into the ground. Miles below, it quietly comes out again, and flows on to the ocean in a very stately and dignified manner. On the whole, for a low tumbler, it is the best piece of acting I ever saw. The people say it turns over on its back.

And so with the Humboldt River. Passing the Humboldt Sink, you come to the only real desert, that is, the only one that seriously troubled the emigrant. Scattered thickly over it are bones, chains, vehicles, and other mementoes of terrible suffering and death.

A BIG CLIMB.

Climbing over the Sierra Nevada Mountains is dizzy work. No man can make the trip without having his admiration for human enterprise and courage greatly enhanced. No where in the world does a railroad climb over such awful crags and chasms. Here you find 40 or 50 miles of snow sheds, without which, for six months during the year, the passage would be impossible.

YOU CAN'T BELIEVE YOUR SENSES.

The quantity of snow that falls on these mountain tops is incredible. They don't think of bragging, when it is only 60 feet deep.

If I remember rightly, from the summit down to Sacramento, Cal., is a little more than a hundred miles, and the fall about 7000 feet.

Suppose it is April. At the summit, you are in the midst of vast, immeasurable masses of snow. You run down to Sacramento, say in four hours, and find people in linen, sitting in the shade and fanning themselves. The change is stunning.

You are now 100 miles or so from Frisco. You go by cars to Oakland, or all the way to San Francisco by steamer, down the Sacramento River. If the river is high, you may find yourself sailing on a stream 10 miles wide.

We arrived in San Francisco in September, spent the winter there, and saw much of its wonderful life. It has a great park, extending to the shores of the Pacific—the Golden Gate Park.

Its streets and blocks, its newspapers, and its rush of business, will make you think New York a slow, humdrum town.

It has its peculiarities. Among them, a stranger from the east will be impressed with its active theatres on Sunday, with its numerous, splendid billiard rooms, which are sure to be in front, wide open, and exceptionally active on Sunday. But the deepest impression will be of its immense vitality. San Francisco requires a volume.

But as just here, I do not propose to speak of this wonderful city, the most wonderful on earth, I hasten on to our camp-life.

CHAPTER II.

• OUR FIRST CAMP.

Our outfit for eight persons, four ladies and four gentlemen, consisted of a freight wagon with four mules, a light spring-wagon, seats for six persons, with a pair of Mustang horses, three Mustangs with saddles, four tents with carpet floors and a number of large pockets in the walls, eight camp beds with hair mattresses, pillows and blankets, eight folding arm-chairs, sheet iron cook stove with cooking utensils, a folding table with tin dishes, one hundred cans of oysters and meats, a quantity of oatmeal, flour, butter, tea and coffee, and finally Joe, a big Norwegian teamster, and Sing, a little Chinese cook.

From San Francisco, we moved down the

1 coast twenty miles, and camped at Crystal Springs. It was the 4th of April, 1876. Our friends had warned us that the rainy season was not over, but we hoped, and started. The very first night, it came in a flood. We had never slept out before, and did not know how to do it; got very wet, very cold, and were thoroughly wretched and sorry.

Our horses had been living in warm stables, and the poor creatures all doubled up and shivering, presented a pitiable sight.

Daylight brought relief. The rain stopped, the sun came out, and we contrived to perpetrate a few feeble jokes at the breakfast table.

A return to the city was suggested, but instantly voted down, because they would laugh at us.

The next night was cold; we all suffered; the horses kept up their weary tramp all night. Then for three nights it rained hard. We were all disgusted, and would have given a small fortune to have been back in our comfortable quarters in the city, but we assured each other it

was *splendid*; we had no idea camping could be such *fun*, or we would have started in March.

We were kept in this our first camp eight days. Glad enough we were when the clouds disappeared, and the clear, bright days and nights came.

A WILD CAT.

The last night at Crystal Springs furnished a sensation. We were all awakened by the cry of a child in the woods, very near us. It distressed us that a child, even in the arms of its mother, should be out in the dark, dismal, cold woods.

Springing from my bed, I was making hurried preparations of clothing and light, when at my very door a gun was fired. With my ears so keenly alert, the shot gun made the noise of a cannon. The ladies shrieked as loud as—as—well as loud as a woman, (nothing can shriek louder), and we men were speechless with fright. For my part I should, on the instant, have parted with a large interest in the expedition, at a discount.

Immediately after the explosion, Joe's voice was heard.

"Keep still, it's a wild cat. If he gets in, cover up your faces and hold tight. I'm afraid I didn't hit him. He'll make fearful work, if he gets at you."

The poor baby out in the dismal woods cried no more that night. The next morning I saw that poor baby, or its little brother, not far from camp, evidently drawn to us by the smell of our meat.

It was a grey baby with a short tail, long legs, and about as large as two domestic cats. I shot at him, and he ran away with marvelous speed. The California variety of this terrible creature is large and fierce.

MUCH BETTER.

We moved south a few miles, and camped near the San Francisco Bay. This was an improvement. Our camp fire was a success, we sang some Moody and Sankey Songs, "John Brown," "Old Folks at Home" and "Nellie Bly," and

turned in, feeling sorry for campers who were trying to make it go without experience.

STILL BETTER.

The following day we moved south twenty-five miles, and camped in a pretty valley near the Coast Range, where our horses found good grazing, and we found good water, a rare thing in California.

JOE AND I HUNT GRIZZLIES.

We were bristling all over with guns and pistols, so Joe and I took the spring wagon and small mules, and drove to an accessible point in the Coast Range, a dozen miles away, to pick up a few grizzly.

We finished our hunt with results that need not be mentioned, and were returning to camp, when the most exciting incident of my whole life occurred.

I think I mentioned the fact that Joe was a large man. He was six feet three, singularly well proportioned, with very light blonde hair

and skin, and the finest blue eyes. He was the fastest walker, the swiftest runner, and the strongest man I have ever met. He was on the whole, the most remarkable person I have ever known.

A lady, well known as a lecturer and writer; who was a member of our party, warmly declared, at the close of the season, that she would have preferred to miss the Yosemite, rather than to have missed Joe.

Joe will figure somewhat conspicuously in my story of camp life; but at present, I propose to tell you of a thrilling incident of which he was the hero, and which involved the most overwhelming moment of my life.

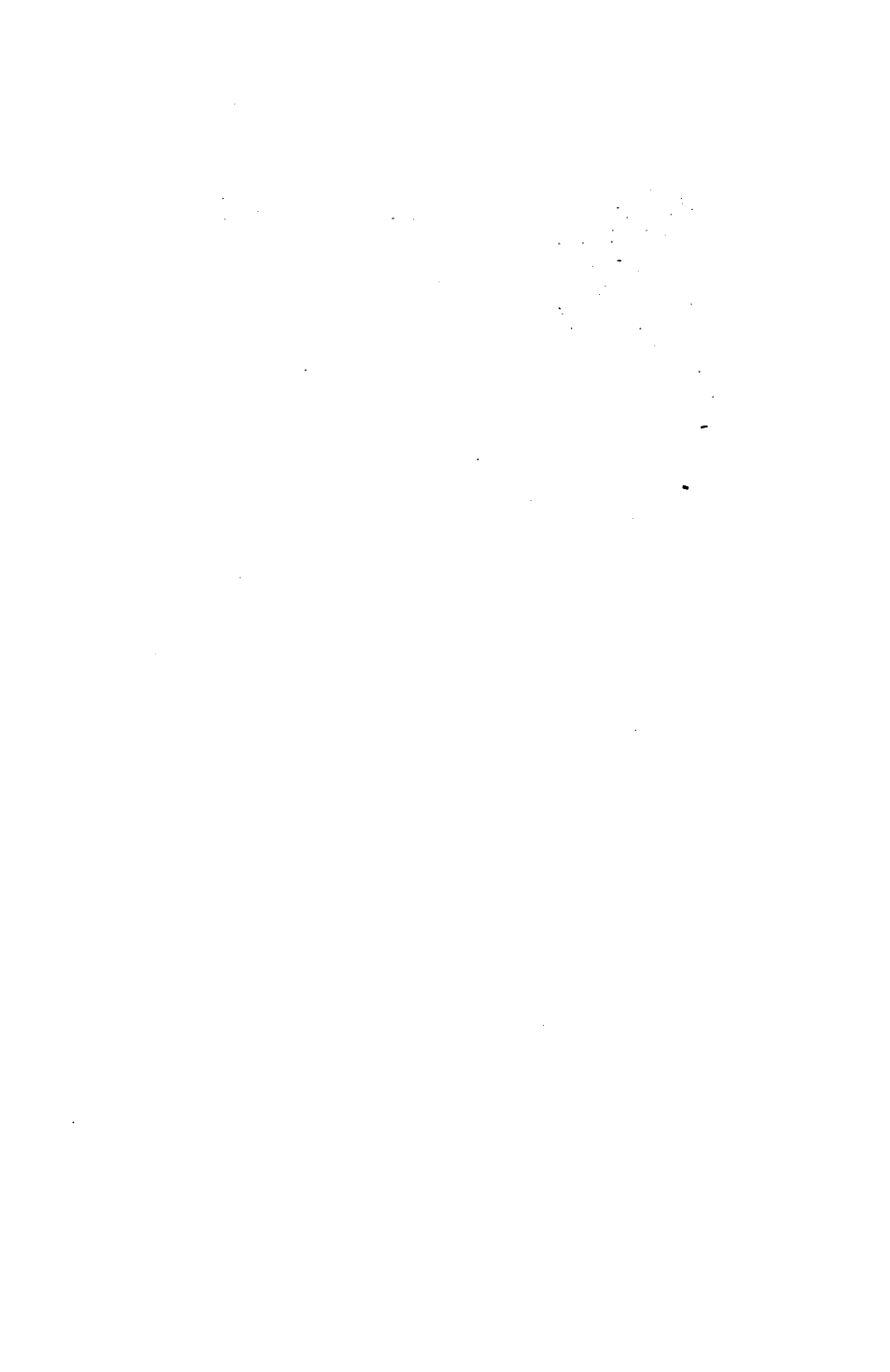
WE FIND TWO GRIZZLIES.

We were watering our mules at a wayside trough, when there came rushing up behind us a couple of noisy young men, perched way up on a high California wagon-seat, and driving a pair of rushing, tearing horses. They came very near



"WE FIND TWO GRIZZLIES."

(See page 38.)



crushing us. We started on, and they followed close behind. They set their brake, and screamed at their horses, making them drag the fixed wheels. I turned, and cried out to them:

“Don’t gentlemen, please don’t treat your horses in that way.”

Their answer was a yell, and a volley of oaths.

Joe thought he saw in the face of one of them a Swede, and called out to him in the Norse tongue, begging him not to abuse his horses. The half-crazed creatures evidently thought we were giving them some sort of insulting gibberish, and yelled back a challenge to fight. Joe turned again to make a soothing reply, and exclaimed:

“My God, they are going to shoot us.”

I glanced back, and for the only time in my life, saw a pistol in the hands of an angry man, pointed at my head.

If you, dear reader, never had just this experience, you can’t appreciate the situation. To put it mildly, I felt as did the Frenchman on the

death of his wife, when he threw up his hands in despair, and cried out:

“I feel very disagreeable.”

We had two loaded guns, and might have fought it out, but my impulse was to get away. Holding the lines I shouted to the fleet young mules, and applied the whip. They flew, but to our horror, the drunken devils were right there behind us, and as Joe's glance discovered, pointing their weapon at us. I lashed the mules and bent forward to screen myself from the bullet. We could not get away from them. Life can have no other such moments for me. On! on! but the yells were just behind us.

We came to a little tavern. I turned to it, applied the brake, and we both sprang out to find shelter inside.

Joe got to the door first, but one of our pursuers was already there, and with his pistol stuck against Joe's breast, yelled out, “—— —— you, if you want to fight I'll give you——.” Immediately the other one came up.

Joe had in his hands his rifle and my shot gun.

Our enemies seized the guns and tried to wrench them out of Joe's hands. In the struggle the door was burst open, and Joe tried to pull the guns away from them, backing into the house.

Where was I? When we leaped from the wagon I forgot to wrap the lines about the barrels, and as I rushed towards the door to escape with Joe, the mules, frightened at the tumult, started to run. Instinctively and foolishly, I ran to stop them, and just succeeded in seizing one of the reins. I stopped them, pulled them up short, wound the lines about the bar, and rushed back to the house. The struggles and oaths inside were frightful.

As I rushed into the little bar-room, Joe raised his right hand man, and brought him down on the stove, breaking its legs, and bringing down the pipe and a cloud of soot all over them. At the same instant he caught the other man by the neck and thrust him through a window, breaking out both sashes, jerked him back, and when I reached them on the jump, Joe had them both on the floor by the throat, drew back

his right fist and struck his right hand man a tremendous blow on the nose, which smashed things and brought a red flood from eyes, nose and mouth. At the same moment, with his left fist he gave the other a tremendous sledge-hammer in the pit of the stomach; then drew back his fists and cried out to me:

“Shall I kill them?”

They gasped out: “Don’t kill us for God’s sake! We’ve got enough!”

Joe sprang up, picked up the guns, I picked up their pistol, we rushed out to the wagon, sprang in, released the mules, gave them the lash, and flew away toward our camp.

It is my belief that from the time we stopped at the tavern till we came away, was less than 100 seconds. But no *year* of my life can compare with it for overwhelming emotions. It is now five years past, and as I write, my head throbs with excitement.

We hurried back to camp, and were so afraid that we might have to figure in the newspapers, in a disagreeable way, that although it was nearly

dark, we broke camp and climbed to the top of Mount Hamilton, a distance of twenty miles, before we pitched our tents for the night.

CHAPTER III.

THE PACIFIC SARATOGA SPRINGS.

We came down from Mount Hamilton and crossed the Santa Clara Valley, with our faces toward Santa Cruz, which is on the shore of the Pacific.

Reaching the eastern base of the Santa Cruz Mountains, we stopped a few days at Saratoga Springs. This interesting place is an honor to its great namesake. The scenery is glorious. Its medicinal spring I did not taste; I thought a smell was enough for my complaint.

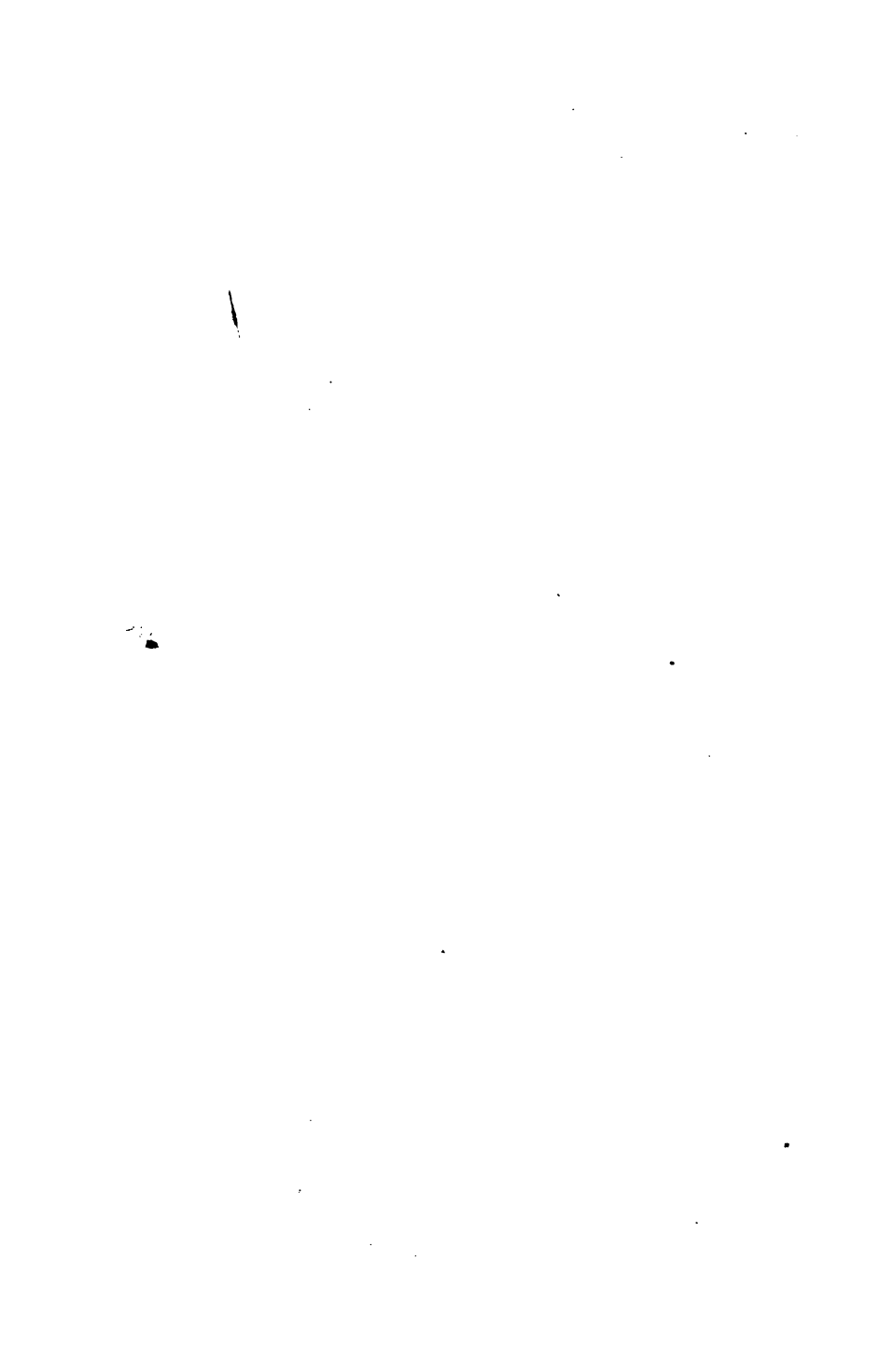
Isn't it curious? No one thinks a bad smell or taste a recommendation to food; but if a man while poking about in a swamp finds a dirty hole, sending out stuff with a horrible taste and smell, he cries out:

"Here is richness" and honestly thinks it must be "awful healthy."



"THE BEAUTIFUL HEROINE OF THE GOLDEN MOUNTAIN."

(See page 45.)



“THE BEAUTIFUL HEROINE OF THE GOLDEN
MOUNTAIN.”

While seated on the broad piazza of the hotel, the proprietor asked us if we could see a certain point, way up thousands of feet, on the side of the mountain. We looked and looked, but could not see it. At length, with the aid of a glass, we found the spot.

He asked us to guess who lived up there. Our ladies, with a characteristic lack of courage, gave it up. I guessed it was “John Smith.” I thought a man of that name might have got discouraged, and crawled up there to escape the danger of getting mixed up with his namesakes. But it seems I was wrong.

Then he told us it was a very beautiful young lady, with all possible accomplishments, who had conceived a sudden and violent hatred of men, had sworn an awful oath that she would *never, never, NEVER* marry! and to escape the very sight of the objects of her loathing, she had

scaled these heights, and was actually living up there in a hut all by herself.

A gentleman of our party, a bit of a philosopher, quietly asked:

"Is not this *young* lady about *fifty*, or along there somewhere?"

"No sir, she is just nineteen," replied the landlord, with spirit.

He evidently felt himself the guardian of this rare feature of his "magnificent views."

As a medical man, I inquired about her sanity.

"Why sir, she is not only one of the handsomest, but the brightest girl you ever saw."

An unmarried lady, a member of our party, whose "streaks of gray" gave her the right to speak as one who knows, thought the young woman had decided most wisely; in truth it was her own view; and that this girl ought to be immortalized in history and story, as "The Beautiful Heroine of the Golden Mountain."

We all longed to see her, and our lady companion referred to above, resolved, cost what it might, she *would* visit her. She yearned to gaze





"AN AFFECTING SPECTACLE."

See page 47.)

upon this goddess of wisdom and virtue. I confess my own curiosity was on tiptoe. Those of us who did not break down with the effort, climbed up there the very next morning.

We came upon her unawares, and as I am a living sinner, we found her cuddled up in the lap of a stalwart young man in his shirt sleeves, and she singing, "I need thee every hour."

My descriptive powers are limited, and I shall not try to portray the emotions of our companion with "the streaks of gray."

AN AFFECTING SPECTACLE.

While at Saratoga Springs, we were invited to visit a straw-board or paste-board factory, down in the village of Saratoga. Returning, we came upon a most touching sight.

In a shaded path we were stopped by a pretty little horse, with tail toward us, right in our way. Getting closer, we were surprised to see, just beyond the horse, a beautiful shepherd dog with his head toward us. Both of them, with heads down, were very still, and watching some-

thing between them. That something, we found to be a man, dead drunk. He had fallen from the horse. The little mare and the beautiful dog were so occupied with their charge, that they paid no attention to us. I spoke to the mare sharply, but she would not move. The dog quickly gave us to understand that we must not touch his master.

Getting into position where I could study the faces of the "brutes," I saw in their eyes, that which touched me more than any expression I have ever seen in human face. Much of this may have been in my own eyes, but certain I am, that the little mare would have joined the dog in a stout defence of the man.

Returning down the path a hundred or two yards, I called to a man across a river. He came, knew the man, the dog knew him, and we left a good Samaritan in charge.

I heard many stories of the intelligence and fidelity of the mustangs, which, if half true, would render all I have attributed to this one, quite probable. A saddle horse becomes more

intelligent and affectionate than a harness horse.

BALKY MULES.

When we got ready to move from Saratoga, up the mountains, I told Joe to start early with the freight wagon, and we would come as soon as we had eaten breakfast, bringing with us in the light wagon our table, dishes and chairs.

Joe was ready, climbed up to the high seat, took the lines, and gave the word.

John L. Stevens, I think it is, who tells a story of fifty Arabs, who had assembled to carry a large stick of timber. It was heavy enough to require the united strength of the whole party. Ten of the men lifted awhile, then ten others tried it, and so on. That was their plan for lifting a heavy stick of timber.

Our freight mules seemed to have about the same idea. One would pull awhile, then another. After twenty or thirty of these individual efforts we held a consultation. Diagnosis—*nogoibus*.

As a remedy, Joe proposed counter-irritation. I said, no! Let me speak to them. Let me rea-

son with them. A head that can produce those ears must be full of rich brains. I went to Buceph and Sarah Jane, and spoke to them. I asked them what they meant by it. Not a word, though I reminded them of a lineal ancestor of theirs who was a great talker. I asked them if they were not ashamed of themselves, and I did not forget to allude to the barley and hay. A quiet wink of the eyes satisfied me that they had their own views.

I went to the leaders, Jim and Bob, spoke of the barley, and pointed to their new shoes. There was the same significant wink.

Joe urged the counter-irritation. My wife protested, and said that the "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," held that beating never did any good.

While we were debating, a six horse team came along, and the driver proposed to take off his big leaders and help us up. Soon our mules were on an easy road, and went off as naturally as if they had never entertained peculiar views *on the "draft" question.*

WE CLIMB OVER THE SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS.

This climb over the mountains is one of the dizziest in the State. It is very difficult to give an Eastern reader any adequate idea of a wild mountain road, but he may get some notion if he can picture to himself a narrow shelf blasted out of the rock, far up in the heavens, the mountain wall so nearly perpendicular that the tops of trees 200 feet high are within reach of his whip. Doesn't it make you crawl to think of it?

It was our first experience of that kind of road. Some of our party could not remain in a wagon or in the saddle, but were obliged to walk, and keep close to the mountain side. Every few hundred feet the shelf is made wide enough to let one wagon haul close up against the wall while another one passes. Over this pokerish road from Saratoga Springs to Felton, an immense amount of heavy teaming is done, and it is rare that any serious accident occurs.

Having climbed over the top, we camped 1000 feet below, *on the Santa Cruz*, or ocean side, be-

tween four redwood trees, 250 feet high and each eight or ten feet in diameter. The earth all about us was covered with trees of about the same size.

THE WONDERFUL REDWOODS.

The Redwood Forest of California which borders the sea and extends several hundred miles up and down the coast, is among the most remarkable forests in the world. It is from five to twenty miles wide, and I venture to say that in no other forest any where on earth, is there such an enormous growth of vegetable matter.

A Maine man familiar with such things, told me, that the spot where we met him, in the Redwood Forest, would, if the trees were cut into cord wood, produce not less than 1500 cords to the acre. Two Oregon lumbermen, at my request, calculated the number of cords on an acre, and said 1500 was about right. Here at the east, 100 cords is a large yield.

This Redwood furnishes nearly all the *building lumber* on the coast. The wood is the color

of cedar, is very easily worked, very lasting, and is probably the best building material in the world.

AN EASY ROAD TO MARKET.

The Redwood Forests have many flumes. The flume is a most ingenious device for transmitting lumber and firewood to the sea-shore, or a railway terminus. Redwood trees are sawn into wide planks, put together in the form of a V, set up on posts, and a mountain stream turned in at the upper end. The lumber or firewood is tumbled into the flume, and floats down to the other end. One sees few things in California which interest so much. By this means, a million feet of lumber, or 10,000 cords of wood, can be sent twenty miles to market, at a merely nominal cost.

There is such a flume in active service in the Santa Cruz Mountains, which delivers vast quantities of lumber and firewood at the Felton railroad depot, seven miles above Santa Cruz.

The hundreds of thousands of cords of wood

used in Virginia City, Nevada, to run the immense pumps of the Comstock mines, all reach that city through flumes. A ride in a small boat down one of these flumes is jolly.

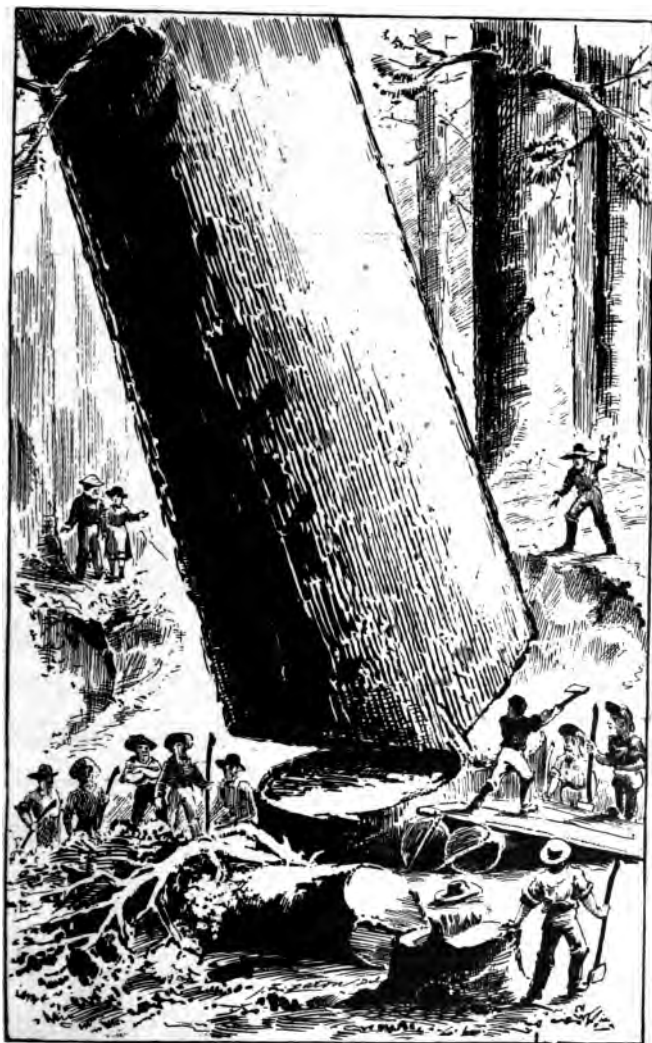
THE FALL OF A PATRIARCH.

While camping in the woods, we were invited to witness the falling of an enormous redwood tree. It was well up on the side of a mountain, in the midst of magnificent scenery.

The tree was 250 feet high and twelve feet in diameter. It was about ready to fall. They came to tell us to hurry. I climbed to the spot, and found the men arranging the bed on which the tree was to fall. The boss stood near the tree, sighted down the mountain side, and directed the rolling away of a boulder, or the placing of a mass of large limbs, to save the body of the tree from being broken. I said to him:

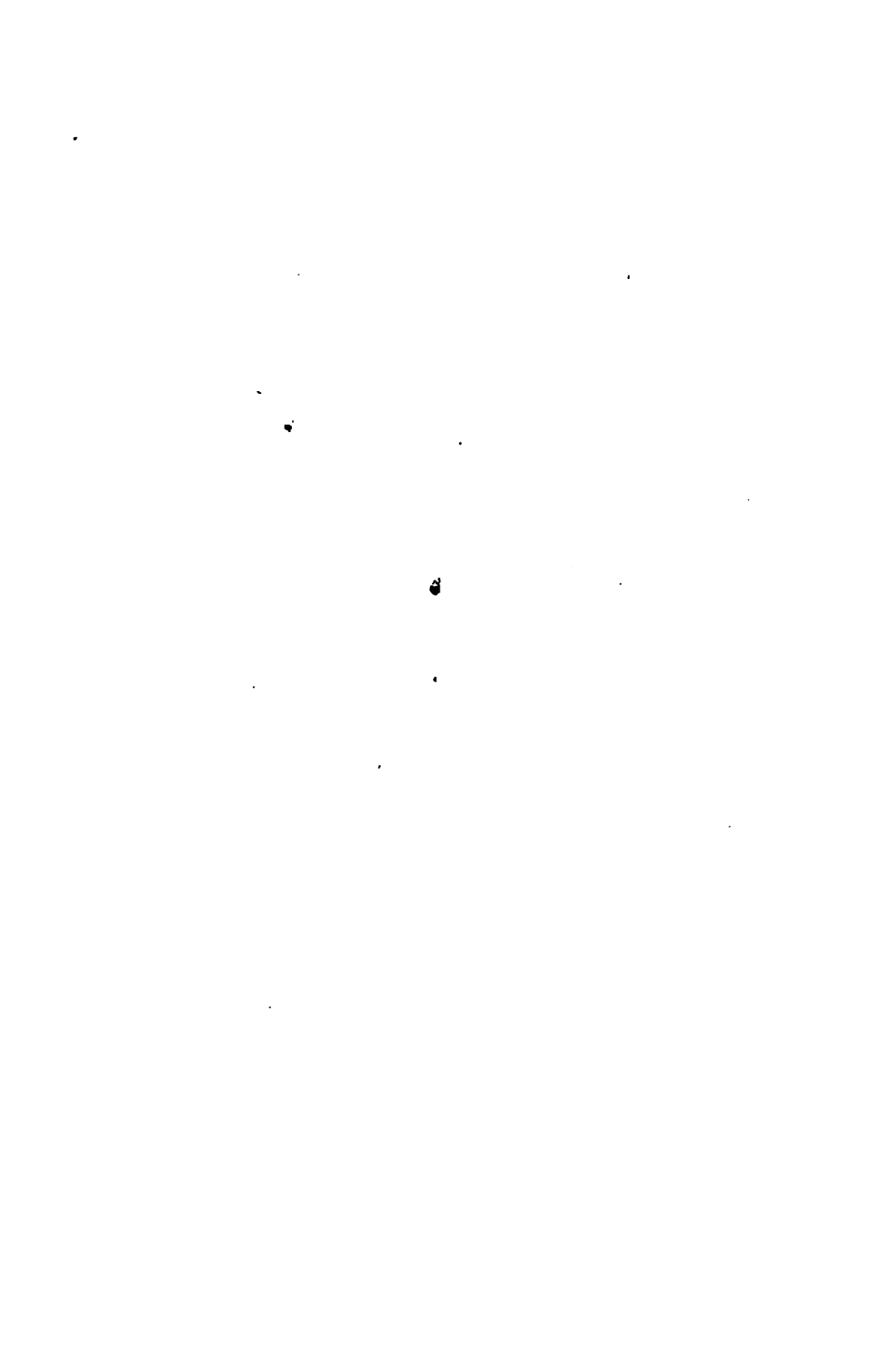
“Suppose the tree should take a notion to fall in some other direction?”

He replied: “Trees fall where they are told to



THE FALL OF A GIANT.

(See page 54.)



fall. They have no kinks of their own about it."

"Do you mean to say you can make that immense tree fall exactly into that saddle of limbs?"

"Certainly," he replied, "to the millionth part of a hair."

I was overawed, and silent.

The bed in which the tree was to fall being completed, the boss went up above, on the mountain side, where he could sight the tree and the bed, and cried out:

"Are you ready?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Now, Michigan, five cuts near the bark. Hold on, Michigan!"

"Now, Missouri, chop till I tell you to stop. Hold on, Missouri!"

"Now Ohio with your long handle, near the centre. There! hold Ohio!"

"Now let old Minnesota come with his long handle. Hold, Minnesota!"

For fifteen minutes this went on, when the magnificent monster, which had stood there while ten generations of the ancestors of these

choppers had mouldered in their graves, began to bend.

I stood where I could detect the slightest motion. After there had been a distinct movement, the boss cried out:

“Michigan, sharp! close by you!”

The monster went down with awful power. It struck precisely in the bed prepared for it, though I never have been quite certain about that “millionth part of a hair.” It was a long time before the tremendous crash died away in the strange and mysterious mountain echoes.

A SMALL RATTLESNAKE STORY.

Mr. Swain was threatened with pulmonary disease. He and his wife, after having graced the social circles of an eastern city, had come to this out-of-the-way place, and engaged in the lumber business. He was doing well in business and health. They called at our camp, and invited us to visit them. Their little log house stood near a wild, rocky cliff, which, surrounded by a dense *forest*, and protected from the wind, but exposed

to the full rays of the sun, made a very congenial home for a large rattlesnake population.

Mr. Swain told me that while sitting in his easy-chair in the yard, his little girl who was at the milk-house, cried:

“Oh, papa, papa, tum here, p’itty! p’itty!”

The father walked over very leisurely, and found his pet within a few feet of an enormous rattlesnake, which had come down from the cliff, for a drink of milk. The snake was coiled, and just ready for a spring, when the father leaped forward and snatched his idol from the impending horror.

CURIOUS NAMES.

In the mountains and mines a person is rarely known by his real name. The place he came from, his business, or some personal peculiarity is used to distinguish him.

In the redwoods near us, were two persons of the name of Lawrence. One was known as *Buckskin* Lawrence, from his having tanned buckskins. The other was known as Gobble

Gander Lawrence, because of his remarkable volubility. Neither of them objected to these names.

POOR LITTLE DONKEYS.

One of our redwood camps was near the trail of a Shake company. The "Shake" business in the mountains is a large one. They cut down tall, straight-grained redwood or pine trees, saw them into three feet lengths, and split into shingles or clapboards six inches wide and half an inch thick. These are used for the roofs and sides of buildings, and are employed everywhere in the forests before the coming of the saw-mill. All you need is a cross-cut saw and a cleaver to prepare the shingles and clapboards for your house.

The boy declared that cedar posts would last *forever*. He knew, for his dad had tried it a good many times. These split shakes will last twice as long as the cedar posts.

The shakes are brought down the mountain *by pack mules* or donkeys. Donkeys were em-



"POOR LITTLE DONKEYS."

(See page 58).)

ployed by the company referred to. The intelligent, patient little creatures greatly interested our ladies. As soon as the bell of the leading donkey was heard, our ladies would go out, stand beside the trail, and give them bits of bread, apples, potatoes, pat them on the head, and talk good to them. Soon the poor little things would stop in passing, turn their heads toward our camp, set their great ears forward, and seem disappointed if the ladies did not come. When we left, our ladies tied a large bag of parched corn on a limb just over their trail, certain that the donkeys would quickly find it.

The cruelties practiced upon the pack mules and donkeys are simply incredible. If I ever reach heaven, and find that people are tried for their deeds in this world, I hope I shall not be present at the trials for cruelties to pack animals.

The pack saddle nearly covers the back of these small creatures. Think of the whole surface as raw, and in the morning the saddle lashed on with the strength of two men, 200 pounds

piled on, and the poor creature goaded forward, and compelled to carry it up and down the steep trails all day long. It is fortunate for those who inflict these fiendish tortures that they have a merciful God to deal with hereafter. If *I* had them to manage, Universalism would have to succumb.

CRUELTY TO MR. BEECHER.

To give my eastern readers some idea of the dreadful irreverence of the choppers and teamsters of the mountains, I will describe a scene which I witnessed in the Redwood Forest.

One pleasant morning, I was driving a well-known lawyer from an eastern city, through one of the wild roads of the mountain.

Some distance ahead of us, we saw a number of men and yokes of cattle, at work, apparently, on our road. When we reached them, we found that a large redwood tree had fallen across the road. The choppers had cut through the tree, at two points, and with three yokes of oxen they

were trying to drag the intervening log from the road.

After a good deal of screaming and swearing, the log was drawn almost out of the way, but a sharp turn in the road prevented the *long string* of cattle from hauling it farther. Then the three yokes of oxen were taken off, and a pair of enormous bulls, which had been standing one side, were conducted to the spot, and attached to the big log. I had never seen such immense masses of neck and muscle. The legal gentleman exclaimed in wonder and admiration over these mammoth creatures.

But a greater surprise was in reserve for us.

When they were told to move, they started slowly, but moved together, and never gave up moving, although they got on their knees to accomplish it, until the log was drawn out of the hollow into which it had rolled. I believe that their strength was greater than the combined strength of the three yokes of cattle that preceded them.

But a still greater astonishment, mingled with

indignation, was yet to come. As these enormous bulls were being brought back, the driver patted the head of one, then the other, and exclaimed:

“Ah! Beecher and Brigham, you’re the boys! You could draw the world if you could only get hold of it.”

My eastern friend exclaimed: “The miserable, irreverent dog! Let us go.”

The bump of reverence in these mountaineers is so small, that on a phrenological scale of seven, it might be marked 0—.

A SPLENDID CAMP FIRE.

During our redwood camping, we had splendid camp fires. The night before we left, Joe proposed something prodigious. The back-log, seventeen feet long, was drawn into position, then the forestick, and then the pile-up; all as dry as tinder. We longed for night.

The flames rose twenty to thirty feet high, illuminating the magnificent arches of the redwood trees, far above our heads. The scene, like

the Yosemite Falls by moonlight, must be left to the imagination. A great camp fire in the midst of stately trees, is one of the visions which comes back in your dreams.

A LARGE BUTTER DAIRY.

While we were camping at Isabel Grove, we drove out a few miles to visit a large dairy. We asked the proprietor for a drink of buttermilk. He assented, with the remark:

“That’s what I do with all my buttermilk.”

“What do you do with it?”

“Why, I feed it to the pigs.”

His readiness with this joke, suggested that it was not the first time he had used it.

We were shown over the establishment, which was very neat and complete. We were invited to stay and see the milking, which we were very glad to do, filling up, every few minutes, with buttermilk. I am afraid the terrible squealing down below was somewhat increased by this division of supplies.

At three o’clock the cows were driven up.

There were hundreds of them. Each milkman milked twenty-five cows in about an hour and a half.

THE MISSING LINK.

The milkmen used a stool with one leg. This stool was fastened upon the proper part of the person with a strap buckled in front. When the men walked about with this tail eighteen inches long, it presented about the funniest sight imaginable, and was a clear solution of the missing link question.

PICKING OUT A GOOD COW.

The proprietor, having two of my works on his centre table, was very friendly, and of course well acquainted. He asked me to walk about through the yard, and inspect his cows.

“You’re a Yankee, I believe, sir?”

“I live in New England, though I was not born there,” I replied.

“Well, if you’ve lived long in New England, *you can guess which is the best cow in this yard.*



"THE MISSING LINK."

(See page 64.)



For many years, I have, one day in each week, saved the milk of each cow, and carefully churned it, to determine her capacity. At the end of the season, I easily fix the standing of every member of my herd. The poor ones are fattened for beef, the others are reserved to increase my number. By this management, I have a very choice herd of butter cows. I have one cow which gives us thirty-three ounces of butter per day. Now you're a Yankee, and of course, can easily tell which one it is."

We walked about among the cows for some time, and I kept the throttle-valve of my wits wide open. At length I said:

"It is very easy, sir, to select the cow. I could tell her with one eye shut. It is that large dun cow, with the yellow skin. That immense bag means business."

"Andrew," (he addressed the milker of the cow), "what is that cow's record?"

"Thirteen and a half ounces, sir."

The proprietor quietly remarked:

"That's very well, you have done remarkably

well. But the cow I spoke of furnishes thirty-three ounces, you remember. However, you shall have three chances to guess."

I scratched my head, passed my hand firmly across the perceptive faculties, and said:

"I am sorry I made such a mistake. I did not notice that big, red cow, before. A man could tell that that was the cow which furnishes the thirty-three ounces, with half an eye. I'll make a wager of a cent against a gallon of buttermilk, that that is the cow."

"Jim," (to the milker of the big red cow), "what is her record?"

"Eleven ounces, sir."

"You are doing well. Still you haven't quite got it yet, but you've one more guess."

Then I suggested that he let me go alone through the yard. I promised not to ask any information from the milkers.

After a half hour, I came back, and said:

"I am sorry I was so hasty; for I did not notice before, a large white cow with an immense

udder, and yellow skin. She is just solid butter. Now, I am sure."

We went over to the big, white cow—the mass of solid butter, and asked Bob, her milker.

"Her record, sir, is ten and a half ounces."

The proprietor laughed at me, and then he pointed out the wonderful cow. The size was medium; the color dark red; the hips large; head low; the udder rather small.

He told me that that cow's grand-mother, mother, and several of her nieces and cousins, were the best cows he had ever owned; and that while a good cow was worth \$70, he would not sell this one, (the best of her tribe) for \$1000.

SOLD BY A STAGE DRIVER.

This guessing reminds me of a very similar experience with a stage driver in the mountains. Just after we had changed horses, the driver said to me:

"Cap, how long do you reckon a hoss will stand it, doin' ten miles a day, right here in the mountains?"

"I am sure I can't tell; perhaps five years."

"Cap, you can bet your life that a common hoss has no biz here mor'n two years; but when we take on up at Old Man Sloan's, we shall git the toughest cuss that ever lived. He's worked right here thirteen year, if he's worked a day, and never missed a trick. He's never sick nor lame, but he's just biz, every time."

I was curious to see this wonderful animal, and after leaving Old Man Sloan's, I recalled the driver's statement to him, and asked which horse it was?

"Oh yes," he said. "I forgot."

I ascertained afterward, that this forgetfulness was one of the features of his trick.

He said, "Now, Cap, you may have two chances to guess which it is. If you hit him, I'll give you a dollar. If you don't, you shall give me a dollar."

"All right" I said, "that's as good a chance as I want."

The nigh wheeler was a good sized chestnut animal, with curly tail and mane. He was a

close-ribbed, compact fellow, and I fixed upon him at once. I said to the driver:

"I am sorry for you, because you have lost that dollar. It is this near wheeler."

"Cap, that's the meanest hoss in the team. He has been here but six months, and I don't think he'll stand it six month's longer."

"You're joking," I said.

"No, Cap, I'm not joking. I never allow myself to take no liberties with passengers. But you're all right, you've got another guess."

I looked sharp, and soon fixed upon the off leader as certain to be the right one among the three remaining horses, and said:


"That off leader is the horse."

"Cap, that's better, but you haint hit him yet."

"You're humbugging me," I said.

"No, Cap, honor bright. I never humbug a gentleman. But, Cap, you may have another try."

As the nigh leader was a long-legged, cream colored horse, which color I had always known



meant, a constitution of the most delicate sort, I at once seized the opportunity, and said:

“Of course it is this off wheeler, then.”

“Cap, you’re doin’ tip-top; you’re gittin’ nearer and nearer every time. I never saw a man strike right for the bull’s eye as you do; but you haint quite fetched him yet.”

I told the driver I didn’t believe him; that I knew the long-legged cream-colored animal could not be a tough one.

He coolly replied: “You needn’t believe me, sir. When you git up to the colonel’s, you can ask anybody, and if he don’t tell you that that yaller cuss has been here thirteen year, ~~and~~ never missed a trick, the money is yours.

I was annoyed, and remained silent during the remainder of the ride to the colonel’s. When we reached the colonel’s, I got down from the high seat, and fixing on a quiet-looking, judge-like person, sitting on the piazza of the hotel, I asked him if either of the horses in the stage-team had a remarkable history.

He replied at once:

"That nigh leader is the toughest horse in Californy. Now, has Hank been playing that game on you?"

I confessed that I was a party to a bet.

"Well," said the judge, "he plays that trick on one or two passengers every day."

After making some farther inquiries, and finding the driver was right, I paid the dollar and said to him:

"Now don't play that game on another passenger."

The driver winked at the judge, and remarked:

"All right, Cap. I'll be more keerful next time. But you see, Cap, them's my perkesits."

In California, cream colored or buckskin horses are the favorite saddle horses, and regarded as the toughest of all the colors.

FREMONT'S REDWOOD GROVE.

Our next redwood camp was in Fremont's Grove, within seven miles of Santa Cruz. We pitched *our tent near* the log cabin which was

built by Fremont's men and occupied by him as head-quarters during the months he waited there for the return of Spring and to tan skins for harnesses, saddles and shoes. The hollow logs in which the tanning was done, might be used again for the same purpose.

Near the camp was a redwood tree 290 feet high, and 18 feet in diameter.

WE CAMP NEAR SANTA CRUZ.

Our next camp was near Santa Cruz. It was so delightful that we remained there a week.

Santa Cruz is a fashionable watering place, though the ocean is too cold for comfortable bathing.

While the temperature of the atmosphere in California averages thirty degrees higher than that of New England, the water during the bathing season is fifteen degrees colder. The people in California don't indulge much in sea bathing; they spend their vacations in the mountains.

Breaking our camp near Santa Cruz and bid-

ding good-bye to dear friends—our camping neighbors in the grove,—we moved down the coast thirty miles, camped on a dairy ranche, and near the dairyman's house.

“YES, RIGHT SMART!”

The dairyman's wife, a sensible mother, having read some of my health books, consulted me about her son. She described his symptoms.”

I said at once: “Why, he is poisoned by tobacco. These are all tobacco symptoms.”

“Indeed? Well, he does chew and smoke, and I doubt not too much for his good. Of course I knew it was a filthy habit, but I did not know it really poisoned people.”

The young man was sent to my tent. Tobacco was written all over him. It was stamped into his eyes, on his pale cheeks, on his attitude, and his voice. He was at it then, with a handsome meerschaum pipe. Your California youth tolerates no common clay.

In answer to my questions, he said:

“Yes, *right smart*: my stent is a plug about

that size every day. Sometimes, when there is nothin' going on, I can work off a plug by three o'clock. Of course I smoke part, and chaw part. You couldn't, in reason, expect a man to work off that quantity in smokin' or chawin' alone. But you see when a man works it both ways, he can smoke awhile, and when he gets tired, he can chaw awhile. If I live to be as old as my dad, I calkerlate I can punish two tons of the stuff."

If I had believed that there was anything in the young Missourian's moral nature on which to rest the lever of an argument, I should have proceeded at once to labor with him, but there was no hope.

So I asked: "Don't you think you could punish a little more of the stuff, in the form of snuff?"

He said: "I have tried snuff, but it don't seem to agree with me."

I assured him, if he would get a good article, and persevere, he would soon be able to work off *quite an additional* quantity.

He promised to try it, and I have no doubt, if he is still living, that he is running his tobacco mill day and night. Sweet youth! He informed me confidentially, that there was a gal, a few miles away on a neighboring ranche, a perfect angel, and that if nothin' happened, they would hitch about Christmas.

“GO SLOW, GUVNOR.”

Leaving the big meerschaum, with young Pike county attached to the hind end of it, we moved southward, and passing round the beautiful bay, camped on a desolate sand plain, within ten miles of the city of Monterey.

Two little boys appeared, the oldest not more than ten years, and warned us off. Their parents were away, and they wouldn't have any of these tramps about.

We assured them we were not tramps in any *bad* sense, that in fact, we were eminently respectable persons; that at the East, where we were known, everybody admired us and liked to *have us around*.

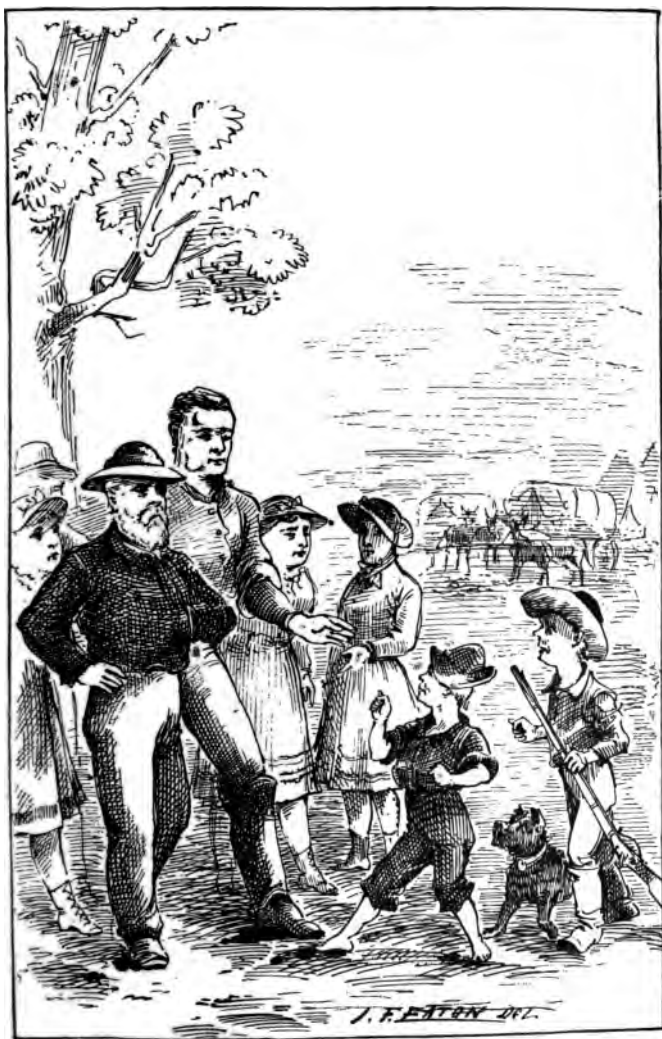
The smaller boy of the two, a dirty little scallawag, placed his thumb on his nose, gyrated his fingers in circumambient space and squealed out:

“Go slow, Guvnor, that’s too thin! Come, git up and git, or I’ll git my shot gun and blow that old hat o’yourn into the middle of next week!”

The hat *was* a bad one, and we knew that tramps had no rights that white men were bound to respect. We disliked to move, and disliked even more to be shot. His proposition to blow my hat one week ahead, was particularly disagreeable to me.

A lady in our company, who is one of the most prepossessing of our public lecturers, came to the rescue. She assumed her most impressive manner, and told the little rag-baby that he must be very careful how he spoke to that gentleman, pointing to me.

“Why sir,” said she, “He is a very great man, everybody knows him, and they are all afraid of him.”



"Go SLOW, GUV'NOR."

(See page 76.)

The little mite instantly assumed the pugilistic attitude, and piped out:

“Oh he is, is he? Great man? Dangerous, too, is he? If he don’t git up and git, I’ll show him that he ain’t the only great man in Californy!”

The rest of the company were suffocating with laughter; but I was really afraid the reckless little scamp might shoot us.

Our teamster appeared on the scene, and soon learned that a handful of shot, worth about two cents, would pay our ground rent. Joe promised the shot, in the morning, and peace was restored. I don’t think I was ever caught in a more ridiculous situation.

The little scamp came next morning for his shot, and assured us in a patronizing way, that it was all right, he was only in fun; and if we came that way again, we might stop in welcome. And more than that, he liked us first rate. He went still farther, and said, while pointing with his thumb, over his shoulder, toward me, that he had no doubt:

"The old cove was a gentleman, clear down to his boots."

This was satisfactory as far as it went, but still I was glad that Joe had not delivered the shot until we were ready to leave.

My study of gunnery had led me to think, that shot from a gun in the hands of a boy weighing fifty pounds, would hurt just as bad as when the gun was held by a man of 200; and my acquaintance with that particular variety of devil, known in California as the young hoodlum, had led me to believe, that he or it, is more apt to shoot, than the old hoodlum.

CHAPTER IV.

WE CAMP NEAR MONTEREY.

Leaving our little hoodlums in possession of the field of battle, we drove into the queer, quaint, sleepy old Spanish city of Monterey, once the capital of California; and, passing through it, camped in a beautiful pine grove, a mile or two beyond, near the shore of the bay, and between Monterey and the famous Cypress Point.

Speaking of Cypress Point, leads to the statement that the well-known "Monterey Cypress," perhaps the most beautiful of ornamental trees, originated on Cypress Point. Some botanist may know that this is not true, but an intelligent gentleman, a devotee of "The Beautiful Science," told me that the Monterey cypress was first found here.

BLACK DICK.

Black Dick was my favorite saddle horse. *Black* is a rare color among mustangs. For this, and other reasons, he was my pet. He had great spirit, but was so tame that we let him go free, when we stopped to lunch, or were in camp. The other horses were haltered and staked out. Dick, like Jack, our big dog, was allowed to go wherever he pleased.

The editor of a Monterey paper came out, in the evening, to interview our party. Of course we talked of the horses, and bragged about Dick. I said:

“He is never tied, and when we catch him, we take him by the head or tail, whichever end comes most handy.”

He would like to see him.

Leaving camp, we walked a quarter of a mile into the woods, and found Dick. To my surprise he was in the midst of a herd of horses. They were *wild*, and ran away, snorting, as we *approached* them. Right in their midst was my



"BLACK DICK."

(See page 80.)

Dick, with his head and tail as high as any of them, and he was as wild apparently as the wildest. My whistle he heard not, or if he heard, heeded not. The long slumbering instincts of his early, wild life, had been suddenly awakened, and Black Dick was flying away in the midst of a herd of wild mustangs.

“Well I never! Why, he has always been as tame as a house dog! It’s a perfect mystery!”

The reporter laughed, and said that it was not rare for old team horses of the mustang variety, to become wild in a single moment, when brought into the atmosphere of a herd of wild horses.

Returning to camp, we discussed our loss, and concluded we should have to employ a *vaquero* to ride B. Dick, Esq. down, and lasso him.

Late that night we heard a low whinny, just outside our lines. Joe awoke, as he always did at the slightest sound, and went out into the dark. There stood Black Dick, as humble as the most penitent sinner. Evidently he had been thinking it all over, was very hungry, and con-

cluded that the best place to get a good supper, was over among his friends in camp.

While we remained in Monterey, Mr. Dick had to submit to the ignominy of a halter.

JOE AND I GO A FISHING.

Among our friends, my fishing talent has always been a mystery. I would drop in my hook close by that of some ragged scallawag, perhaps. He would pull them out by the dozen, half as long as your arm; while I could not get a bite. Or if I did, it would be sure to be a ridiculous little shiner.

At Monterey I saw a chance to redeem my credit, and establish a reputation. Capt. Lombard told me there was a spot in the bay where I could catch 'em, as long as my arm, until I got tired pulling 'em out. He introduced me to the owner of a boat. The early morning was the best time. So taking a very early breakfast, Joe and I were ready. The boatman took us to the very spot. Right there, the bay was crowded *with them*. He brought over a man last Sunday

morning, who caught 200 pounds in an hour and a half. All you have to do, is to drop in your hook, and before it reaches the bottom, you've got 'em, and then you pull 'em in till you get tired. I was satisfied.

I forgot to say that on leaving camp, my wife had laughed one of those peculiar, sneering laughs, with which she had often greeted my proposition to go a fishing, and remarked as she had many times before:

"I will swallow alive all the fish you catch."

I simply said: "Please send down the light wagon at nine o'clock to bring up the fish."

"Would I not better send down the freight wagon and the four mules?" she asked.

"Laugh away! He laughs best, who laughs last."

Of course I asked everybody how many fish they would like, and what size? One poor woman who did not know me, in the character of a fisherman, told me the exact size and kind, which were her particular favorite.

We fished three hours. The bay was rough.

I got two large waves on my back. My legs and feet were soaked. I caught *two smelts*! One was small, and thin; the other large. Smelts were rare. The boatman swore at them. I said nothing. They had evidently just arrived from Boston, round the Horn.

My wife examined them, and expressed the opinion that the smaller one had been sick, and having lost his head, bit my hook, and that the large one came in from sympathy with his weak-minded brother.

THE ABALONA SHELLS.

The Abalona shell is very beautiful in form, five to eight inches in diameter, and lined with the most exquisite vari-colored pearl. They are found in millions about the shores of Monterey Bay.

The Chinese gather them in boat-loads, and sell them to Capt. Lombard, who ships them by schooner to San Francisco, where they are made into pearl buttons.

I had always supposed that this half shell was

one of two halves when occupied by the animal. But I found that the creature really lives on the "half-shell."

He looks like a great mass of squirming, swelling, shrinking India rubber, and is found adhering to a rock. The animal sticks to the rock. The shell is an inch or two from it, and moves backward and forward as he eats, or drinks, or gambols. The animal itself is freely eaten by the Chinese, and dried in large quantities for China.

Just before we reached Monterey, a Chinaman seized, at low tide, a particularly large shell. The animal drew his shell to the rock, and caught the man's fingers. The poor fellow screamed for help, but the Abalona held him fast, until the rising tide drowned the man.

THE BEAUTIFUL SEA MOSSES.

A lady living near the bay, has devoted herself for many years to the collection, floating, and preservation of Monterey sea mosses. She *sorts, places them in blank books, and sells them*

for five to ten cents a page. We bought several books, and never tired looking at them. One may study these beautiful things day after day for months, and find new beauties every time.

If Mrs. Little will establish an agency in Boston, I am sure she could sell thousands of her books, and for five times the money she gets for them there.

THE RUINS OF THE OLD SPANISH MISSIONS.

More than a hundred years ago, many of the mission structures were built, and the work of converting the Indians entered upon with great enthusiasm. There is no doubt that the labors of these devoted missionaries accomplished great good. A true history of the Spanish Catholic missionary work, in California, would make a fascinating story.

The ruins of these mission buildings are scattered all up and down the coast, and possess great interest for the modern traveller. The one just outside of Monterey, the name of which I

cannot recall, is one of the largest in the State, and is much visited.

Our Catholic brethren claim that the peaceful history of the Indians of California, (where they have never been at war with the whites,) came of their conversion through these missions. I think it was the *climate* that took the fight out of them. But there are many evidences that the Catholic mission work among the Indians of California, softened and elevated them. Latterly, and since the Catholic missionaries have ceased their labors, the Indians have fallen into the indolence and dirt which even white men find it hard to resist in that climate.

MONTEREY WHALING.

I have reserved for final mention, what struck me as the most curious fact in our Monterey observations. On the shore of the bay, right in the city of Monterey, surrounded by lager beer saloons, is a large house, in which reside twenty Portuguese whalers. At their front door are *the whale boats*; while inside they show you

their harpoons, lines, and all the machinery with which men persuade whales to contribute their part to the light of civilization. And those men, or other Portuguese whalers, have lived in that house for many years. They have an organized company, and find whaling profitable.

But, you ask: "Do they go to the North Pacific to find their whales?"

No, the whales come to *them*—come right into the harbor, apparently for no other reason than *to be caught*. The men take turns watching at the windows. When the outlook sees a spout, he cries:—

"There she blows!"

They spring into a boat, and in an hour, more or less, haul the dead whale right up to their little wharf, and soon the foolish fellow is in the row of black kettles strung along the shore. My respect for the brains of the whale suffered a sharp decline.

CHAPTER V.

WE START FOR THE YO SEMITE.

Leaving Monterey, we crossed the Salinas River by a ticklish ford, and camped that night at the foot of Fremont's Peak. Near this small, round mountain, Fremont, with 500 men, met 700 Mexicans, and, as night was approaching, he concluded to ascend the hill and wait till morning. The Spaniards knew there was no water on the hill, and that Fremont's men and horses must soon descend into the valley. They waited for them.

There was great suffering up there during the night, for the men and horses had had no water since noon of the previous day. Before daylight, the Yankees, with their long noses, bored into the side of the hill, near the top, and opened a

large spring, at which horses, cattle, and sheep have ever since been drinking.

Under a white flag, Fremont sent his compliments to the Spanish general, with a kindly message, to the effect that if they, or their horses were suffering for water, they would be welcome to an abundant supply from his spring.

Fremont remained two days, resting and grazing his horses. He studied the situation, and on the third morning rushed down on the Mexicans, scattering them like sheep.

The next morning, we climbed the San Gavilan Range, and descended into the lovely village of San Juan, in the Santa Clara valley.

The Catholic church in San Juan is more than a hundred years old, in an excellent state of preservation, and so far as I know, is the most interesting church structure in California.

HOW GYPSIES EAT.

We stopped to lunch that day near a school-house, in Hollister. A hundred children gathered about to see gypsies eat food. Two hun-

dred eyes watched every mouthful. It was worse than the eyes of your waiter at a hotel. I had often said to the hotel waiter:

“That will do; I wish for nothing more. You can leave.”

I tried it on those boys and girls, but they wouldn't budge until the school bell rang, and even after that, several remained to watch our peculiar method of mastication and deglutition.

Moving forward, we reached the foot hills of a range of mountains, lying between us and the San Joaquin valley.

The reader may discover that we were moving eastward. We had left the coast and were striking across mountain and valley toward the Yosemite.

A PLEASANT GREETING.

It was nearly dark, and as we approached San Felipe, which lies in the foot hills, I rode up to a small house, and tapped on the door. A pleasant young woman, with a Yankee face, appeared, *and I asked her if she could point out a good*

place for a party of ladies and gentlemen to camp.

"Is not this Dr. Lewis?"

"Yes."

"I thought so, our paper told us you were coming this way. I am glad to see you. My husband and I are from Chelsea, Mass. There are a dozen families right about here, from Chelsea, Charlestown, Cambridge, Lowell, Lawrence and Salem."

Her husband soon appeared, and volunteered to show me the best camping ground in the neighborhood. It was in a dry river bed, with sand six inches deep. We had to drive stakes a foot and a half into the sand, to hold our tents. But this was nothing strange, as generally in California you camp right down in the dirt.

The river bed was strewn with dry logs and trees. Joe was a famous chopper, and soon we had a roaring camp fire. Our supper out of the way, we held a reception.

It really was a grand affair. The ladies had *but one dress*, which was gray flannel, and hung

pretty limp about their ankles. But they had paper collars, and I had brought with me a paper bosom and a collar. Sitting and walking about our camp fire, in this magnificent array, it was evident that we impressed every beholder.

After a long, neighborly chat, we sang "John Brown," "Old Folks at Home," "Nelly Bly," and by "particular request," the "doxology."

If every member of our party had been the long lost *grandmother* of each and every one of these warm hearted neighbors, they could not have shown us more loving hospitality. We were invited out to breakfast, dinner and supper. Before we left, we learned to sympathize with the pleasure-loving gentleman, who, after weeks of dissipation in San Francisco, declared in a little speech on leaving, that he had never been *treated so well, and so often.*

TOBACCO AND ALFALFA.

This San Felipe neighborhood is famous for its tobacco crops. The land sells at from \$200 to \$400 *an acre*, and portions of it are held at a


much higher figure. My good friend Mr. Buck, a Yankee bachelor, would not sell his hundred acres for \$50,000, and he has no buildings worth speaking of. But the land, for tobacco, strawberries and alfalfa, possesses marvelous fertility.

I might as well say a word just here about this alfalfa, which is beginning to figure conspicuously in California agriculture.

Grass, which grows everywhere in this eastern country, and is not only our most valuable crop, but the all-pervading feature in the beauty of our landscapes, is quite unknown in California.

A species of wiry grass grows in a few wet places, but what we call a meadow is unknown in that State.

If it were possible to cover a district with grass during the wet season, the first summer, with its six months of no rain, and no dew, would kill every root. So that all *hay* in California, is wheat, oats, or barley, cut while the grain is in the milk, dried, and baled.



WE TRY TO BUY SOME HAY.

When we first reached California, we planned to remain in San Francisco for the winter. I bought a pair of driving horses, a saddle horse, leased a stable, and went to a hay store to order supplies.

"I would like a ton of hay."

"What kind of hay, sir?"

"Well, I think I will take—well, say, *hay*."

"Yes, yes, but what kind?"

"My friend, I am recently from the East, and rather green. Tell me what I want!"

Then he explained: The wheat hay was \$23 a ton, the wild oat hay \$21, tame oat \$20, and he had some *barley* hay which he would sell at \$17. This hay is very good, never gives a horse the heaves, but is not quite equal in nutriment to the best Timothy.

Let us return to San Felipe, and my friend Buck. He showed me an acre of alfalfa, or Chilian clover, and said:

"I was so astonished at the immense and rapid growth of alfalfa, that I resolved to make a little experiment. I had a surveyor from Hollister, measure an exact acre of ground. I threw up a little levee all about it, flooded it with water, and sowed it with alfalfa seed. During the first twelve months, we cut it a number of times, and then I determined to see exactly what this acre would produce in a year. As often as we cut a crop, the ground was flooded to the depth of six inches; then we waited for the new growth. In twelve months, I raised *eight* crops, which aggregated a little over sixteen tons of alfalfa."

The agricultural papers of the State often mention twelve or thirteen tons of alfalfa to an acre.

It is the only grazing crop cultivated in California, which can resist the long dry season. The reason for this, is, that the peculiar kind of clover, known as alfalfa, has immensely long roots, running down from six to ten feet, and reaching moisture. In California, even in the *San Joaquin* valley—which is one of the driest

in the State—you have only to go down ten feet to find moisture.

WONDERFUL ARTESIAN WELLS.

The San Felipe district, was, a long time ago, a lake, the bottom of which was 100 feet below the present surface of the earth. Boring down through a hundred feet of alluvial soil, the auger touches gravel, and up rushes a furious stream of water. When they first began to bore wells in the district, the water spouted sixty feet into the air.

For a long time they made their wells two inches in diameter, forcing down iron pipe, through which the water rushed up. At length, some one who wished to cultivate a large area in tobacco, bored a well seven inches in diameter. He had no difficulty in reaching the water. His seven inch iron tube was crowded down as fast as he bored. The water came up with a force which frightened them. They had made no adequate provision for the new and immense supply, *and were obliged to plug the upper end. But*

soon the water forced itself around the outside of the tube, and within three hours an immense mass of water was thrown into the air, through an opening in the earth, which at the top was more than ten feet across. In another hour it was twenty feet, and still it roared. The people were driven back. Soon the earth around was reduced to depths of black mud. The people retreated toward the foot hills.

The San Felipe district is ruined! It will soon be a lake of mud and water, and the surrounding country will be flooded!

San Francisco engineers are hurried forward. The engineering expedients, with the exhaustion of the supplies of water, finally triumph over the impending calamity.

While the water was rushing up from below, there came with it a number of enormous Elk's antlers, deposited, we may assume, in the lake of long ago.

The Artesian wells of the neighborhood are the most active in California.

CHAPTER VI.

OFF AGAIN FOR THE YO SEMITE.

Early one morning we began the ascent of the mountain, through the Livermore Pass, our faces turned towards the San Joaquin valley.

On the summit we stopped for dinner near a little tavern which was accustomed to lunch travelers. A coarse woman was the only one at home.

We ate as usual, seated in our folding arm-chairs, in the shade of the big wagon. To make the dry food go, we needed some milk, and sent Joe to the little tavern for it.

"No," was the answer, "If you don't take your lunch with me you shan't have any milk."

Joe came to report.

I started, *saying* as I left our party, "I can

get some; she will give me two quarts and won't charge a cent for it."

I walked in, leaving my can outside, and said:

"Why, madam, I should think you would be very lonely away up here; but then, you have more than a compensation in these magnificent views. Will you be kind enough to tell me the name of the mountain which I see from this window?"

"There are so many mountains to be seen from here, that I can't remember all their names."

"Are you from the East?" I asked.

"Yes, from Southern Indiana."

"Are your parents both dead?" I asked sympathetically.

"Oh! then you have a sister in San Francisco; does she often come to see you?" &c., &c., &c., and all in my most fascinating style, smiling and addressing her as madam. If she had no objection, our ladies would like to call upon her. Finally, I got round to the milk question, and in the most natural way imaginable, begged that *she would allow* me to buy a little milk for our



"FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!"

(See page 101.)



lunch. She looked me in the eye, evidently saw through it all, and quietly said:

“No siree.”

I went back to our party, and told them that the woman most likely hadn't any milk to spare.

That night we camped in the foot hills on the San Joaquin side of the mountains, and on the famous San Luis ranch, by the side of a beautiful little stream with a *pebbly bottom*, which is a wonder in California.

The next morning it was 105 in the shade. We camped in the shadow of a little pine grove. Our laundry work was pressing, and we decided to send to the ranch house for a tub and board, and have our washing done in Orthodox fashion.

Sing fetched the tub, put in our flannels, and rejoiced in abundant soapsuds. We sat about in the shade, one of our company read from “Bleak House,” and the whole atmosphere glimmered with the excessive heat.

“Fire! fire! fire!,” from a dozen throats, and a man on horseback came tearing past us, screaming, “Fire! fire! fire!”

Big Joe sprang to his feet, ran past the little grove, and saw an immense volume of smoke and flame rising from a mountain of hay—600 tons. A smoker had started it. (Mrs. Smith, my neighbor, declares that all smokers should be shot).

We had not noticed that there was a breath of air; but with this fire, there seemed a breeze, and the vast volumes of smoke came towards us.

Joe rushed back and cried:

“We are lost! we are lost!”

The stubble was as dry as powder, and burned with almost the same rapidity. We seized the wet clothes, threw them into the wagon, cut the ropes, tore down our tents, pitched them in; and the loading up, which usually took an hour, was finished in a minute.

When my wife seized her linen bag, she found an enormous tarantula upon it. It was evident he thought he needed the flannels in that bag, and had taken possession.

We did not stop for a writ of ejectment, but kicked him off, and I stamped my boot, with its

sixty-four big spikes in the sole, upon him—a sort of temporary injunction.

Joe had the mules hitched to the freight wagon, but the hurry had wounded their dignity, and they would not budge.

We were wild! Seizing a heavy stick, used about our tents, I sprang at Jim, one of the leaders, who seemed most doubtful about the propriety of moving forward upon such indecently short notice, and with my strength quadrupled by the terrible danger, I struck him over his skull so hard that he dropped on his knees; but was instantly up again, and concluded to postpone all farther consideration of questions of propriety.

In a moment we were flying from the impending danger.

We turned down the San Joaquin and found, at 11 o'clock, that the temperature in the sun was 126. At 1 o'clock, 131. It was one of the famous hot north winds. We passed a number of sheep, overcome with the heat and lack of water. They were lying helpless, with their

mouths open, tongues dry, and gasping for breath. Among them were two or three dead ones, and I have no doubt that many more died before the sun went down.

THE CAMP AT COTTON-WOODS.

We reached Cotton-Woods at 3 o'clock, got into the shade, unharnessed our exhausted animals, obtained some water at a well, and poured it on their heads.

On the way down from the San Luis ranche to Cotton-Woods, we passed through long stretches of wheat. Oh, how hot and dry! Every little way, wide gaps had been left, for lines of defence against a spreading fire. It is the great danger, which always threatens. The cry of "fire" brings everybody from far and near, armed with potato sacks, with which they whip out the flames. In such terrible emergencies, the men are sometimes overcome, and dragged away insensible.

Special insurance companies take risks on *standing grain*.

The next morning, at day break, we were off for a ford across the San Joaquin River.

We had some difficulty in crossing this river. A gentleman, with a pair of restless horses and light vehicle, tried a long time, in vain, to compel his horses to go up on to the rickety ferry-boat. At length they made a sudden spring. The wagon struck against the side of the boat, the whiffletrees were broken, the freed horses rushed to the far end of it and almost plunged into the river.

After a number of slight mishaps, we reached the opposite bank, and found a hay speculator lying in wait for us. We needed lunch, and our tired horses needed rest and refreshment. The hay merchant pointed to a shed, which he called his barn, and offered to show us the "finest lot of hay on the coast." We deputed one of our number to examine, and purchase enough to lunch our stock. The hay man told our *commissionaire* that the bale selected was really worth \$6, but as he scorned to take advantage of *strangers in distress*, he would let us have it for

\$4. The real value of the bale was about \$1. We paid the \$4, thanked him, and expressed the hope that we might be able to return the kindness. The river was very high, the lowlands flooded and we drove through water at least four miles, before we reached the sandy level on which Turlock is located.

POOR JACK.

Our dog Jack had been lame several days from a "foxtail" in his foot. This foxtail is a small, stiff weed, found in the San Joaquin, and other hot valleys. It is armed with a series of barbs, and when the point enters, it is sure to work its way far up into the dog's foot. It is a custom among Californians, when crossing the valleys where foxtail grows, to put leather shoes on their dogs' feet. We knew nothing of this, and poor Jack was victimized. His foot was enormously swollen, he could hardly touch it to the ground, and spent his leisure moments in licking it.

I opened the foot, reached the centre where



"POOR JACK."

(See page 106.)

the bones come together, and took out three pieces of foxtail; but it was soon evident that I had left some. Jack must ride, and was very restless.

On the Turlock plain, he saw a jackass rabbit, with those wonderful ears, and astonishing leaps. Jack sprang from the wagon, and ran after the rabbit like mad. We shouted; he heard not, but tore on, yelping. Not a limp, not a sign of a lame foot. He ran at least a mile, at about right angles with our course, then suddenly gave up the chase, turned round, looked for us, and started to come back. But he was the lamest dog you ever saw; he could not touch that foot to the ground. We waited for him; he stood still, looking towards us, and asked as plainly as possible, that we would come for him. We waited some minutes, then went on a quarter of a mile, thinking he would certainly come. But no, he was too lame to stir; and he seemed to know perfectly well, if he only "stuck to it," his friends would come to fetch him. He was right. Two of us went across the sandy, burning plain,

and when we got to him, he was too lame even to stand on three feet, and was lying helpless on the ground. He weighed about 130 pounds. We declared we would not carry him, tied a rope around his neck, one of us pulled, and the other drove. But he turned his face toward me, in such a pleading, pitiful way, that I had not the heart to make him carry himself; so we took the great creature up, and with much panting and sweating, lugged him back to the wagon.

He seemed to think it was all right, and nothing but our duty. If able to speak, no doubt he would have said:

“What is a master good for, if he don’t carry you?”

We declined to take any more chances on jackass rabbits, and so tied master Jack in the wagon.

I must tell you more about Jack’s lame foot. Soon after this rabbit business, I opened it again. It did seem, from the ghastly incisions made before, that I had reached every part of it; *but it was soon evident that some bit of foxtail*

was left. He could use his foot a little, but the discharge and lameness continued for a month, when I determined to get it out, and to that end, went deliberately at the task of dissecting the interior of Jack's foot, toe by toe. It was proposed that he be etherized, but my wife insisted that he understood the necessity for the operation, and would patiently submit to it. We got him into a good light, laid him down on his side, and I proceeded to open the old cuts, and to make deeper and more searching ones. Jack did not try to get on his feet, but lay still, with his immense mouth wide open, showing rows of terrible fangs, and howling in the most piteous manner. But he did not offer to touch my bloody hands, although they were within a few inches of his huge jaws. He seemed to realize that what I was doing for him, was necessary to his cure. A number of intelligent persons stood about, witnessing the painful and tedious operation, and they all agreed that the dog clearly reasoned. I succeeded, at length, in finding two pieces of *the hated weed*, and removed, as the

result showed, every particle. In two weeks, Jack was able to go on full duty again.

HORRIBLE TURLOCK.

In all California, I saw no other town or village like Turlock. Located on a branch of the Southern Pacific Railroad, it was the market town for a large, and just then, prosperous farming district, and was in the height of its initial prosperity. In its buildings, it presented that strange contrast of huts and large store-houses, often seen in the new West. But oh! the dirt! the dust! the tin cans! the baking heat! the frying, sizzling heat! the sweat and dust! the dust and sweat!

Jack's escapade, and the deep sand, had delayed our arrival until late in the afternoon. I must purchase hay for ten horses, and although we were in the region where hay was very cheap at that time, (not more than \$8 a ton), the tavern keeper told me, from behind his bar, where I found him in the midst of a noisy crowd, *that hay was mighty scarce, and very high; but*

seeing I was caught in the dark, and could not look about for it, he would do just as he would like to be done by, and let me have a bale of 200 pounds for \$4, or at the rate of \$40 per ton. I declined to have him make such a sacrifice on my account, and went out to see if I could not find some other dealer; but after an hour I was obliged to return and take the bale at \$4. The horses thought it poor stuff.

We camped right down by the roadside in the deep sand. During our three years camp life in California, we found no place where the comforts were so few, and the discomforts so many as at Turlock. The next morning Joe drove two miles into the country, purchased 200 pounds of good hay for 75 cents, and some barley for 1 cent a pound; having first learned that the tavern keeper would let us have it for 4 cents per pound. After getting breakfast for the horses, and ourselves, we moved on, in the midst of a cloud of dust, and a temperature of at least 110.

Before dark we reached Hopeton, a forlorn little village, where each building was more for-

lorn than any of the others. It was Saturday night, and as we never traveled on Sunday, we went into camp near a little swamp, the water of which was covered with a green scum, and the odors, after the sun went down, anything but agreeable; but we had plenty of food for our horses, and made ourselves comfortable until Monday morning, when we started for Snelling, which lies in the foot hills.

We passed through that village, and before sundown reached a point on the Mariposa road, where the first toll gate challenges the traveler. This toll gate is in charge of a gentleman bearing the euphonious cognomen of *Slattery*.

It was here, just on the side of a mountain, close by a clump of the beautiful manzanita, 163 feet from a particular tree, that we first discovered, between two members of our party, certain signs, which a few months later, flowered out in orange blossoms.

CHAPTER VII.

OUR CAMP AT SLATTERY'S.

At Slattery's we were up in the world, and the hay question, which later on, in the Yosemite, became a serious one, already required careful negotiation. Slattery had a small barn full of hay, and offered to sell at \$2 a hundred, (guess at the weight), or he would let us have what the horses might eat during the night, for a dollar a horse.

Joe, who stood behind Slattery, urged me in energetic pantomime, to accept the dollar a horse plan, and afterwards told me that he would be up several times during the night, and make sure that the horses had the money's worth.

Slattery declared next morning with generous profanity, that our horses had swallowed a ton of *his precious hay*.

South of Slattery's, half a mile from the road, we climbed a round hill, a few hundred feet high, from which, looking westward, we got the finest view of one sort, that we saw in the State. There were no wild crags, no bold and startling mountains, but a succession of rounded masses, like enormous waves, that extended a vast distance. There was nothing to interrupt the view. It was one of the most beautiful landscapes I have ever looked upon. Travelers by the Mariposa road, should not fail to climb that little mountain, and see a unique and wonderful vision.

The next morning, our ladies walked two or three miles, and counted, in the dust of the road, so they told us in our evening camp, the tracks of thirty-eight different animals. Among them were those of bears, lions and elephants. They were not sure about the lions and elephants, but of one thing they were sure, which was, that it was unsafe to get very far from my shot gun. They seemed to feel confident, that with two full *charges of bird shot* in a gun, and that gun in



POOR, DEAR, LITTLE FLORA. (See page 115.)

the hands of a desperate man, the grizzlies and things might come on in droves.

That night we camped at Cold Spring ranche, a beautiful farm in a small valley, about 4,000 feet above the sea. The rancheman, or ranche-woman rather, for her husband was keeping store in the village of Mariposa, extended a hearty welcome, and told us we might have hay at a dollar a day for each horse. Our altitude was now such that this was really cheap, and we concluded to rest two or three days, enjoy the scenery, catch up in laundry work, and, in short, take it easy.

SHEEP! SHEEP! SHEEP!!

After supper, sitting in our arm-chairs around a bright camp fire, we heard the bleating of sheep, and saw, down the road, a cloud of dust. We went over to the stream near which the sheep were corralled, and called on the herdsmen. With enormous revolvers in their belts, these gentlemen looked very formidable. This

was a herd of 2,700, which is about the right number for two men, and three dogs.

The mountains all about us were alive with sheep. The valleys having dried up, they were climbing to the high regions for water and feed. There is no grass on the mountains, and the vast herds live upon the leaves of a bush known as sheep-brush.

When 3,000 sheep stand upon two legs and reach up after these leaves, it presents a curious spectacle.

They journey from three to ten miles a day, until they reach the altitude of 10,000 feet, more or less, where they remain until the cold season threatens, then return by slow stages to the valley, which they reach by the time the rainy season sets in. There is no law about pasturage, but these men, in the mountains year after year, learn, after a little, to respect each other's rights. It is said that the revolver serves to prevent misunderstandings.

As might be supposed, many sheep stray from *the herds*; and campers, like ourselves, as well as

hunters and lumbermen, live on "strays." Every camp, or hut on the mountains, that we visited, was supplied with mutton, and for the most part, fat mutton. The air is so dry that the carcass, hung in a bag from the limb of a tree, does not spoil, but after a week or two becomes quite dry.

We saw twenty of these "strays" in one day. They belong, as the sheepmen themselves told us, to the person who finds them.

We had mutton-broth and mutton-stew, mutton broiled, boiled and stuffed, mutton-chops, mutton-fry, mutton-pie, mutton à la mode and mutton out of the mode.

SHEPHERD DOGS.

Sheep herders employ a small, pretty dog, which is really indispensable. It is black and tan, with long hair. In an open valley one good dog is worth two men, and among the brush of the mountains, a dozen men. In fact, over immense mountain districts, where men cannot go at all, this little dog quickly makes its way and *manages the sheep* with singular intelligence.

When the night is so dark that a man can do nothing, the dog will go the rounds, see that all is right and bunch them in case of danger.

When stopping for the night among the hills, the sheep scatter so widely that the shepherd could never get them together again but for the dogs, who at a motion or word, go off on a circuit of miles and drive them all in. The dog never barks; but if the sheep do not obey, he gently nips their hind legs.

The shepherds begin to train the dogs as soon as they can walk. This can be done only by kindness. These dogs will not stand anything else. If scolded they lie down and do nothing, or go off and stay even for days.

There is a superstitious feeling among the shepherds about selling their dogs. The puppies, though valuable, are usually given away.

The best of these dogs are worth \$200, or even more. One herder, whom we met at Cold Spring ranche, showed us a very pretty one, that he said he would not sell for \$500. She had at *that time* four young puppies. The night we

arrived, we visited his camp, and were greatly interested in the little mother and her nursing babies. Amid those wild, vast mountains, this little nest of motherly devotion and baby trust was very beautiful.

While looking and exclaiming, the assistant herder came to say that there were more than twenty sheep missing. Two male dogs, both larger than the little mother, were standing about, with their hands in their breeches, doing nothing. But the herder said neither Tom nor Dick would find them; Flora must go.

It was urged by the assistant that her foot was sore, she had been hard at work all day, was nearly worn out, and must suckle her puppies.

The boss insisted that she must go.

The sun was setting. There was no time to lose. Flora was called, and told to hunt for lost sheep, while her master pointed to a great forest, through the edge of which they had passed on their way up.

She raised her head, but seemed very loth to leave her babies. The boss called sharply to

her. She rose, looking tired and low spirited, with head and tail down, and trotted wearily off toward the forest. I said:

“That is too bad.”

“Oh, she’ll be right back. She’s lightning on stray sheep.”

The next morning I went over to learn whether Flora found the strays. While we were speaking, the sheep were returning, driven by the little dog, who did not raise her head, nor wag her tail, even when spoken to, but crawled to her puppies, and lay down by them, offering the little empty breasts. She had been out all night, and while her hungry babies were tugging away, fell asleep. I have never seen anything so touching. So far as I was concerned, “there was not a dry eye in the house.”

How often that scene comes back to me. The vast, gloomy forest, and that little creature with the sore foot, and her heart crying for her babies, limping and creeping about in the wild canyons, all through the long dark hours, finding and *gathering* in the lost sheep.

I wonder if any preacher of the Gospel ever searched for lost sheep under circumstances so hard, and with such painful sacrifices? But then we must not expect too much from *men*. It is the *dog* that stands for fidelity and sacrifice. The best part of man is the dog that is in him. When Byron wrote over the grave of his Newfoundland: "Here lies the only friend I ever had," he probably told the truth. Many a man could say the same, and would, if he had the courage.

One of the best and most thoughtful women I have ever known, often speaks, with tearful emotions, of the beautiful heaven where she hopes to meet her loving Fido.

CHAPTER VIII.

BIG JOE AND THE BIG GRIZZLY.

Hunters who have had experience with grizzlies, say, when this bear is spoken of,

“I hain’t lost no grizzly.”

They mean that they are not looking for grizzlies, and hope the grizzlies will not look for them. All hunters have a strange fear of this huge creature, who often weighs more than half a ton, and whom it is almost impossible to kill. When wounded, the grizzly knows no fear.

Big Joe had the largest size of Sharpe’s rifle, with heavy slugs, and he often exclaimed:

“Oh, I wish I could see one! Just give me any kind of a show!”

He would take one of the slugs between his thumb and finger, look at it, and say:

“That is good for one grizzly.”



"AND THAT'S GOOD FOR ANOTHER GRIZZLY." (See page 123.)

Then he would lay it down, pick up another, and say:

“And that is good for another grizzly.”

While at Cold Spring ranche, we heard that the tracks of a large grizzly had been seen in a rough district, higher up on the mountain, and Joe was on fire. It was nearly dark, but he would not wait until morning.

He said he didn't care if he couldn't see him, he could feel him, and all he wanted was to get any kind of a show with his big slugs. He would bring in one quarter, and hang up the rest.

Joe disappeared, at a rapid pace, and we listened for the report of his gun. At length it grew so dark it seemed impossible he could make his way over the wild rocks.

We were very much frightened. I climbed to the top of a high point, and built a fire at the foot of a dry pine tree. Soon the flames reached the top, and made a brilliant light. On another point, at a little distance, we set two more trees on fire. *We gave many times the mountain cry*

of "hoo! h-o-o!" with the last sound greatly prolonged. Some of us could "hoo" loud enough to be heard for miles.

With all the light, and all the hoos, not a word from Joe. It was terrible! We feared the grizzly had got him; but about half-past ten, Joe came in. He was the palest and most exhausted being one could imagine, and seemed to have shrunk to the proportions of a medium sized man.

He had seen the grizzly, and as often happens when the hunter comes into the presence of this terrible creature, was overwhelmed with fear. Indeed, as soon as he saw the bear moving through the chaparral, he fled, lost his way, and had been struggling for more than two hours to reach camp.

He had not heard our "hoos" nor seen our burning trees, although the light from them, as we afterwards learned, was seen by persons forty miles away.

After Joe had finished his supper, and we *found he was* not seriously hurt, though badly

scratched and bruised, we began to banter him. He at once frankly fell back on the common phrase of the country:

“I hain’t lost no grizzly.”

ANOTHER GRIZZLY STORY.

Speaking of grizzlies, an intelligent Mississippian, who went to California in '49, and whose occupation for thirteen years was deer-hunting, told me a curious story, illustrative of the strange fright which takes possession of most people when in the presence of this bear.

He said six men came to him, each armed with a good rifle, and asked him to join them in following up a grizzly, whose tracks had been seen in the neighborhood. He objected, but finally consented, on condition that several other experienced hunters would go with them.

When ready to start, there were fourteen; every one an experienced hunter. They followed up the trail, and soon came to a steep hill, on the side of which they saw the grizzly, lying in full view, *calmly* looking down upon them.

One man turned to run, then another and another, and soon the whole fourteen were flying in hot haste. Six of them were so frightened that they threw away their guns, and did not stop until they were a mile or two away.

No animal on the face of the earth, not excepting the Bengal tiger, inspires such mortal dread in the mind of the beholder, as the grizzly bear.

STAGE ROBBERS.

While stopping at Cold Spring ranche, I took my shot gun, and went out to pick up a few grizzly or quail, with a decided preference for the quail.

I heard the stage coming, and stopped by the roadside to see it pass. I never felt more peaceful in my life. What was my astonishment when the stage came round the little point on which I was standing, to see the driver throw up his hands, and exclaim:

“Don’t shoot! We have no treasure box.”

He afterwards told some one that he knew *there was no danger*, but cried out for fun.



"THROW OUT YOUR TREASURE BOX." (See page 126.)



It is not improbable, though at the time he looked serious, not to say frightened.

One bold, determined man can stop a stage with driver and guardsman, both armed, the stage full of passengers, also armed, and rob them of the treasure box without serious risk.

The robber has a shot-gun, both barrels heavily loaded with slugs, and gets into position. When the driver appears, he finds himself looking right into those barrels, and knows, if he makes a motion to use his pistol, he is a dead man. The robber cries:

“Throw out your treasure box.”

The driver, guardsman and passengers may all be plucky to the backbone, but if they have any sense, the treasure box will be tumbled out.

This box was so constantly demanded and given up, that a duplicate was carried. Then it required two men to rob a stage,—one to go forward, open and examine the box.

I do not see why this crime is not more frequent; the robber runs no risk of being hurt at

the time, and if disguised, very little of being caught afterward.

Then it is so easy to conceal plunder in the vast stretches of chaparral. I know of no part of the country where a robber is so safe as in southern California; (gentlemen of the profession should make a note of this); he can remain for weeks hidden in the chaparral protected by a single blanket, and with a little alcohol for cooking purposes, is as secure from observation and pursuit as though he were in the centre of the earth.

DIGGER INDIANS.

Sitting before our tents one day a group of Indians went by returning from the hunt. An old Indian carried a shot-gun so shockingly bad that Joe was sure that the two squirrels which were the only trophies, must have been killed with the butt-end of the weapon.

There were two squaws who wore the cast-off garments of civilization, but carried on their *backs bows* and quivers full of arrows. Their

nair hung in native undress. Several half-grown boys were with them, and when, an hour later, two ladies of our party went to look at them they found also a number of mangy curs. One of the ladies gave the account of their call as follows:

We found them, not camping but literally squatting by a small stream. The old Indian seemed best to understand our pantomime, so I pointed enquiringly to the smoking embers which were in the center of a slight depression, circular in outline, artificially made in the ground. With a friendly "ugh!" he took a stick and thrusting it into the ashes, drew out before, our astonished, not to say disgusted eyes, the squirrels which we had lately seen dangling over his shoulders. The hair was still there, though now crisped. Plainly the only labor spent on them had been to drop them into the ashes and to pry them out. The old Indian now tore them limb from limb and passed the pieces to the women, who devoured them with evident relish. The party had two *courses* for dinner that day. One

of the women had stopped at the store, on the way from the hunt, and bought flour which now appeared in the form of a pasty gruel, served in a straw bowl woven so closely that I think it would have held water. I was surprised at the firm and exquisite workmanship, and especially at the design which was interwoven in darker color around the body of the bowl, and varied but little from the Greek chain.

I have wished for that bowl ever since I came away. *Not* strange to say, I did not covet it just then, nor do I think you would have done so if you had seen the big squaw as she took her gruel by dipping her fingers into it and then drawing them through her mouth.

The native untidiness and ugliness of the "diggers," would have seemed sufficient for all practical purposes, but this party added to both by being in mourning. It seemed that nearly a year before an enemy of the old Indian, aiming to kill him, had shot a squaw instead, a sister of these two women, one of whom was the *Indian's wife*. Their outward mark of grief was a

broad stripe down each cheek of some black, sticky compound. I do not think it much mattered to them whether the substance was or was not waterproof. Time was gradually wearing it away and it was only a mitigated mourning which we saw. While not the less trying to witness for that, we saw the advantage of this natural dropping away of the outward symbol as the inward grief was assuaged.

I noticed that the big squaw who was not the wife had had her ears pierced. Pointing to the ear-rings which a friend with me wore, I motioned to the Indian to ask if the squaw was to wear such. His delighted nods proved that there we had found a bond of sympathy. As a Chinaman would have expressed it — “All-e-same white woman — all-e-same squaw.”

We met the same group farther on toward the Yosemite, and in the valley we found their kindred and bought photographs of the very party we had met. I think we preferred the photographs, at least to take home, they were so *clean*.


The tents of the Indians in the valley interested us. They were built of poles and branches of trees which seemed to form pockets in which acorns were stored, and from which they rattled at any rough touch. We saw the squaws pounding them into meal. Fishing is the irregular occupation of the men and boys, and they supply the hotels with fish.

These Indians are not residents of the valley, but come over the mountains from Mono Lake to gather their winter's stock of acorns, like an army of squirrels.

The squaws having gathered the acorns pound them into flour, and when their supply is ready, the load is piled on the backs of the ponies, or of the squaws, the latter often carrying a hundred pounds each, and they take their way back again, over the mountains, to their home by the desolate Mono Lake.

AN INDIAN DOCTOR.

Speaking of Indians, I met an aged red man in



a deep mountain canyon, hiding from pursuers. His tribe lived 300 miles north.

This Indian was a "medicine-man," and had lost a patient. Among his people they have an unpleasant custom of killing a doctor if he loses a patient; so he had to flee.

As a medical man I could enter into this poor fellow's feelings, and doubt not I speak for my craft, when I say that I was glad my professional duties had not led me to practice among that tribe of Indians.

I can imagine nothing more disagreeable, than knowing, if one lost a patient, his neighbors would turn out and shoot him. I am acquainted with one doctor, whose skin, as a humorist has expressed it, would be so full of holes, that it could not hold his principles.

But then, as the timid orator puts it: "there is much to be said on both sides." This system would have its advantages. Hundreds of young men, graduates from our medical colleges, who now seek in vain for a location, could, under this *system*, quickly establish themselves. The old

doctors, who are dull of sight and touch and make mistakes, would soon disappear.

Then again, doctors would be very anxious about the lives of their patrons. They would call, and carefully examine the ventilation, drainage, baths, table, hours of sleep, and all the other habits. The doctor would soon find out what he does not now know, viz; that an ounce of prevention is worth a ton of cure.

And last but not least, it would introduce a heroic element into the profession. The world would feel toward doctors, as it now does toward soldiers in dangerous service.

CHAPTER IX.

WE CLIMB TO DEACON MOORE'S.

We left Cold Spring ranche, bidding good-bye to dear friends, whose hospitality had been of the whole-hearted, mountain sort, and began the ascent, hoping to climb to Deacon Moore's before dark.

Deacon Moore's ranche is in a valley, high up on the mountains, about twenty miles from the Yo Semite. It yields an enormous crop of hay, which is fortunate for the Mariposa Stage Company in whose interests it is managed.

We had been told that Deacon Moore was a capital fellow, and would give us a hearty welcome. Just before reaching his house, we stopped to rest our teams, and I rode forward to interview the deacon.

He at once called me by name, grasped my hand warmly, and said:

"Of course you are going to stop with me?"

"No, we are camping."

"Then you'll give me no chance at your pockets?"

"Can't say. That depends. Perhaps we may wish to hire saddle horses for the big trees. How far from here are they?"

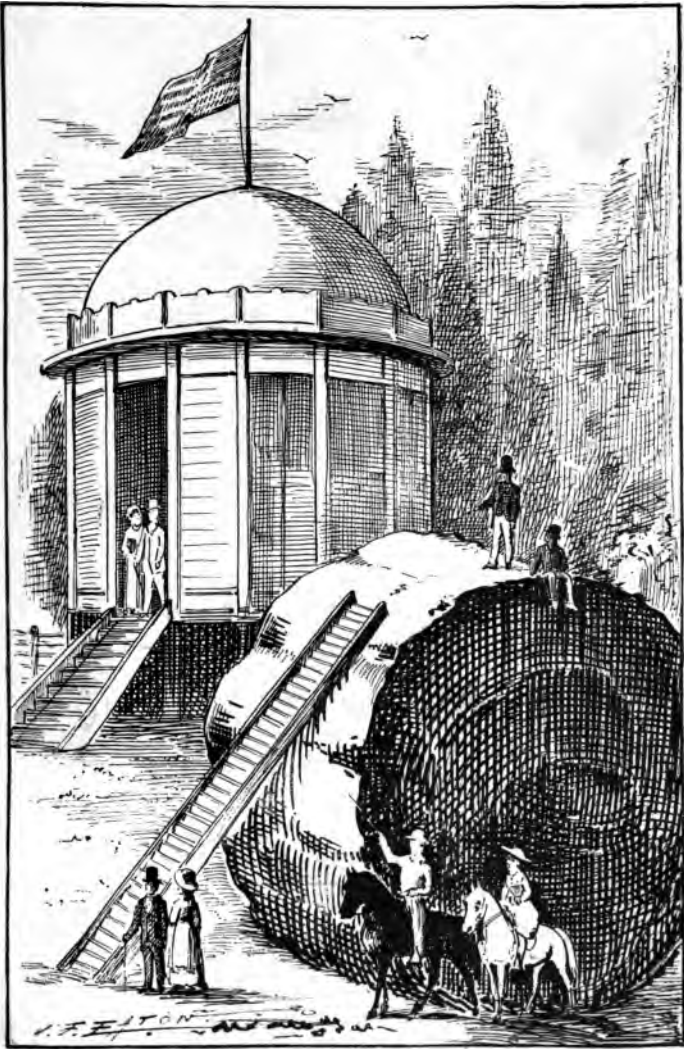
"Come this way. Let me show you something."

We went round a point and looked up through a deep valley, which ended in a bold cliff.

"Do you see anything peculiar on the top of that cliff?"

"Yes, deacon, I see five curious tree-tops, lifted up far above the others."

"You've hit 'em the first time, and you've got the right number too. There are just five tops that can be seen from here. Of course you will need my saddle horses. I will let you have them for three dollars apiece, and five dollars for *the guide*."



"WE VISIT THE BIG TREES." (See page 137.)

WE VISIT THE BIG TREES.

Early the next morning, we started for the trees. Others joined us. The party numbered sixteen. The trail was perfect, the scenery wonderful. It was only seven miles; but mountain miles are very, very long. As we neared the big trees, I said to the guide:

“Don’t tell me! Don’t point them out! I want to see if I will know these famous chaps.”

Pretty soon I saw a large cinnamon colored tree with deep crevices in the bark, and remarked:

“That, sir, is a big tree.”

“You are right, colonel, that’s him! and that’s the first one we come to.”

We stopped, rode around it, and looked at it.

“Well, I’ve heard of you for years. I’ve thought of you a thousand times, but this is the first time I ever saw you. You are splendid! I never heard about your color before, and that is one of your great beauties.”

We passed on, and soon came to the largest

tree in the whole Mariposa grove—the grizzly giant. He is an old fellow, and I took off my hat to him. It is my habit, when in the presence of age.

“Well, guide, what is the diameter of this tree?”

“Thirty-two feet, sir.”

“Oh! but you don’t mean that. That tree is not more than fifteen feet in diameter. Now, Mr. Guide, I’ve brought with me a one hundred and twenty foot tape line, on purpose to draw about the necks of these giants, and choke them for their falsehoods.”

The guide and myself left our saddles. He held the ring end of the tape line at the height of our heads, and I walked around the tree, and brought the line back to the point of beginning. It was sixty-eight feet.

“That’s the way I choke the reputation out of big trees—one-third of sixty-eight is twenty three.”

“Yes, colonel, but that isn’t the way we meas-



"GRIZZLY GIANT."

(See page 138.)

ure the trees. We measure them close to the ground."

There was a path around the tree, and the guide said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, please ride your horses into that path close against the tree. Let the head of each horse touch the tail of the next one, and we will see if there are enough of us to reach around it."

When the sixteen horses were placed, we found there was quite a gap, and had to take three from the center of the string, to fill it. It required a continuous chain of nineteen horses to reach around the grizzly giant.

The tree itself is of such perfect proportions, and is surrounded by objects of such magnitude, that it seemed not more than fifteen feet; but when we walked around it, we realized that we were in the presence of one of the famous big trees. This grizzly giant is falling into decay. The top has disappeared in part, and I wouldn't be surprised if it didn't last more than 600 or 800 *years more*.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF LONDON
FROM THE FOUNDATION
TO THE PRESENT
BY JOHN STOW
1618

There are also groups: "The Two
ers," "The Faithful Group," &c.

There are two groves of Mariposa big trees;
upper and the lower. The trees are most

young, and in the best condition in the upper

A large number are extremely beautiful.

peculiar color, their very rough bark, with

deep fissures running from the bottom to the

the absence of limbs for one hundred feet,

the graceful, umbrella-like tops, make the

gigantea the most wonderful and beauti-

all trees. The seeds, which like those of

seed-bearing trees, lie naked at the base of

the, are exceedingly small.

There has been a great demand for these seeds

in nearly all parts of the world, especially from

There are probably millions of these

growing in Europe to-day.

For California, the gardens have little

big trees; though instead of being

high, and 20 feet in diameter, they

be more than 6 inches high, and

of an inch in diameter. As trees of

this family drop their seeds before the cones fall, it became, with the demand and the enormous prices offered for them, an important question how they could be gathered.

A bright young fellow, who lived in the Yo Semite, told me that he had devised a plan which would just "boost 'em all."

It was to go up in a balloon, and pick the cones off before the seeds fell. With a rope in the hands of a man on the ground, the balloon could be held and guided.

The big trees were first discovered by a hunter at Calaveras, in 1855. Since then a half score of groves have been found within an area of 200 miles, containing from 30 to 10,000 trees each. In the largest of these groves, saw-mills are busy cutting the big trees into lumber.

An Englishman first described these trees, and, using his right, named them *Wellingtonia gigantea*. Our boys were up in a minute, and dubbed them *Washingtonia gigantea*. The fight grew warm. Soon the American scientists solemnly entered the ring, separated the com-

batants, and named the trees *Sequoia gigantea*.

Sequoia was the chief of the Cherokee Indians, better known to Americans by his English name, George Guess. He it was who invented the Cherokee alphabet, in which books and newspapers are still printed. I notice that our English cousins have not yet heard of the change in name. It seems only just that these trees, 1,000 or 2,000 years old, should bear the name of one of the aborigines.

In the Calaveras grove, the tree known as "The Mother of the Forest" is 321 feet high, 84 feet in circumference at the base, and at 20 feet from the ground, measures 69 feet. It is 137 feet to the first branch.

"The Father of the Forest" lies sleeping near the "Mother". At his roots the circumference is 110 feet. His trunk measures 200 feet to the first branch. At the distance of 300 feet, the point at which the trunk was broken off by falling against another tree, the circumference is 18 feet. This tree was probably more than 350 feet high.

Every one has heard of the stump on which

4 sets, or 32 persons can dance at once without collision.

ALL REEKING WITH BLOOD!

We had returned from the big trees very tired, and were resting in our arm-chairs, when a stranger came down from the mountains, entered our camp, and asked for me. In an alarming whisper, he told me that he had just left a man up in the mountains who wanted to see me.

“Wants to see me?”

“Yes, and he wants to see you bad!”

“I don’t know any one up in the mountains. It must be a mistake.”

“No sir, it is not a mistake. There is a man up there who wants to see you awfully; he’s covered with blood from the top of his head to his boots.”

“What are you talking about? A man up in the mountains, covered with blood, who wants to see me? What sort of a man is he, and why is he covered with blood? What has happened to *him*?”

I called for Joe. He was not in camp, and no one knew where he was. A horrible suspicion flashed upon me! Joe might be in the mountains, and dreadfully wounded.

I asked if the person wishing to see me was a big man?

"Well, not very; about ten feet tall."

"It is Joe! He has had a terrible fall! Perhaps he is dying!"

I called for a fresh horse, and sprang into the saddle. We flew up the mountain trail. The gallop was not broken for four miles. There stood Joe—hair, face, hands and clothes reeking with blood.

"Oh, Joe! what has happened? Are you hurt?"

Joe laughed and squirmed all over.

"Ah! I've got a big one! A bully one!"

"Got what? A big what?"

"Oh, I tell you, he's an elephant!"

"Joe, stop your nonsense, and tell me what you mean!"

"Why, I've killed a buck, and he's the grandfather of 'em all."

"Well, but why did you send for me? You've frightened me to death, and I've nearly killed my horse."

"I thought if I sent for you, you would let me have the horse to pack him into camp. I didn't dare send word that I had shot a deer, for fear they would arrest me for killing game out of season."

"But this blood?"

"He was not dead, and I had to cut his throat. The blood flew all over me."

I left my horse, and went home on foot.

An hour or two afterward, Joe brought the cook some venison steaks, which were so delicious that we forgave him for the fright.

When deer is killed out of season, you must call it "mountain-sheep," unless you are anxious to pay a fine of fifty dollars.

CHAPTER X.

THE YO SEMITE.

The climb from Clark's is along a mountain ridge, which at its highest point is 7,400 feet above the sea. We pass twisted pines, mountain firs and ghostly birches, while our rugged road is made beautiful by the bright Mariposa flower, and occasional clumps of yellow azaleas.

There are here as elsewhere on these mountain roads, sharp turns which demand careful driving. Fortunately, our drivers are sober and careful.

To the heavy team which carries our tents, the light wagon is fastened, so that Joe's skill may manage both.

But the road into the valley is so narrow, steep and winding, that it was difficult to persuade *even the stage drivers*, that Joe had driven in

his team, with a trail wagon attached. In fact, he only did it by leaving his seat when we came to the sharpest turns, and with his tremendous strength, boosting the wagon into a safe position.

INSPIRATION POINT.

As we approached the Yo Semite, a lady of our party left the carriage to sit with Joe on the high seat of the freight wagon, that she might take in the glories to better advantage. When we reached Inspiration Point, and that matchless vision burst upon us, she was so overwhelmed that she covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears. Feeling as one does at such a moment the desire for sympathy, she turned to Joe, with the exclamation:

“Oh, Joe, isn’t it grand?”

“Just what I came from Norway to get rid of,” said Joe.

She then turned to Sing, the little Chinaman, and said:

“*Heap fine! Lung Sing! Heap fine!*”

Sing turned his eyes toward the valley, and without any evidence of interest, remarked:

“All-ē-same, China.”

We stand on Inspiration Point. The matchless Yo Semite is before us. 7 miles long, 1 mile wide, and 1 mile deep. The bottom is level, covered with large trees. As seen from here they are mere brush. A deep, swift river, of which we catch glimpses through the trees, flows down the centre, and out of the valley through the awful Merced canyon, far below at our left.

Stand by my side, and if you can restrain your emotions, I will point out some features.

We will first examine the south wall, which as the valley lies nearly east and west, and we are standing at the west end, is on our right hand.

The first object is the Bridal Veil Falls, (“Po-ho-no,” or “Spirit of the Evil Wind.”) Happy name! The wind sways it from side to side; it is a vibrating sheet of sparkling spray. The water falls nearly 1,000 feet, and at this distance is so small that it seems a mere ribbon, or a bride’s veil. But when the water reaches the

bottom and flows across the valley to the Merced, it forms three rivers so deep and swift that they are difficult to ford.

The next wonder is Cathedral Spires, (Poo-see-nah Chuck-ka," or "Large Acorn Store House,") a group of lofty spires, that stand out from the face of the wall, and are nearly 3,000 feet high.

The next marvellous feature in the right hand wall, as seen from Inspiration Point, is Sentinel Rock, ("Loya," or "A Medicinal Shrub,") the most strongly individualized mass of rock in or about the Yo Semite. It stands boldly out from the wall, and lifts its crest more than 3,000 feet. On this crest once blazed the watch-fires of the Indians.

The next object in the right hand wall is Glacier Point, (Er-na-ting Law-oo-too," or "Bear-skin,") of which we shall say more farther on. The last object I shall point out in the right hand wall, is at the very upper end of the valley, a grand mass of rock, more than a mile high, with a perpendicular wall on the valley side. It

is the famous South Dome, ("Tis-sa-ack," or "Goddess of the Valley.")

If you can bear more of this awful vision, let us turn our eyes and gaze upon the wonders in the left wall. Just over there, seeming so near that we may toss something against it, though in reality two or three miles away, is El Capitan, ("Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah," or "Semi-deity, and Great Chief of Valley,") a mass of light-colored granite, with perpendicular face, more than a mile wide, and nearly three quarters of a mile high.

I do not believe that anywhere on the face of the earth is there another object which so overwhelms the imagination, and so lingers in and thrills the memory as this mass of rock. It is not easy to say why this is so, for it is less in size than the South Dome, and very much smaller than many mountains around the Yo Semite. But every visitor replies to the question:

"What impressed you most about the Yo Semite?"

"Oh! El Capitan, by far the most."

The next feature in the left hand wall of the Yo Semite, is three magnificent mountain masses, known as The Three Brothers, ("Pom-pom-pasus," or "Mountains playing Leap-frog,") the highest of which is almost a mile.

The next striking object in the left hand wall is the Yo Semite Falls. This is the most remarkable waterfall in the world. The first leap is 1,600 feet. Then it rushes in a thundering cascade of 400 feet to its final plunge of 600 feet, — in all, about 2,600 feet.

"The loftiest cataract in the world."

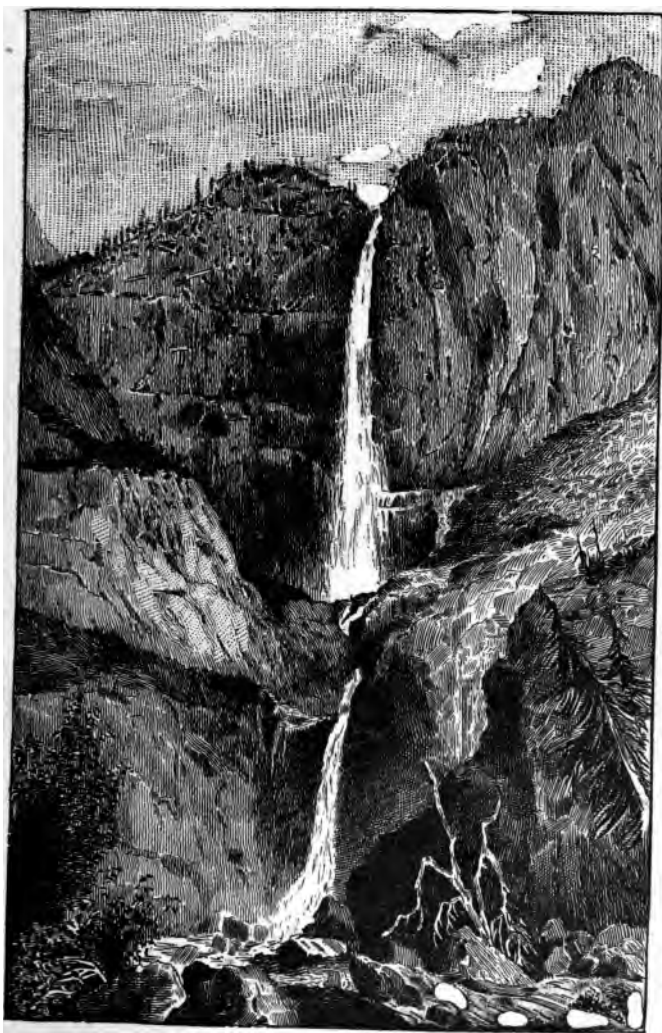
"A cataract from heaven to earth, plunging from the clouds to bury itself in the abyss below."

"A cataract half a mile high."

"Setting its forehead against the stars, and planting its feet upon the eternal hills."

The Yo Semite Falls by moonlight, are magnificent. Night after night, we sat gazing at the vast shower of dazzling diamonds. No one who has ever witnessed that scene can forget it!

The last grand feature in the left hand wall is *the North Dome*, ("To-coy-æ," or, "Shade to



YOSEMITE FALLS.

(See page 152.)

Baby Cradle Basket”), a mass of bold granite nearly 4,000 feet high. In its huge side is a colossal arch—the royal arch of Tecoyœ. Its span is 2,000 feet; the height from the valley to its crown, 1,700 feet.

A RATHER LARGE PAW.

Before leaving Inspiration Point, I wish you to imagine something rather odd, viz.: that some god with a fancy for works of art, and particularly fond of big things, in travelling over the face of the earth, and looking for holes to be used as moulds, into which he could pour plaster of Paris, the casts to be hung in his art gallery, should come here. Let him mix his dish of plaster, and pour it into the Yo Semite till it was full. He would find when he lifted it out, that the shape would be that of the leg and paw of a lion, with three very big toes.

We stand at the west end. Seven miles from here, at the east end, are the three toes. The first toe on the left is the awful gorge between the North and South Dome. Through this,

the Tenaya river enters the valley. The center toe is the Nevada gorge, through which the great Merced branch comes. The right hand toe is the Illilouette gorge, through which the Illilouette river flows. Soon after these three rivers enter the valley they unite and form the great Merced river.

HAY SIXTEEN DOLLARS A BALE.

When we reached what may be called the floor of the valley, I saw, stretching away at the left, what seemed a vast meadow. I congratulated myself upon a happy escape from the hay-fiend.

“Here,” I said, “we will pitch our tents, and the horses shall graze at their will.”

But alas! it was only a bitter weed, which not even a hungry mule would touch!

This green stretch is known as the Bridal Veil Meadows.

Our animals were tired and hungry, and I drove at once up the valley for hay. After a

two hours search, I found a bale, for which they asked sixteen dollars.

"Yes, I replied, that is your *asking* price. What will you *take*?"

"Well, seeing it is you, I will take twenty dollars, and discount four, for cash."

I paid sixteen dollars in gold for that bale of hay, and was careless enough to mention the price in the presence of the mules. Would you believe it?—those scoundrels sat up all night and finished that hay.

The next morning, Joe asked what we should do for hay. The horses had not had their breakfast. I sat down to a mathematical calculation, on the basis of the amount of hay given to the street car horses in New York, (fifteen pounds a day), and found that the bale should have lasted our stock forty-eight hours.

I told Joe about it. You should have seen his look of disgust.

"Why," said he, "I could eat more than fifteen pounds of hay, myself."

I told Joe that I feared the horses had overheard our conversation.

During our stay in and about the Yo Semite, I paid at least \$90 a ton for all the hay we needed for ten horses, and \$140 a ton for barley.

It was the most solemn feature of our Yo Semite life. Appetite! Appetite is no name for it. I always knew that the mountains increased human appetite, but I never before realized that the law applies to mules and horses.

THE CLIMB TO GLACIER POINT.

We left our wagon at the foot of the trail, where we found the guide with mountain ponies waiting for us. The trail looked so perilous that we meekly allowed the guide to mount us. Result,—the tall woman on the low, Indian pony, the short, stout one on a mere skeleton, and the little member of the company on a large animal.

Our guide, California Bill, (with a dash in his name which did not appear in his manner), led the cavalcade on a wall-eyed, vicious beast, with

which, however, he seemed to have an understanding.

A wedding party from San Francisco, with its guide, fell in behind us. The ladies had not yet been long enough out of civilization to wear loosely fitting gloves and garments, or to adopt the man's saddle for mountain riding. That our ladies used the man's saddle insured the hearty approval of the owners of the horses, and the best services, as well as the gratitude, I am sure, of the animals themselves.

When we had climbed for some time, we all left our saddles for rest. The ladies of our party enjoyed the change of position, but were nearly as fresh as when they started, and walked off for new points of view. But the others slipped from their side saddles with a "most dead" air, and lay down at full length on a flat rock. Some of them declared that they could not go another step.

The trail, like most others in the valley, was well made, and perilous only from its narrowness.

It was a series of zig-zags, so short that *while we were in single file*, half a dozen seemed

to be in a group. On our way up, I met a man who whispered to me:

“A rattlesnake has just been killed a little way above here. Don’t for the world say a word to the ladies.”

I cried out:

“Ladies! A rattlesnake has just been killed up here.”

With the usual incalculableness of women, the cry came back:

“Bring on your rattlesnakes!”

OUTLOOK FROM GLACIER POINT.

The views grow grander as we rise, until, standing on Glacier Point, we look down more than 3,000 feet into the valley. Before us is the magnificent sweep of mountain wall, with its bold projections and varied sky-line. Standing boldly out into the valley at its upper end, South Dome rises 5,700 feet in the air, a wonderful mountain of bare granite. Opposite us is the Yo Semite Falls, dazzling in its grand, misty beauty.

It is a view of exceeding grandeur, though hotels, fields and strawberry patch look home-like, nestling between the mighty walls. The walls shut in a green meadow which is dotted with trees, and divided by the silver Merced.

Turning to the view behind us, we behold a scene of wild and desolate grandeur. Bare peaks, scored by ancient glaciers, rise thousands of feet, singly or in groups, and far away is the Nevada Fall, at the foot of which is the hotel where we are to pass the night.

While on Glacier Point I find myself near the leader of the wedding party. It is the groom. He is handsomely dressed. The expression on his face, at finding himself in the company of such ragamuffins as we, is funny enough. I try to get up a little conversation with him, but he turns away to talk with his wife. It is plain from their glances that they are discussing our costumes.

A RAGGED DO-NOTHING.

But it was not only natty bridal parties who

judged us by what we wore. After a few weeks of camp life, when my clothes were just about right, as I thought, I was walking one day in San Jose, when I saw a young lady talking with an Irishwoman. As I approached, I heard her say:

"I have nothing for you now, but I will give you my address, and if you will come to our house, my mother will help you."

She took out a card, but could not find a pencil, so I offered her mine. She used it, thanked me and passed on.

As I continued my leisurely pace, the Irish woman walked along by my side, and inspecting me, asked:

"Where do you work now?"

A full sense of the fact that I was doing absolutely nothing, came over me, and my tone was very meek as I confessed:

"I'm not doing anything, *just now*." But she was not satisfied.

"Do you work for the company?"

"No, I don't work for the company."

Again surveying my camping suit, from the hideous pith hat to the undressed shoes with their heavy spikes, she said, with a dubious air:

“You’re a mason.”

I made no reply. She became irritated, and settled it promptly for herself with:

“No, you’re a hod carrier, and a mighty poor one at that.”

I fell behind my talkative and whisky-drinking companion, to think over the lack of respect the world has for ragged do-nothings.

THE RACE FOR THE COTTAGE.

As we leave Glacier Point, and begin our descent over the rough mountain side into the valley of the Illilouette, Bill, our guide, suddenly exclaims:

“See John! See him cutting through those bushes to get ahead of us. That’s a mean trick! It’s just like him. He’s after Snow’s cottage. Let my horse guide you. He can do it just as well as I can. I’m going to have that cottage.”

~ *Snow had just built a new cottage. His old*

house was a regular tumble-down. We were the first to leave the valley in the morning, and according to the custom there, had a right to the cottage.

The white-eyed horse guided us over a wild trail to the Merced river, just above the Falls, where we crossed; then he led us down a zig-zag trail, the worst in California. Just before we reached the bottom, Bill came out from behind a rock, mounted his horse, but said nothing.

When we struck the bottom of the trail, a tall, rough man came out from behind another rock and asked:

“Are you Dr. Lewis?”

“Yes.”

“Well, don’t tell those other people that you didn’t engage the cottage yesterday. Bill got ahead of them, and I gave it to him for your party. When John came, and I told him you had engaged the cottage, he flew up and said:

“That can’t be. We are here first.”

“I told him that you spoke for it yesterday. *It’s a whopper*, but you mustn’t tell on me.”

The cottage was beautiful and nicely furnished. Everything in and about it, including even the timbers, had been brought up the mountains, piece by piece, either on the back of a man, or a mule.

At the supper table, the party of the first part smiled. The party of the second part scowled. But we had a nice time, sang together, and at length the party of the second part became very agreeable to the party of the first part.

The trail spoken of above as the worst in California, is made in the *talus* of broken granite which lies at the base of the Cap of Liberty, which rises, on our right, as we descend, a sheer wall of 2,000 feet. Close upon the left is a dashing cataract — the Nevada Fall. The descent of 700 feet is made by sharp turns, over which even our mountain ponies stepped slowly and cautiously, and if ever we held our breaths with anxiety, it was there.

HOW BILL GOT DOWN THE CLIFF.

As we stood at the foot of the Nevada Fall,

and looked up at the dizzy trail over which we had come, it was a mystery how our guide could have got down in any other way.

“Where did you get down?” I asked.

“If you will come out on this rock, I will show you.”

He pointed to a perpendicular wall, with trees rising row above row.

“Is there a trail there?”

“No, but I was in for it, and had to come down somehow. I swung myself into a tree-top, slid down its trunk, then into another, and so on, till I came where I could climb over the boulders, and get in ahead of that other guide.

I took a new look at the little fellow. So quiet; such a pleasant, low voice. Where did he keep this amazing pluck? It seemed to me that such a feat would require the united grit of ten of these tremendous fellows.

We learned afterward that our unobtrusive guide was one of the old time pony-express riders, whose daring feats we were fond of reading *by our camp-fire*. After that, we were glad when

Bill would join us, and tell of his adventures. But they were never big stories so far as his own part was concerned.

WE CLIMB TO CLOUD'S REST.

Early the next morning we start for Cloud's Rest. We climb the same dreadful trail which my wife has declared she would never, never pass over again, and soon reach the little Yo Semite. This is so named, not from any striking resemblance to the big Yo Semite, but rather, perhaps, from their proximity.

We pass through the little Yo Semite, and begin the ascent of a mountain, the culminating point of which is Cloud's Rest.

It is the first of July, but soon we come to snow fields. The sun is exceedingly bright, and the glare of the snow blinding.

"Bill, haven't you some colored glasses?"

"No, but I'll fix you."

He brings some bits of charcoal from a burned stump, and blackens the upper half of our cheeks. *One of our ladies* takes a bit of the coal, and

makes for herself a mustache and an imperial, which greatly improves her face. To our surprise, the charcoal relieves us as by magic from the painful glare of the snow, and we go on, without the least discomfort.

At length we near Cloud's Rest,—a wild mountain peak, composed of huge masses of torn granite, thrown up in wild and indescribable confusion, over which we clamber with great danger to our limbs and necks. Finally, we stand upon the highest point.

What a vision! Up in the very heavens, we gaze down upon the Yo Semite and trace its walls. The South Dome, at the foot of which, two days before, we lingered with our faces turned heavenward to catch its lofty summit, we now see far below us. It is only a feature in the sublime scene.

When standing upon the floor of the Yo Semite, its walls seemed immense. As we now behold them from Cloud's Rest, they are only a small part of the vast landscape.

Facing the Yo Semite, we see at the left, only

a few miles away, Mount Starr King, which is the most symmetrical and beautiful of all these mountains.

In California, the Rev. Starr King is regarded as the most interesting character in the history of the Pacific coast. He saved the State from going into the Rebellion. In their gratitude they have associated the loved name with this wonderful mountain. It is very difficult to ascend; but it will prove still more difficult for any man to climb to the height occupied by Starr King in the love and admiration of California. More than once, while on the Pacific Coast, I heard his name mentioned with tearful voice.

Still farther to the left, we see in the distance several mountains, from 14,000 to 16,000 feet high, which have true glaciers at their bases.

Across, on the right, we see the North Dome and Mount Hoffman.

Turning sharply to the right, we discover far below, and somewhat behind us, one of the most beautiful lakes in the world, Lake Tenaya. From *this lake*, a stream runs along the far base

of the mountain on which we stand, making its way between the North and South Dome, into the Yo Semite. Near the foot of the South Dome it forms "Mirror Lake," one of the great attractions of the valley.

We remain here a long time, gazing in wonder and worship. One of our company, who had seen all the mountains of this world, and had examined through a telescope the mountains of the moon, declared that this vast, magnificent stretch of mountains, lakes and valleys, in that clear atmosphere, was the most wonderful vision he could hope to behold this side of the New Jerusalem.

Reluctantly we begin the descent, and before sundown are again at Snow's, having returned over the same dreadful, zigzag trail, by the side of the Nevada Falls, which had so frightened us all the day before.

THE NEVADA AND VERNAL FALLS.

At Snow's we were near the head of the Nevada canyon, into which the Merced pours.

Nevada Falls is the first great plunge (700 feet), which the river makes on its way to the valley, 2,000 feet below by perpendicular measurement. Its second is the Vernal Falls, a mile farther on, (350 feet). Between the two the river flows in foaming rapids over a granite bed.

Standing at our cottage door, at Snow's, we seemed almost shut in by vast walls of rock.

Over us hung the majestic mountain mass, the Cap of Liberty, ("Mah-tah," or "Martyr Mountain"), while at its side, looking like a bride's snowy veil, was the graceful Nevada Fall.

The water drops perpendicularly over the wall, but it soon strikes a hidden ledge, turns aside at an angle, and widens "like a half-opened fan." As the falling water dashes into spray, it is caught in the sunlight, and fills the air with fragments of broken rainbows.

When we made our second descent along the difficult trail, the laggards found the advance guard arranging themselves at the foot of the trail to be photographed. To those who had

already arrived, the late comers appeared descending through the arch of a magnificent rainbow.

Though the day had been filled with wonders, when we stood in the moonlight, and all the outlines were softened to the eye, while the ear was quickened to a finer sense of the deep undertone of the falling waters, the last charm was added to this scene of beauty and grandeur.

Descending the canyon, we crossed the rapids on a bridge, over the railing of which we gazed, fascinated, into the whirling waters.

Here the river rushed through a rugged gorge, emerging from which it falls 350 feet. Its waters are deeply tinged with green, while all others in the valley are pure white. The Indians call it by the expressive name of "Piwyack," "Sparkling River." For half the height, the fall is hidden by a cloud of spray which rises from its base, and which in the sunlight sparkles with rainbow hues.

There is an awfully pokerish ladder fastened against the cliff, on which you can go down and get very wet. It is painful and rather dangerous,

but a great many persons escape, and they only charge you seventy-five cents.

Returning to the trail we mount our horses and continue our difficult descent through the wild canyon.

On our way, at the head of the precipice we meet a little mule train. The poor animals enjoy a moment's rest while crowded against the mountain side to let us pass. They need it, for they are laden with bundles of hay; each carries up that steep incline 300 lbs.

At every turn in our downward path new glories burst upon us. Mountains loom up suddenly in the distance, and in a moment disappear.

Now we are on the bank of a river which rushes downward in a wild torrent, and by a turn in the path is lost to sight and hearing. Here we pass over an immense ridge of granite blocks, which seem to have formed a terminal moraine in the days when the moving glaciers tore the granite from the mountain walls.

We cross the Illilouette near the point where it unites with *the main river*. Just as we reach the

valley, we come upon a field of white azaleas which cover not less than fifty acres. They are in full blossom, and the air is heavy with their fragrance.

The strain upon us is so great that the trot on level ground, as we return to camp through the valley, is an immense relief to both body and mind.

WE CLIMB TO THE UPPER YO SEMITE FALLS.

High up on the side of the north wall of the Yo Semite there is a wild and difficult trail, which terminates at the foot of the upper Yo Semite Falls.

When we stood on the opposite side of the valley, the guide asked us to guess the size of the basin into which the Upper Falls poured. One said, "a quarter of an acre." Another, "half an acre." I boldly guessed "one acre." Bill declared it was forty acres. This seemed so utterly incredible that I resolved to see for myself.

After a great deal of slipping and tugging, we *came within* 800 feet of the Falls. The air was

filled with a dense spray. Already we were wet to the skin. I feared for the safety of a valuable watch, and wrapping it in a thick silk handkerchief, put it inside my flannel shirt, in the pit of my stomach. As I stooped in climbing, that seemed the best place to keep it dry.

My companion declared he could go no farther. His age was 25; mine, 54. His weight, 140; mine, 215. I called his attention to these facts. He replied:

“I can go no farther.”

I handed him my watch, sent my love to my wife, and kept on.

I was soon shrouded in spray. Breathing grew difficult; but when I dropped on the ground and put my arms about my face, it became easy. Then I could rise, climb around or over another boulder, drop down and breathe again. In this way I kept on until the mass of falling water beat me down. The expedient of putting my face to the ground with my arms about it, saved me from suffocation. I had gone as far as I *could*.

The water, coming as it does from melting snows, was very cold. I tried to rise but found it impossible. The terrible thought flashed upon me that I must perish there. I struggled to rise, but in vain.

Finally, lying there, I turned square about, and began to crawl back, as I thought, over the same rocks I had climbed in coming up; but it was soon evident that I was making my way into a denser mass of water.

Conscious that the icy water would soon paralyze me, I turned in another direction, and made a great effort to crawl away from the overwhelming flood. I climbed to the top of a rock, and fell down on the other side, bruising my hands and knees. For the moment I almost gave up.

Not to make my description of this painful struggle tedious, I continued crawling, until at the end of about two hours, I reached my companion, whom I found in a state of the greatest alarm. I leaned upon him and we made our way

back to camp. It was the most trying, dangerous and exhaustive struggle of my life.

I cannot say whether the basin of the Upper Yo Semite Falls measures forty acres or not. The only facts about which I am certain, is that on the 3d of July, 1876, there were at least forty acres of very cold water there, and that the rocks were harder than my flesh.

CHAPTER XI.

WE CAMP NEAR YO SEMITE FALLS.

Returning from our several trips about the valley, we finally camp at the foot of the Yo Semite Falls. Here we have time to absorb the glories and exchange views.

But first we must jot down some information about the Yo Semite, not to be omitted by any one who writes an account of a visit to this famous valley.

DISCOVERY OF THE YO SEMITE VALLEY.

As early as 1850, the miners had established themselves as far up in the mountains as Mari-
posa, where trouble with the Indians began. Among other depredations, many of their horses *were stolen*.

Two Indian chiefs led Capt. Boling, with seventy-five men, over an Indian trail, till they came into the valley, by almost the same route as that now known as the Mariposa road. This was in 1851.

In the valley they found 500 Indians, and the scattered bones of their stolen horses. Indians have always been fond of horse flesh.

In the contest which followed, some were killed, and peace was made with the remainder.

In 1852, two miners were killed in the valley. This led to farther hostilities. The Indians who escaped fled to Mono Lake, and were harbored in a friendly way by the Piutes.

One day when the Piutes went hunting, the ungrateful Yo Semites stole their stock and fled with it into the valley. The Piutes followed and almost exterminated them. The only remnant of that band now in the valley, is one very old and dilapidated Indian, who, with his son, may still be seen going up and down in the village.

THE ORIGIN OF THE YO SEMITE.

The origin of this big hole is in doubt. There are two theories. One is that glaciers dug it out; the other, that the bottom dropped out. The "dug out" theory is plausible till you get there. The "drop bottom" idea seems about right, and has this advantage:—as we know nothing of what has happened down below there, we may suppose anything we please.

We may suppose that a fire burned up a great quantity of stuff, and let a part of the mountain drop. Nothing could be simpler; and yet scientists continue to afflict us with descriptions of great masses of granite-shod ice, which they pretend came down from the higher regions, got a big start, and scooped out this hole. I go in for the "drop-bottom," or "subsidence" theory.

THE VERY PLACE FOR A SOCIALISTIC COMMUNITY.

The Yo Semite contains 3,000 or 4,000 acres,

much of it really fertile land. Twenty farms might be cut out of it. It would support a population of 5,000.

The water power is sufficient for all practical purposes, including irrigation.

I can imagine no more delightful spot for a little self-supporting community. The air and scenery would make it the most charming home on earth. It is never very warm—the floor of the valley is 4,060 feet above the sea—and never very cold.

Whenever this community shall be established, I am going there to live, though not to practice my profession, for I fancy that sickness would be very rare.

THE VILLAGE IN THE YO SEMITE.

In the valley were three hotels, two stores, a billiard hall, two or three drinking saloons, a laundry building and several barns. These were so grouped in the upper part of the valley as to form a little village. The population was perhaps a hundred social and honest people. Their

charges for board, livery and washing were reasonable.

The stores furnish the common groceries and dry goods, likewise barley for horses. One of them did an active trade in samples of the woods found in and about the valley, which were made into little boxes and various ornaments, beautifully polished. They showed me the most gorgeous piece of wood I ever saw. It was a plank of exquisitely polished sugar pine. The little ornaments are made for the most part of manzanita, madrone, and a species of laurel, all of which are exceedingly beautiful. The manzanita cuff buttons are very pretty. I wonder they are not offered in this market.

BIG ROCKS IN THE YO SEMITE.

In the *talus* about the Yo Semite there are rocks as large as a church, which have fallen from the walls, some of them within a few years.

A gentleman who witnessed the fall of one of these huge masses, happened to be looking at *that part of the wall from which it broke off at*

the moment of its fall; but unfortunately for a studied observation, was very near the point where it fell. His description of the awful scene was more interesting to hear than to have witnessed at a near point of view.

I should be willing to cross the continent and climb to the Yo Semite, if I might witness the falling of a mass of granite 100 feet square, from a height of 3,000 feet.

STRAWBERRIES IN THE YO SEMITE.

The only really cheap thing in the valley was strawberries. Mr. Clark, State custodian for the Yo Semite and the Mariposa big trees, one of the noblest and most interesting old men I ever met, told us we were welcome to the strawberries if we would pick them. But three months of idleness had given us such a disinclination to industry, that we preferred to pay ten cents a quart for the picking.

It must not be supposed from this indolence that we had lost our appetites. I am sure the *person who picked our berries did not suspect*

we had lost them when we told him we would take twenty quarts a day. He asked in wonder:

“How many are there?”

“Ten.”

“You want two quarts apiece?”

“Just so.”

Day after day we consumed twenty quarts of strawberries; but then, you know we had a good deal of company. I presume the company ate most of them.

TURKEY BUZZARDS.

We frequently saw from our camp in the Yo Semite, turkey buzzards circling far above us.

I have seen all the great flyers. All my life I have heard about the eagle—the Roman eagle, the French eagle, the American eagle—and I never listened to a 4th. of July oration without hearing him flap his wings, and scream at the universe. In my imagination he was the boss flyer until I saw the turkey buzzard of California. We rarely looked up without seeing him. *I have lain on my back on the top of a mountain*

10,000 feet high, and through a field-glass, watched him by the hour.

The eagle is no more to be compared with the turkey buzzard as a flyer, than a lame cart-horse with the king of the turf. I will try to be moderate in my statements, but I really saw few things which thrilled me like the flying of the turkey buzzard.

On the 4th. of July, 1876, when the nation was gathering at Philadelphia, with one companion I climbed to the summit of Knob Mountain in the Sierras. My companion, a young man, shinned to the top of a tree fully 100 feet, and nailed the American flag to the mast, where I presume it is flying to-day. Then we took off our hats, saluted the flag, gave nine cheers and a tiger; sang the "Star Spangled Banner," the "Red, White and Blue," "Hail Columbia," and fired off our guns.

While looking up at the flag, we discovered six turkey buzzards 10,000 feet above us. I lay down upon my back, and with my powerful field *glass* watched their magnificent sweep.

They did not go off like the eagle to kill something, or to eat, but were circling about in the heavens for fun, and to celebrate the day.

I have often watched the turkey buzzard, sometimes when he was within 500 feet of me, and I have never seen him flap his wings unless he wished to come down. To maintain himself or to go higher, he never flaps.

I asked Californians if they had ever seen the turkey buzzard move his wings to rise? They all stated that he only needed to flap when he wished to come down. I don't know how he contrives to keep up, but suspect that holding the tip of his wings always in the same position, he simply raises the shoulder a little, so as to glance up higher.

Whenever the question comes up in Congress, and I happen to be a member, I shall vote to dethrone the eagle, and put the buzzard in his place.

There is a strong probability that we shall soon need a scavenger more than a bird who *devotes himself* to soaring and screaming.

LEGEND OF TU-TOCH-AH-NU-LAH AND TIS-SA-ACK.

“In a far distant age, the valley which we now name the valley of the Yo Semite, was the home of the children of the sun. They lived there peacefully under the guardianship of their chief, Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah, who dwelt upon the huge rock that still bears his name.

“With a glance of his eye he saw all that his people were doing. Swifter on foot than the elk, he herded the wild deer as if they were sheep. He roused the bear from his mountain-cave that the young people might hunt him. From the crest of the mountain height he prayed to the Great Spirit, and the soft rains descended upon the corn of the valley. The smoke of his pipe curled up into the air, and the warm sunshine streamed through it, and ripened the golden crops for the women to gather them in.

“When he laughed, the river rippled with smiles; when he sighed, the murmurous pines re-

peated the plaint. When he spoke, the voice of the cataract was hushed into silence; when his shout of triumph rose over the bear he had slain, it was repeated by every echo, and rolled like a thunder-peal from one mountain to another.

“His form was straight as an arrow, and elastic as a bow. His foot outstripped the red-deer, and the glance of his eye was like the lightning flash.

“But one morning, when hunting, a bright vision dawned upon him of a lovely maiden, sitting alone on the very summit of the South Dome. Unlike the nymphs of his tribe, she was not wreathed in tresses black as night, nor was the gleam of darkness in her eyes; but down her back fell the long golden hair like a stream of sunshine. Her brow was pale with the beauty of the moonlight; her eyes were blue as the mountains in the hour of twilight. Her little feet shone like the snow-crests on the pine-woods of the winter; she had small, cloud-like wings drooping from her marble shoulders; her

voice murmured sweetly and softly, like the tones of the night-bird of the forest.

“‘Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah!’ she whispered, and was gone. From crag to crag, over gorge and chasm, rushed the impetuous chief in pursuit of the ærial beauty; but, lo! her snow-white wings had conveyed her to the unknown land, and Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah saw her no more.

“Day after day did the young chief wander among the mountains seeking after the beautiful one he had lost. Day after day did he lay sweet acorns and fragrant wild flowers upon her dome. Once his ear caught her footstep, light as the fall of a snow-flake on a river. Once he caught a glimpse of her form, and a tender glance from her radiant eyes. But he was voiceless before her, nor ever did her sweet tones fall upon his expectant ear.

“So passionate was his love for Tis-sa-ack, so absorbed was he in his dreams and thoughts of the beautiful maiden, that he forgot his people; and the rains ceased to descend, and the valley became *athirst*, and the crops withered where

they stood; the beautiful flowers bent their heads and died; the winds lost their power, and ceased to cool the valley; the waters passed away, and the green leaves faded into brown.

“Nothing of this was seen by Tu-toch-ah-nulah, for his eyes were wholly fixed on the vision of the mountains. But Tis-sa-ack saw it, and saw with sorrow; and kneeling on the gray rock of the dome, she prayed to the Great Spirit that he would again give to the people the bright flowers, and delicate grasses, the leafy trees, and the nodding acorns.

“Then in a moment, the great Dome on which she knelt was cloven asunder, and through the gorge thus opened, rushed the melting snows from the Sierra Nevada, in the wide channel of the River of Mercy. The rocks that simultaneously fell from the mountain, banked up so much of the waters as were sufficient to fill the Mirror Lake. Then, indeed, the scene was changed.

“The birds wetted their wings in the rills and *pools*, and burst into joyful song; the grasses

spread stealthily over the gladdened soil, the flowers received a new life, which they poured out in grateful fragrance; the golden corn sprang up in its abundance; and the merry wind aroused a thousand slumbering echoes. . But in the convulsion which had inaugurated this transformation, the maiden had disappeared forever. And forever the half-dome bears her name, in grateful recognition of her love for the Indian people —Tis-sa-ack.

“Every morning and evening the sun lifts from or lays his rosy mantle upon the summit; and all around the margin of the lake bloom myriads of white violets, the memorials of the snow feathers dropped from Tis-sa-ack’s wings as she flew away.

“When Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah discovered that she would be seen no more, he abandoned his rocky fastness; and, with a bold hand, carving the outline of his head and form on the face of the rock that still bears his name, a thousand feet above the valley, he went in search of the lost one.

“On reaching the other side of the beautiful

ravine, a feeling of deep melancholy fell upon him. Unwilling to quit it, he sat down, gazing far away toward the sunset, whither, as he believed, his Tis-sa-ack had bent her flight.

“And as he sat, his grief weighed heavily on his heart, and he ceased to have motion or life in his blood. Slowly he changed into stone; and the voiceless, breathless, lifeless figure may still be seen by every visitor to the Yo Semite, looking afar off to the land of the sunset, in wistful inquiry for the loved and lost.”

All of which shows that Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah was stupid; for while he was looking all up and down through the mountains for Tis-sa-ack, she was hidden away in some nice little corner with another young fellow, as the following legend clearly proves.

HUN-TO AND TIS-SA-ACK.

Just beneath Tis-sa-ack is Mirror Lake; and also a smaller lake which goes dry at times. The Indian legend accounts for it thus:

“Just opposite Tis-sa-ack is a point called

Hunto, or Watching Eye. Behind this are some
• cone-shaped rocks. Hunto was the husband of Tis-sa-ack, and the cone-shaped rocks were their children. The family in traveling, reached this point and were very thirsty. Tis-sa-ack greedily drank the little lake dry. Her husband, angry at it, put her on the other side of the lake, thus separating her from himself and their children. There he has watched her ever since, that the larger lake may not also be drunk dry.”

You will notice with satisfaction that Tis-sa-ack gets well paid for her coquetry. I hope this may serve as a warning.

THE ENGLISH GENTLEMAN'S TESTIMONY.

“An English gentleman, a member of the celebrated Alpine club, spent seventeen days in the Yo Semite, and upon leaving, he remarked: ‘I never in my life left a place with so much pleasurable regret. I have several times visited all the noted places in Europe, and many that are out of the ordinary tourist's round. I have crossed the Andes in three different places, and

been conducted to the sights considered most remarkable. I have been among the charming scenery of the Sandwich Islands, and the mountain districts of Australia, but never have I seen so much of sublime grandeur, relieved by so much beauty, as that which I have witnessed in the Yo Semite."

FINAL WORDS ABOUT THE YO SEMITE.

"In grandeur, sublimity and beauty, the Yo Semite valley stands alone. At the upper end there have been shakings and rendings, rocks thrown down on either side, sometimes as large as a great church, as if demons had been breaking up and hurling the mountains at each other. The river dashes and bounds among the fragments as if frightened and infuriated; and then half an hour's ride brings you to the oaks, and pines and lawns, smooth as a garden, wild as nature, not showing the mark of an axe, or anything to alter this park from what it was when the eye of man first looked into it."

THREE MONTHS OF PARADISE.

The Yo Semite is the most interesting place in the world. My plan is to go there about the middle of June, with ten friends, and stay three months. We must take trained saddle ponies, a good guide, and have a camp which we can move in and about the valley on the backs of mules. The party must be at least half ladies. I have found them more enthusiastic, more patient with hunger and hard climbing, and more plucky than men. When a spirited young woman gets off her long skirts and corsets, gets on a pair of mountain boots and strong gloves, with a short, strong dress, she will come as near to flying as anything human I have ever met. As to daring in ticklish places, men are nowhere.

CHAPTER XII.

WE LEAVE THE YO SEMITE.

At length with heavy hearts we break camp, mount our horses, and turn our backs upon the matchless Yo Semite Falls, the Royal Arches, the North and South Dome, Glacier Point, the wonderful Sentinel Rock, pass down the valley, linger by the side of El Capitan, gaze at its wonderful walls, turn to fix in our memories Cathedral Spires and Bridal Veil Falls, examine Virgin's Tears Falls, and then take our way through the great Merced Canyon, beside the Merced River. Soon we begin to climb a grade so steep and difficult that nothing but the long rest of our animals in the valley, and a full stomach of \$90 hay and \$140 barley, enables them to ascend.

We climb and climb; the horses tug and pant

and sweat, and as the sun goes down, we pass through the Merced grove of big trees, and after dark reach Hazel Green, a stage station on the Coulterville road by which we are leaving the valley.

In the dense forest it is so dark that we have much difficulty in finding a good camping place.

By ten o'clock we are ready to retire, but sit till midnight, mourning over the lost glories of the Y^o. Semite.

THE SIERRA NEVADA FORESTS.

All through the region of the big trees, for hundreds of miles north and south and from 4,000 to 9,000 feet above the sea, trees of every species grow to an enormous size.

When camped at Hazel Green, we were within half a mile of the Merced grove of big trees, and our tents were pitched among pines which stood so close together that it was difficult to drive a wagon between them; and yet many were from 8 to 10 feet in diameter, and more than 200 feet

high. In this neighborhood I measured one sugar pine, the queen of the pine family, which was 230 feet high, and 12 feet in diameter.

One of the most striking facts in Physical Geography, is, that the largest trees are above the line of perpetual snow in Switzerland.

Horace Greeley says:

“The one feature in which the Sierra Nevadas surpass all other mountains is in their forests. Look down” he says, “from almost any of their peaks and your range of vision is filled, bounded and satisfied by what might be termed a tempest-tossed sea of evergreens, filling every upland valley, covering every hillside, crowning every peak but the highest, with their unfading luxuriance.”

We remained three days at Hazel Green, for no very good reason, unless it was the undefined hope that something might turn us back into the Yo Semite. If we had remained in and about that wonderful valley six months, I fear we should have found it impossible to leave at all.

A RUNAWAY, AND A BUSINESS GENTLEMAN.

Late one morning, after wishing and wishing that we could see our way clear to return to the Yo Semite and spend the season, we resumed our descent of the Sierra Nevadas, and before sundown camped in Coulterville, far down toward the San Joaquin Valley.

On the way down, the neck-yoke of the big team gave way. Joe forced the brake, but it failed to hold. The grade was steep; the wagon struck the heels of the wheel mules, and in a moment the four animals were rushing down the crooked mountain grade with fearful velocity.

Almost any man but Joe would have leaped from the high seat to save himself, but he kept his place, and at length saw a chance to run the team into an earth bank. The wagon struck and stuck. The whiffletrees broke, the mules freed themselves, and Joe was dragged from his elevated seat, but held on to the lines with the grip of death. When I came down an hour *later, he was making a new whiffletree, and*

mending the harness,—getting ready for a fresh start. It did not delay him more than two hours.

We camped that night in a field near Coulterville, a little mining town with a population of 2,000, and had scarcely taken our seats, when a boy not more than *eight years old*, with the air and manners of a business man of forty, came in and spread out his goods for sale. His stock consisted exclusively of tarantula's nests. The little fellow had found an immense colony of tarantulas, and had gathered hundreds of the nests. Like a prudent business man he collected his stores, indulged in no juvenile nonsense about the locality of his bonanza, and at once went on change with his stock. He told us, with a grave air, that he had just returned from the Yo Semite where he had sold 116 at \$1 each.

We purchased some, and when we paid for them he took out his pocket-book, put the money away, talked about the prospects of the mines, *and expressed the hope that we were enjoying*

our trip. Then he shook hands with each of the ladies, lifted his hat, bade us good evening and departed. I do not recall a pleasanter interview on the Pacific coast than that with this eight year old business man.

OFF FOR THE LOW COUNTRY.

We left Coulterville at six o'clock the next morning, and by the middle of the day passed through the village of Modesto, and camped a few miles below at Paradise, or Paradise Mills; I do not remember which was the right name, but considering the number of ants that crawled into our food, (I think the uncles must all have been there too), I will call it Paradise.

A gentleman in the neighborhood had just gathered his wheat crop, and generously offered the stubble for our stock. Stubble in California is generally rich picking, as there is no such care given to the stray wheat heads as we at the East are wont to bestow. We remained two days to think of the Yo Semite and let our animals fill *themselves* with wheat.

HYDRAULIC MINING.

On the way from Coulterville to Paradise we passed through La Grange, and saw for the first time what greatly interests all travelers,—hydraulic mining. I had read descriptions of hydraulic mining but never quite understood it. Let me describe, and that you may understand, I will try to make it very plain.

A prospector runs down a shaft, and discovers at the depth of say 100 feet, an ancient river-bed. In this river-bed there is gold; but in order to extract the gold, water is needed. There is none near, but up in the mountains, five, ten, or twenty miles away, there is a lake or river. A canal is dug and large iron pipes, say three feet in diameter, are laid to convey the water across the canyons and valleys. These pipes are supported, in some cases 100 or 200 feet above the bottom of the canyon, by strong trestle work, until at an expense of perhaps \$5,000,000, the water is brought down to the shaft.

In the meantime, the shaft has been pushed

down, say fifty feet below the ancient river-bed, and then from the bottom of the shaft, a tunnel, or horizontal passage is dug, perhaps half a mile long, till it comes out of the side of the mountain at a point somewhat lower than its beginning.

Large pans of quicksilver are placed in the bottom of the tunnel, from point to point, to catch and hold the gold.

The water from the mountains, which has an immense fall, is now turned into the shaft at the top, through a metallic nozzle eight inches in diameter.

The water tears out the sides of the shaft and soon produces a great chasm in the earth. The gravel, earth and gold, with the stream of water, pour down the shaft into the tunnel and flow on till they escape. As they flow through the tunnel, the grains of gold drop into the great pans of quicksilver and remain there. Soon the opening in the earth above is 100, 200 or 500 feet in diameter.

The big nozzle, which by an ingenious mechanism, can be turned hither and thither with a,

man's hand, directs the stream of water at pleasure. At 300 feet away, the stream, if the head be 500 feet, will, when it strikes a ton boulder, make it hop and whirl as if a 100 pound cannon ball had hit it.

When this has been going on day and night for a week or two, they shut off the water and "clean up."

The hydraulic mining of California is very wonderful and gives one a new idea of the power of water. I asked an intelligent superintendent what would be the effect on a horse or ox, if the stream were to strike him at a distance of 300 feet? He said it would not only kill the animal, but tear him to pieces.

They frequently come upon blue gravel which is nearly as hard as granite, and much tougher. In order to break this up, and give the water a chance at it, they tunnel, say 100 feet, and carry in 1,000 kegs of powder, or perhaps three times that quantity, and fire it off with a slow match. I saw one of these big explosions at Dutch Flat. *I do not recall the amount of powder used in*

that case, but think it was several tons. I venture the opinion that it blew off from the bank of hardened gravel half a million tons.

WE MOVE ON TO STOCKTON.

Leaving Paradise, we turn toward Stockton, crossing a dry region where it is difficult to obtain water. Twice we are deceived by a wonderful *mirage* in which is a beautiful lake. Passing through a scattered grove of live oak trees, we reach Stockton just as the sun is going down, and camp in an open field outside the city.

Perhaps there is no better place than this to say a word about the live oak, which is the valley tree of California. It is scattered everywhere, and so closely resembles a good sized apple tree that nothing short of a careful examination will detect the difference. It is prized for its beautiful green, which withstands the longest dry season. For the greater part of the year it is the only green thing in the valleys.

We were glad to get back to a city. Our

larder was exhausted. We had not seen the papers for a long time, and did not know whether the Yankee nation had made a good start on the second century race. We needed some additions to our clothing, and it was pleasant to see again the streets of a busy town.

The newspapers spoke kindly of us; we were put through the regulation interviews, were honored with a visit from a photographer, and presented with some group pictures.

Our camp was near the great Insane Asylum of California. The State has an exceptionally large percentage of insane people, which is probably owing to the wild mining speculations, and the absence of regular industries.

Here we found the only mosquitoes that we saw in California. The State is curiously free from insects. On a hot summer's day, I have seen our mules and horses stand by the hour without whisking their tails; there was not a fly to molest them. Many people complained of the fleas. We were not troubled with them in any

part of the country, though we slept on the ground, and were in many ways exposed to the little torments. House flies are far less numerous than in this Eastern country. But there are a great many ants, and in some portions of the Sacramento valley the little gnats are dreadful.

We were driven from Stockton by the mosquitoes, and moved on to Sacramento, intending to reach the Putah Creek mountains through Yolo County. The trip from Sacramento to Woodland was one of much difficulty on account of a tulé swamp, through a portion of which we were obliged to drive. After considerable balking mule, and a number of mishaps, we reached Woodland, the thriving county town of Yolo. We camped on the railroad station grounds near the village, under a large live oak tree. I cannot say how many ants there were under that tree, but think it might be put at 5,000,000. The body of the tree was alive with them. All the other trees about us entertained the same population.

TWO OF OUR LADIES GET LOST.

Two of our ladies left camp about three o'clock in the afternoon for a little walk. They went into the village, called at a few of its handsome stores, completed their shopping, and started to return, but in a wrong direction.

They stopped to gather some figs, and to talk with an *old* gentleman. At length they noticed that the sun was setting. It was suggested by one of them that they should wait where they were until the sun went down, let us get anxious about them, quietly march in upon us, show they were not afraid of the dark and were quite at home.

When it was dusk, they started, almost frightened that they had delayed so long. They hurried on a mile or two, and were alarmed to find that everything looked strange, and no signs of the tents.

Now it was really dark. Back from the road a light shone from the window of a house. They *climbed the fence*, when a dog rushed upon



FAIRLY TREED.

(See page 287.)

them, and frightened them out of a year's growth,—they shinned up an apple tree and the man of the house appeared. He was a bachelor and living alone; a big, jolly fellow, who had just returned from "seeing a man round the corner." Having sold his watermelon crop, he had treated himself generously in honor of the event.

They asked him to show them the way to their home.

"Where do you live?"

They were greatly frightened at being lost, and what little wit they had left, the dog had completely scared out of them; so one of them replied:

"I don't know where we live."

"Then how can I tell you the way?"

"We don't live anywhere. We are camping."

"Well, where is your camp?"

"It is near a village."

"What village?"

"We don't know."

"Perhaps you had better stay with me tonight and we will try to find it in the morning."

“Not for the world! we must get home to-night.”

“Is your camp near Woodland?”

“Yes, yes! that’s it!”

So he harnessed his team, took the ladies in, drove to the village, and after an hour of inquiry and search the truants saw our camp, and begged the man to let them out just there.

They came in, and to our anxious inquiries would give no other reply than that they had been to the village, had been walking about, found the cool of the evening so pleasant that they had remained out longer than they intended, hoped we had not been troubled about them, had seen a great many interesting things, which they would be glad to show us, &c., &c.

We soon detected them ‘whispering to each other, and were sure, from their faces and manner, that they had had an adventure. For a wonder they kept the secret, and told us not a word till months afterward.

CHAPTER XIII.

WE REACH PUTAH CREEK MOUNTAINS, AND GO HUNTING.

Over broad, hot, but fertile plains, lying between Woodland and the Putah Creek Mountains, we take our way and just as the sun is setting, camp in the foot hills.

This is one of the hottest localities of Northern California, and famous for its early vegetables and fruits. Some young Californians urge me to go deer-hunting with them, so we pitch our tents in the shade of large fig trees, and turn out our horses.

Our hunting party numbers six, all well mounted and armed. We start in the morning, but find no water for some hours. At length we reach what one of our young men promised would be a splendid spring. We find, instead,

about three gallons of mud. Our horses are suffering, and my mouth is so dry I can hardly speak. The mud has been trodden by the feet of wild animals, but I fill my mouth with it and let it remain long enough to relieve the painful dryness.

We hurry on to reach the next spring. To our great distress, we find this in about the same condition; but there is filth in this one, which makes it impossible for us to touch it. By this time I am really frightened. It is very difficult to shut my lips, so swollen is my tongue. I insist that we shall turn back before it is too late; but one of the young men declares that a few miles farther up, there is a living spring which he has visited twenty times, and which always contains at least a barrel of water.

With painful misgivings, we go on. We do not reach the spring until dark. It contains about a barrel of thin mud. The young men at once begin to squeeze the mud between their hands, and throw the solid portion away. In a *few minutes*, they have a small cup of muddy

water which they give to me. My throat is so swollen it is difficult to swallow; but before midnight we are all, including the horses, tolerably comfortable. The mud removed, the water flows in, and we are soon enabled to give each horse two quarts of mud soup, and have a pint for ourselves.

After breakfasting on mud coffee and hard tack, the hardest breakfast I ever ate, we start out to hunt deer.

Not being much of a hunter, I conclude, with one other gentleman of the party, who like myself came just for fun, to let the others go, while we hunt together near the camp.

We are not more than a thousand feet from camp, when my companion points to the opposite bank of a deep canyon, and whispers:

“Do you see that large buck standing by the manzanita bush?”

“Yes, and as my gun is better than yours, I would better shoot him.”

“No sir, you’ll have the buck fever, and couldn’t *hit a mountain*.”

My companion fires. The deer falls, struggles a moment, rises, runs down the side of the canyon, stops and looks about. I rest my gun on a rock to make sure the buck fever does not spoil my aim. My companion whispers:

“Keep cool! Take good aim!”

After a great deal of squinting and keeping cool, I fire. The deer jumps, runs up the canyon and stops astonished. It was always my forte to astonish game.

My companion reloads his gun, rests it across a rock, fires, and the deer falls. I take charge of the two guns, and my companion cuts the deer's throat, for he is not quite dead, and lifts the carcass to his shoulder. The blood saturates his clothes down to his very boots. We return to camp with the game, skin, and hide it.

It is eleven o'clock before the others return. Tom, my pard, whose bloody clothes will betray us, steps out of sight when we hear Jim approaching.

“Well Jim, what did you get?” I ask.

“*Nothing.*”

"Did you see nothing? You told me we should find them in droves."

"Yes, I saw three, and wounded two bad. Where's Tom?"

"Oh! he's just stepped out. He'll be back shortly."

"Did you see anything?" asks Jim.

"We only went round the point of this mountain. Of course you don't expect anything from us."

While we are talking, Hank returns.

"Halloo Hank! How many did you get?"

"Not a thing. I saw mor'n twenty, and wounded three bad."

Hank turns to me with the question:

"Did you get anything?"

"Of course you didn't expect anything from us. We're no hunters, and only just went round the point there."

"Where's Tom?"

"Oh! he's close by. He'll be here in a moment."

Soon Jack and Bill return. Same result, same conversation.

Tom hears all this, and is delighted with their bad luck. Then I say:

“I can’t live on that hard tack. We must have something to eat. Can’t some one kill a bird?”

Tom chuckles. One of the party begins to prepare the coffee-pot, another to take out the hard tack. Tom walks in.

“Look at Tom! What in the world is the matter with him?”

Tom has a handkerchief wound about his hand, and begins at once to talk of a terrible wound from a fall; but some one gets a glimpse of his back, and the thing is all out.

The deer is a fat one, and venison in California is very sweet. We are all hungry and I never saw a happier crowd. Everything goes well, or would, were it not for the insufferable egotism of Tom and myself.

We stay another day and bag six deer. Two

of the young men walk home, using their animals to pack the venison.

A CHANGE OF HEART.

The following night, lying on the ground, gazing up into the heavens and thinking of our recent hunt, I experienced a change of heart.

These innocent deer, living far up in the mountains, asking nothing of man, taking nothing from him, rearing their little ones without his aid, we had killed.

We had wounded many and left them to suffer, perhaps for days or weeks, and after great pain, sleeplessness and thirst, to die in agony.

We had broken up many families, leaving the mates to wander and mourn.

I could not sleep. I asked God to forgive me, and resolved never again to harm one of these beautiful creatures.

This led me to think about the birds. I owned a valuable double-barrelled gun, and was proud of my skill as a wing shot. But the subject now presented *itself in a new light*.

One shoots into a flock of birds, kills one and wounds, it may be, several. But little imagination is required to follow a wounded bird. It is not strong enough to keep up with its fellows, and is soon unable to cling to a tree. It lies or hops about on the ground, suffering much from its wound. Soon there is fever and thirst. It is too weak to find water; it cannot sleep; it peeps and peeps, staggers and falls. It may be many days before death comes to its relief.

Small shot scatter widely. Where one bird is killed, two are wounded. Even the dead bird leaves a mate to mourn.

Lying there under the blue, starlit sky, I asked God to forgive me for shooting birds, and resolved that I would not again be guilty of such a crime. This vow I shall never break.

Next morning, at the breakfast table, I told my companions of my change of heart. One of them remarked:

“Then of course you will eat no more beef; for the ox must be killed. You will never eat

any more lamb, because they are the most helpless and innocent little things in the world.”

Another asked:

“Do you think it wrong to kill a bird for a sick person?”

I replied:

“My friends, I shall not undertake to decide your duty. I believe you will do what you think is right. I shall not discuss this question at all. A change of heart is something which perhaps will not bear a logical examination. I can only say, may God forgive me for wounding and killing his innocent creatures.

“I might, however, add, that we never wound an ox. When we kill one, it is done in a way which involves no pain. In a moment he is insensible. We disturb no family relations. This is true of nearly all domestic animals. We cannot fail to see the singular devotion that exists between mates, among nearly all wild animals. The loves of these creatures have not been crowded out by the providence of man.

“*Hunting game* differs very widely from the

skilled and merciful killing of animals for our tables.

“There are persons who see in the torn limbs and dripping hearts hung up in a butchery, something which is not quite Christian. But it is not my purpose, as I said before, to argue the case. I only announce that I have experienced a change of heart, and never will I again kill or wound any creature, unless to defend myself.

“My dear friends, I have had a hard night, and think I have worked out some important problems. I have recalled an old subject, which in the past has given me a good deal of thought; and lest the Spirit of God may not move my heart again, I will tell you another of my new resolutions.”

“Don’t,” said a member of the party, “pray don’t tell us any more good resolutions, or I shall give up. I have myself been thinking about the rights of animals. We have been a set of savages up there among the beautiful deer, but I fear if you go any farther, you will *drive me off.*”

"I must tell you one thing more, and then I am done. I have been thinking of the rights of horses. What a royal gift to man is the horse. He has carried the human race from barbarism to civilization. He deserves every consideration and care, but receives innumerable and inconceivable cruelties. Of all these cruelties the most cruel is that device which compels him to carry his head in an unnatural position.

"Every horse's head has a natural place. Men compel him to hold it one foot higher. The strain on the muscles of the neck, under the collar, is very great. The pain is constant. He turns his head from side to ~~side~~, throws it up, holds it still for a moment, with eyes and ears showing his sufferings, and soon again turns it from side to side, and so continues his struggles from morning till night. Millions of horses are tortured in this way every day of their lives.

"If a horse could talk, he would say:

"My dear master, I am willing to work for you. I love the fields, the grass, the shady tree, the brook, the companionship of my brothers,

but I am willing to be shut up in a stall, when I am not in harness, and to wear blinders when I go out.

“I will not complain if you work me too hard, and sometimes neglect to give me proper food and drink. I will not complain though you whip me when I cannot understand you, when I stumble, or when I do not feel well. But, my dear master, one thing I do ask, and I hope you will listen to me. *Pray let me have my head free!*

“If you compel me to carry it higher than the natural place, it produces a pain in my neck which is so severe that I sometimes wish I was dead. Then I can’t see where to step, and often get my shoulders strained.

“My dear master, if you will let me have my head free, and I can carry it in its natural place, I will do a great deal more work, and will be relieved of the worst pain a horse can suffer.

“Your most humble and obedient servant,

“CHARLIE.”

"So friends, I shall never use a check rein again."

This was our talk at the breakfast table, after the deer hunt in the Putah Creek Mountains.

FROM THE PUTAH CREEK MOUNTAINS TO SUISUN VALLEY.

From the Putah Creek foot hills, we drove nearly south twenty-five miles to Suisun valley, where we went into camp, turned out our stock and rested for two weeks. During this time we visited the objects of interest in the neighborhood.

Then we added two strong animals to our big team, and started for the Petrified Forest, The Geysers, and Lake County.

Turning toward the coast, we passed across Napa valley into Sonoma County, and camped in the neighborhood of Santa Rosa.

THE PETRIFIED FOREST.

The Petrified Forest lies northward from Santa Rosa, and is owned and managed by a

queer bachelor Swede, known as Petrified Charley. We paid fifty cents a head, and Charley conducted us through his wonders. About fifty acres are covered with prostrate, petrified trees. In one place, forty lie side by side. They are principally redwood trees. The knots, slivers, sections and small pieces of bark, are all perfect in appearance; but on picking them up, you find they are solid stone. I noticed a split log at least eight feet in diameter, ran my hand in the length of my arm, and found it was all stone. On asking Charley if we were at liberty to carry away specimens, he hesitated a moment and then consented.

One of our ladies was very polite and attentive to him, and when the question of carrying away pieces came up again, he cried out:

“Yes, ladies, yes; carry away as many pieces as you like; for God’s sake, help yourselves.”

Thus piously exhorted, the ladies filled their pockets. I selected a splendid specimen, which weighed about 200 pounds, and had it carried to *our freight wagon*. At Calistoga it was boxed

and forwarded to San Francisco for shipment to Boston, but was lost on the way. This petrified forest is one of the greatest curiosities in California, and is much visited.

I have a theory about these petrifications, but I really cannot afford to write a book of travels, and give away, after the chromo fashion, a quantity of philosophy and theories.

THAT GLORIOUS BLOW OUT.

From the Petrified Forest, we passed through beautiful woods with thousands of stately trees. Here we came upon the home of a Methodist minister who had owned a ranche in a valley at our right. He had been preaching, speculating and covering his ranche with mortgages, until at last he was obliged to give up everything; but had begged for one more week that he might have a glorious "blow out."

He introduced himself, and urged us to attend, what he called, "A shindig that'll make 'em all howl."

Emerging from this forest, we found ourselves

at the head of Napa valley, in the immediate neighborhood of the beautiful village of Calistoga.

Five or six miles beyond, on the road to the Geysers, we camped at Kellogg's, where a high pressure Methodist camp meeting was in progress. What splendid voices the Methodist brethren have! It was Saturday night. The brethren asked me to speak Sunday morning and evening on temperance. My clothes were no objection; in fact, they were just in the fashion.

THE GEYSERS.

On Monday morning we started for the Geysers, and soon reached Pine Flat, a played-out quicksilver village. So many quicksilver mines have been discovered in California, that the price of the metal is now very low. I know one case where a man sold a good quicksilver mine for a hunting dog, and it turned out the dog wouldn't hunt.

From Pine Flat we climbed to the mountain-top, where Clark Foss came along with his stage

nearly empty and invited the ladies to ride down to the Geysers with him. They joyfully embraced the opportunity, and for a month, dwelt upon the awful whirl down the mountain.

At length we were at Geyser hotel, within 200 feet of the famous Geysers. I had read so much about the fearful hissing and roaring of the Geysers that I was greatly excited. But although we were within 200 or 300 feet of them, I could not hear a sound without putting my hand to my ear. I listened, wondered where those awful Geysers were, and wanted to go over at once; but was told it would be unsafe without a guide. Then I recalled how people's shoes dropped from their feet, and humbly waited for the guide.

I found the Geysers very mild. A lady might walk through them in slippers; a boy might go bare-footed. There was no sound except a very slight one from the steamboat Geyser.

The names at the Geysers are their most remarkable feature. The "Devil's Pulpit," "Devil's Inkstand," "Devil's Tea-kettle," "Devil's

Soup-pot," &c., &c. Any one brought up in a Christian land can easily supply the first half of the names.

We wrote letters to our friends with ink from the "Devil's Inkstand," and brought away a bottle of it.

The ink is very good, but of course there is a strong tendency while using it, to write diabolical things. I strongly suspect that the remarkably tall stories which have been told about the Geysers, were written with this ink.

There are two theories about the source of the heat and steam. One, that it is the tail end of a volcano. The other, that there are certain chemicals underneath, which through the agency of water mingle and effervesce.

The first theory sounds the better; there is something awful in it, and we do like awful things; but the second theory is undoubtedly the correct one. In any chemical laboratory you may see equal wonders. We spent an hour about the Geysers. We had come so far and *heard so much* we could not do less. Soon after,

at the hotel, we heard a sweet Scotch lassie sing several Scotch songs. I must confess that I remember those songs with more interest than I do the Geysers. If I could have my choice, I would rather hear that Scotch lassie sing one song than to sit right on the very hottest part of the Steamboat Geysers for ten years.

CHAPTER XIV.

OFF FOR LAKE COUNTY.

From the Geysers, we passed down the canyon to the little village of Glendale, turned about and came up on the other bank, creeping along on a little shelf of rock so narrow and high that it makes me dizzy to think of it, and just out of Kelloggsville, in Lake County, we camped for the night.

Remaining one day, and guessing at the size of the horse on Uncle Sam, the largest mountain in the neighborhood, we left for Lakeport, at the head of Clear Lake. Just beyond Lakeport, in an oak grove, we camped several days and made some trips about the lake.

A dozen or fifteen miles below, we visited Sulphur Banks, where there is an extraordinary de-

posit of cinnabar and sulphur. This is the most profitable quicksilver mine in the State.

In the building where quicksilver is extracted, the atmosphere is so poisonous that salivation, and destruction of the teeth and jaw bones often occur. The Chinese are the only persons willing to work there. They are so anxious to earn a little money that they will submit to great sacrifices.

CLEAR LAKE.

Clear Lake lies in a beautiful valley, 1500 feet above the level of the sea, and is surrounded by wild mountains.

They have discussed, from time to time, the bringing of water from this lake to San Francisco. I am surprised that this proposition should ever have been made.

The lake is named on the usual plan. You can't see three inches into the water, so they call it Clear Lake. We never sailed on it without seeing dead fish, killed by the poisonous water.

Steamboat-men, and those who are in the habit of sailing there, never drink the water.

Why any one should seriously propose to bring water from Clear Lake at a cost of many million dollars, to supply San Francisco, is a puzzle. To be sure the water which the city now uses is very bad, but you never see dead fish floating on it. The water throughout California, except in the high mountain regions, is far from good. It is one of the great drawbacks to life in that State.

While camped at Lakeport, we visited Blue Lakes, a dozen miles north-west. The water here is good, and the newspapers frequently suggest supplying San Francisco from that source. I should not suppose the quantity would be sufficient.

A scheme more worthy of the enterprise and wealth of San Francisco has been discussed. It is to bring water from Lake Tahoe. In this case San Francisco would have the best water of any city in the world, and the supply would be abundant.



AN AGREEABLE SCOUNDREL.

From Lakeport we journeyed down the south shore of Clear Lake and camped for a few days at Soda Bay, one of the prettiest spots in the State. Our tents were pitched under live oak trees, a little distance from the summer hotel.

As the vehicles used in California are generally coarse and rough, we were surprised one evening at the sudden appearance of a very handsome carriage, drawn by a pair of beautiful horses in gold-plated harness. Quite a flutter was experienced in our company at this gorgeous spectacle. A lady and gentleman, elegantly dressed, were the only occupants beside the driver. It must be an emperor, or at the very least, a king.

Soon the gentleman came to our camp, and introduced himself as Mr. C—— from New Orleans. When he left, half an hour later, one of our company spoke for all, when she said:

“That is the most perfect gentleman I have

He soon called again, with his wife. She seemed an invalid, somewhat older than her husband, but a most accomplished lady. I doubt if I have ever seen a couple more quiet, simple and refined. They remained a day, and spent several hours with us.

When they left, we felt that a light had gone out. We mourned their absence, and spent much time in discussing the charm of their conversation and manner.

Two months later, in San Francisco, we learned that this gentleman had done some wealthy San Franciscans out of \$100,000. After his trip to Lake County, he took up his quarters in the city of San Jose.

He had with him, beside his wife, a gentleman friend and several servants; kept a stylish turnout, and "lived on champagne."

When his swindle in San Francisco was discovered, officers were sent to arrest him. In some mysterious way he learned of their coming and vanished. Through Southern California

and Arizona he was followed, but not caught. His wife and friend were arrested in San Jose.

Then we learned that this was the same person, who, some years ago, robbed one of the departments at Washington of a large sum of money, married the daughter of a distinguished citizen of Washington, and left with his bride for New York, intending several years in Europe.

His crime was discovered the hour of his marriage. The officers who went to the train to arrest him, chose to take the same car to Baltimore, and there make the arrest. When they reached Baltimore, he was sitting by his wife—a beautiful couple. The two officers stood by him, and one of them whispered their errand. Without apparent emotion, he told his bride that important business made a brief stop at Baltimore necessary. They entered a carriage, the two officers with them. She whispered to her husband:

“What business have these rough men to ride with us?”

“Oh! they are friends of mine.”

On arriving at the hotel, he told her that imperative business compelled him to return to Washington, but he would rejoin her in time to reach the steamer in New York. She insisted that he should send a telegram to her father, who would transact the business. The gentlemen seemed to doubt the parental willingness and ability.

Many of my readers will remember the sad story. Young C—— was sentenced for ten years. His broken-hearted wife obtained a divorce. He was pardoned at the end of six years, went to New Orleans, married a wealthy lady ten years older than himself, and was on his wedding tour when we met him in California.

I have learned nothing of his subsequent history, but we often recall the fascination of his manner, and do not wonder at his success in wheedling \$100,000 out of the San Francisco gentlemen.

WE MOVE SOUTHWARD.

Leaving Lake County, we drove over a re-



THOU TYRANT! TAKE THY HEEL OFF THE NECK OF LOVELY
WOMAN!

(See page 235.)

markable district of glass, which extends for scores of miles. In many places the road is cut in the side of a mountain of solid glass. Nature apparently found material here for the manufacture of glass, and with volcanic fire went into the business on a large scale.

The night before reaching St. Helena, we pitched our tents in a beautiful grove that had been used for camp meetings. Several of our party were accustomed to public speaking, and we took turns in addressing, from the preacher's stand, vast audiences on the most important and exciting topics. The subject most in favor was the beginning of our second century. Some very wonderful things were said by the ladies.

A couple of woman's righters were members of our party. They had long felt that the millennium would begin when women could vote. Their passages upon the future of America were powerful. When Miss E—— reached her peroration, the multitude was so still you might have heard a paper of pins drop. The vast audience of nine persons was stirred to its depths, espe-

cially Sing, who occupied a reserved seat in the dress circle, but could not understand a word.

I wonder it never occurred to any one seeking experience as an orator, to practice on trees. It is a beautiful audience, and always listens with quiet and respectful attention. While delivering your extemporaneous remarks, if you happen to forget, you can slip out your manuscript and there will be no sneering.

OUR CAMP ON MOUNT ST. HELENA.

Half-way up Mount St. Helena we pitched our tents. This mountain has two peaks. The highest was occupied at that time by the United States Coast Survey, as a point of observation. We determined to reach the Coast Survey station. There are no springs on this mountain, and we soon began to suffer from thirst.

Assured that we should find plenty of water at the station, we kept on. A little farther up we met the Coast Survey man, with his telescope on his back. He had been signalled from Mount

Diablo, seventy miles away, to come down and consult with some one at Calistoga.

He invited us to help ourselves to food and water. As this was my first opportunity to get anything from the government, I resolved to eat and drink to my fullest capacity, especially after he told us that every gallon of water cost half a dollar, and that food was doubled in value.

Having reached the station, we drank some warm water, flavored with the wood of the keg, built a fire, cooked and ate some government pork, tried to eat some government hard tack, and drank some government tea.

CURIOUS ACOUSTIC PHENOMENON.

It was getting late, and the ladies, fearing darkness might overtake them, began the descent. The gentlemen remained a little longer.

Here occurred a most remarkable acoustic phenomenon. When the ladies were fully three-quarters of a mile from us, I heard my wife talking to our dog, Jack, in the low, gentle voice in which *she always* addressed him. Her back was

toward me, but I heard with perfect distinctness:

“Jackie boy! poor Jackie boy! Where’s master, Jackie boy? Is poor Jackie boy’s foot sore?”

We were startled. After a moment I spoke in a low tone: “Helen, can you hear me?”

“Perfectly,” was her reply. I said:

“You need not speak so loud.”

We stood there for some minutes, and talked with each other in low tones, hearing distinctly not only the vowel, but also the consonant sounds. The distance between us was fully three-quarters of a mile.

We puzzled sometime over the explanation, but were finally compelled to hurry down to the camp. We subsequently learned that there are only two points between which this remarkable acoustic phenomenon occurs. We happened to occupy those points.

THE BIRTH OF A WORLD.

On Mount St. Helena we witness a wonderful

spectacle. A dense fog covers the world, except the rock on which we stand.

Soon, as in the long, long ago, a point of land rises. In the far distance, another gradually comes into view, and anon another. We gaze entranced. Fifty peaks can now be seen. Soon mountains, hills and valleys appear in dim and shadowy outline. We have seen the birth of a world. Few visions will linger in memory so long.

CHAPTER XV:

WE MOVE DOWN INTO NAPA VALLEY.

Our next camping place was near Mount St. Helena, in Napa valley. Up on the mountain, in a wild district, lived a man and wife with two children. He had a thousand sheep and a few cows. Some one remarked that during a mountain climb they had come upon this man's cabin, and been treated to delicious buttermilk. One afternoon about two o'clock, I challenged the members of our party to a climb for buttermilk.

A RACE FOR BUTTERMILK.

We might not find the cabin; we knew there was no water, so I was not sorry when but two persons accepted the challenge. One was a gentleman from New York; the other, a California

lady, the most beautiful and plucky woman I met in the State.

She wore a short flannel dress, strong climbing boots, strong buckskin gloves and a rough mountain hat. Mr. T—— and myself wore fus-tian pants, blue flannel shirts, strong buckskin gloves and pith hats.

My companions were both young. I, above fifty; and although I was in California for my health, it was because the brain, not the body, was tired out. I met no person in the State, of whom I had to ask any favor in hard climbing.

In two hours we found the buttermilk cabin and drank our reward, having fortunately arrived just after a churning. Then began our return. The mountain man kindly showed us the nearest way back to our camp, pointing out various landmarks.

When half-way down, I discovered the loss of a silk handkerchief, and Mr. T——, who had seen it drawn through my suspenders only a little way back, volunteered to find it. I remonstrated, but he said:

"I am sure it is within a hundred yards."

MY FRIEND IS LOST.

He left Miss H—— and myself sitting on a rock under a madroné tree, in full view of the path over which he would seek the lost handkerchief. He turned around a little clump of manzanita bushes and disappeared. We waited five minutes, then I ran to the clump of bushes round which he had passed, but he was not in sight.

I began to "hoo! hoo! hoo!" No response. I gave an extra "hoo." No answer. I could not believe he was out of hearing; but after a fruitless ten minutes search I returned to Miss H——, and we hurried back to camp as rapidly as the growing darkness would permit. Arrived there, I sent Joe and Sing to a high point just above us to build a fire at the foot of a dry pine tree. As soon as that was started, they were to go on to another point where there were dead pine trees, and set them on fire.

After supper and a change of flannels, we

obtained lanterns and commenced our search for T——.

It seemed a hopeless search, but we could not sit down and let our friend freeze to death, as he surely would before morning, for the mountains at night are very cold, even in the midst of summer. One of our party went down to the village to rouse the people, and tell them a man was lost on the mountain. Such an announcement, in a California settlement, awakens instant sympathy and help. When I had climbed half-way to the cabin, I saw occasionally, from some prominent point, lanterns moving about far below.

By eleven o'clock I was again in the neighborhood of the buttermilk cabin; but six fierce dogs made approach dangerous. Indeed, nothing saved me but climbing to the top of a sharp rock, where with my boots I could defend myself when they scrambled up to seize me. My tremendous "hoos!" and the fierce barking of the dogs awakened the man, and he came to my relief.

I had hoped that T—— had found his way

back to the cabin, and as soon as the mountaineer appeared, I asked him if the young man who was with me in the afternoon had returned. He replied:


“No. I have not seen him since you left.”

My heart sank within me. T—— was at best a delicate man, was exhausted, had been perspiring for hours, and had no covering but pants and shirt. The mountaineer told me that his cousin was stopping at his house, and they would take my lantern and his own, and look for the lost man.

As I was much exhausted, and knew nothing of the mountains, they thought it would be better for all if I would stay at the cabin.

I finally gave them my lantern, and they started down the mountain to the point where T—— was lost.

I soon became very restless and unhappy, because I was doing nothing for my friend. I very well knew he would, if need be, die for me. Creeping out on the point of an overhanging rock, I laid down and listened. I thought I





"WOMAN'S WIT."

(See page 2A5.)

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

2. The second part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

heard him groan, and shouted his name; begged him to try and tell me where he was, and what I could do. I knew how liable my ears were to deceive me, but every few moments the groans seemed to be repeated.

I crawled back to the house, and entreated the woman to devise some means by which we could reach the bottom of the canyon, for I was sure my friend was there. She told me it was difficult even in the day-time, and we had no lantern.

WOMAN'S WIT.

My earnest pleadings at length suggested an expedient. She took a stick about three feet long, wound a cloth about it, poured on some kerosene, of which she had two quarts in a can, and said:

"I will go before you. I know every rock and place where we can hold on. I will light the kerosene; you come behind me with the can and some matches. We will go as far as this *kerosene burns*, then pour some more on the

cloth and light it again, and so make our way to the bottom of the canyon."

Her little girl and boy insisted on going along. They could climb like goats. The mother had no anxiety about their being hurt. Two lambs, about three months old, went with us. The sheep mountaineers have pet lambs who follow them like dogs.

We began the descent of the wildest cliff I ever attempted,—let ourselves down from point to point, holding on to bushes and fissures in the rocks. Soon the light began to grow dim, and then went out. The woman felt for the cloth, and found cloth as well as kerosene burned. There was nothing left but the stick. I exclaimed:

"Now we are stuck! At least, I am, for I cannot possibly climb back in the dark." After a moment, the woman said:

"I'll fix it."

Reaching down, she tore from the bottom of her dress skirt, half-way round, a strip about six *inches wide*, wound it about the stick, poured on

the kerosene, lighted it, and we kept on. But soon the light again went out. She tore off the rest of that strip, and we got down twenty or thirty feet farther. I slipped, and for the moment thought I was going to the bottom without delay. The light was out again. She tore off another strip, and so on for eight times, using her dress, and then her petticoat. I saw she could not last forever that way, and said to her:

“I think we’d better turn about. I’m afraid there isn’t enough of you left to last back to the house.”

The little girl bravely offered herself, but I no longer heard the groans, and was anxious to begin the ascent before our wick was exhausted. Finally, we were back at the house, where the good woman asked me to stay outside until she could dress.

We watched for lanterns, and listened for “hoos,” but strangely enough, although a great many persons were looking for my friend, the mountain was so wild and rough that we could not see a lantern, nor hear a sound.

The two men from the mountain house soon found T.'s tracks, and by dropping on the ground and studying the marks of his boot-spikes, were able to follow. At half-past three o'clock they found him, four miles from where he left us, climbing along on a steep mountain side, in the belief that he was getting nearer home, when he was going farther from it. They reached our camp with him at day-dawn, and returned to their own house to tell me of their success.

CHAPTER XVI.

FROM MOUNT ST. HELENA TO LAKE TAHOE.

From Mount St. Helena we passed down the beautiful Napa valley, so rich, so fertile, so exquisite in its setting, and camped near Napa city. This city is the home of several educational institutions, and of the new insane asylum, architecturally the most beautiful I have ever seen, and which furnishes ample space and comfort for 700 patients. The following day we reached Suisun valley and camped on our old ground. We procured from Suisun city new supplies of "can truck," and left for Lake Tahoe, far up in the Sierra Nevada.

While passing through Sacramento valley we suffered much from gnats, and reached Davisville with heads, faces, necks and hands covered to protect them. Putting our horses and vehi-

cles on board the train, we crossed to Sacramento. Some of our heavy things were sent back to San Francisco, that we might climb the mountains more easily. Crossing the American river, we camped on one of those immense ranches, an old Spanish grant, which pastures numberless sheep.

WHY DOES NOT THE GOVERNMENT INTERFERE?

These Spanish grants are a great curse to California. Before the American people took possession of the State, favorites of the Mexican government received large grants of land, — from 30,000 to 100,000 acres.

When our people took the reins, speculators purchased these grants for a song, and contrived, through a strong lobby at Washington, to get them confirmed.

A Mr. Miller and partner own 750,000 acres of valuable farming land in the very centre of the State. The San Joaquin river runs through it for a distance of sixty miles. There are a *great many* large ranches scattered over the

State, and generally they are choice land. For the greater part, they are used for sheep or cattle ranges, and are waiting for people to gather about the borders, improve their farms, and thus enhance the value of the large grants.

I do not know whether the government can say to these usurpers:

“You must let men who are trying to find homes for themselves and their families occupy these lands. If they give you ten dollars for every dollar you have paid, that must suffice.

The new constitution, of which so much has been said, has, for one of its objects, a good round taxation of these idle lands, which will compel the owners to sell. It was the one feature of the Kearney movement which all good citizens approved.

We soon found the old road over which, previous to the building of the Central Pacific, stages and freight wagons were constantly passing. This road was so important, that for 200 miles it was sprinkled like city streets. Now it is in sad decay. After two day's climb over rough

roads, where the gravel had been washed out, leaving the road-bed covered with boulders, often of considerable size, we reached Lake Weber, and camped on its beautiful shores. Here our stock found good grazing, and we splendid fishing.

We remained a number of days, and then pulled on for Truckee, on the line of the Central Pacific. Passing through this pretty mountain village, we drove on up the Truckee river, and camped on the shore of Lake Tahoe.

AN INTERESTING POPULATION.

On the way up we visited a trout-breeding establishment. The trout babies—one year olds, two year olds, three year olds and four year olds, constitute a highly interesting and valuable population.

What a perfect occupation for a man exhausted with the noise and turmoil of a city! No fourth edition of a newspaper, issued to correct the distracting falsehoods in the third edition,

not a sound of any kind. Nothing but magnificent silence.

And then the graceful, lazy, contented movements of fish are so soothing. If my head ever gets tired again, I mean to go up in the Sierra Nevada mountains, and raise trout.

WONDERFUL LAKE TAHOE.

“Lake Tahoe is a mile and a quarter above the sea level. It is in itself a little inland sea, thirty miles long, from eight to fifteen miles wide, and in some places nearly 2,000 feet deep. Its water is clear as crystal, cold as the melting snows and ice which form it, and the purest upon this continent. Floating on its surface, looking down through its water, one can easily count the pebbles and stones at a depth of sixty feet. One seems suspended between two firmaments of ether, with birds flying above, and fish swimming below. Such trout! swimming forty feet below you, and plainly visible in all their quick and graceful motions between you and the *rocky bottom*.

“From the water’s edge, grassy slopes, pebbly beaches, rocky shores and precipitous bluffs lead the eye up through tree-dotted ravines, over forest-crowned hills to snow-clad mountains, white-headed with age, and ermine mantled upon their tremendous shoulders.”

We sailed around Lake Tahoe, touching here and there at the most unexpected and beautiful places; stopped at a large saw-mill on the eastern bank, and climbed to the top of a mountain to study the forest work of the Virginia City Mining Companies. Here they cut timber and firewood, which are sent to the city in flumes. We fished for trout and caught some big ones.

CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

While camped on the shores of Lake Tahoe, we drove down to Truckee, a distance of about twelve miles. Our dog, Jack, followed.

When about three miles from the lake, I noticed that Jack, who usually ran near my horse, had disappeared. I asked the boys where he *was*. Neither of them had seen him, but

thought he must be near, perhaps was chasing game. I stopped and said:

“We will go no farther till we find Jack.”

Sam, who was light and well mounted, returned to look for him. In half an hour he rejoined us, and reported that Jack was not to be found. We rode back to the point where he was last seen, found his tracks and tried to follow, but soon all trace was lost.

Near by was an old, tumble-down shanty which had blown over. The shingled roof was broken, but considerable sections of it were lying nearly flat, with perhaps a corner propped up.

I blew my mountain whistle, to which Jack generally responded, but we heard no sound. I said:

“We will find Jack if we stay here a month,” and sat down upon the roof. It gave way, and we heard a scratching underneath. There he was. We raised the section and out he came, seeming to think there was nothing surprising about it; that, in fact, crawling under old roofs and *getting caught*, was the regular thing. He

had evidently run under after a squirrel, tipped over a nearly balanced section, and was caught in a trap.

If we had not been true to the brave fellow, he must have died there. My throat fills now, when I think of the two dreadful weeks he would have waited for the return of his friends before death came to his relief.

CHAPTER XVII.

A SINGULAR CONVERSATION.

One day, while camped at Lake Tahoe, we climbed, in company with other visitors, to a high point on one of the mountains which surround this wonderful lake, and seated ourselves on some pine boughs, near the snow. We fell into conversation about the various movements agitating the world, from which we had been so long separated, and finally into a free and easy chat on the subject of temperance. I shall not soon forget that conversation.

One old gentleman, who had had much to do with the temperance cause, presented certain novel views on the subject of prohibition. I distinctly recall his points, although, from time to time, members of the party interrupted him with *exclamations* of wonder and admiration at the

magnificent panorama stretching away on every side. We were 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. Lake Tahoe, itself about 7,000 feet above it, was far below us.

I will state, in a simple, condensed way, his thoughts.

The wrong doing in this world may be divided into two sorts,—crimes and vices. A crime is a harm I do another; a vice is a harm I do myself. In order to make the harm which I do another a crime, it must be accompanied by an evil purpose.

A vice is not a crime. It lacks the evil purpose. There can be no crime, no matter how much harm I do, unless I am moved by an evil purpose. If I kill a man accidentally, it is no crime.

Malice prepense is indispensable to a crime. A vice is an error into which I fall in the pursuit of pleasure.

Crimes may be punished by law or force. Vices must be treated with reason and persuasion.

Vices do a thousand times as much harm as crimes. For example,—excessive eating does a thousand times as much harm as counterfeiting. Counterfeiting may be justly punished by law. Excessive eating must be managed by reason and persuasion.

Legislatures make laws against vices, but they always repeal them. Massachusetts has enacted many laws against vices. She has repealed all but two, and they are so dead that few persons know of their existence. Legislatures always repeal laws against vices. Legislatures never repeal laws against crimes. Sometimes they change the penalty, but they never repeal.

The God-ordained means of curing vices are reason and persuasion. Whenever legislatures pass laws against vices, and thus call attention away from the God-ordained means of cure, and fix attention upon the constable, the tide of progress is turned back.

Prohibitionists say that the act of the drinker is a vice, but his accessory, the seller, is guilty of a *crime*. What logic!

So long as a man is sane, until he has been tried by a jury of his peers and declared insane, he has all the legal rights of other men, and among them, the right to eat and drink whatever he pleases. The only possible legal way to deprive him of this right, is to convict him of insanity, and put him under guardianship. But so long as he is sane, with all the legal rights of other men, he has a perfect legal right to eat and drink as he pleases. When he pleases to indulge in the unhappy vice of drinking alcohol, it is as absurd to charge the accessory to his unhappy vice with having committed a crime, as to say that he who is accessory to the crime of murder, is guilty of arson.

The prohibitory law, and the consequent drawing the attention of the people away from the social, moral and religious forces which alone can cure the drink curse, is a wretched blunder, and the most insurmountable obstacle in the pathway of the temperance cause. Nothing effectual can be done until the law is put away and the vice of drink is referred to its natural province.

People tell you that whatever a majority declare to be a crime is a crime. That if a majority of the people were to make a law, declaring that eating between meals was a crime, it would be a crime.

A crime is a harm I do you or your property, with an evil purpose.

Excessive law-making is a great and growing evil. If our national and State legislatures were to meet but once in five or ten years, and their sessions lasted but a few weeks, a great load would be lifted from the shoulders of the people.

Some one in the party asked:

“Then you believe in license?”

The answer was:—

“The infamy of granting licenses for the sale of rum cannot be seriously discussed. It is one of the anachronisms of civilization. It is simply infamous. I would sooner license houses of prostitution.”

Another member said:

“Drink is the source of nearly all vice and crime, and ought to be exterminated. I go for

breaking the eggs and not waiting till the foul brood is hatched and scattered, all over the land."

"Yes," said the old man, "I agree with you. Drink is such an enormous and prolific curse, that it requires more than human machinery. It demands divine forces. Such forces were employed in the 'Washingtonian Movement' and in the 'Woman's Crusade.' Every real contribution to the cause of temperance has come of social, moral and religious agencies."

"How about Maine?" asked another.

The old man replied:

"Neal Dow announced to the world that the rum traffic in Maine had ceased. At the close of the year during which this announcement was made, the State Prison Inspectors of Maine stated in their annual report, that 17,808 persons had been arrested for street drunkenness."

The conversation continued two hours. I have given the essential features of it. It was curious. I have often recalled it.

AN INDIAN SCARE.

During the summer of 1877, Oregon and Idaho enjoyed an Indian scare, which threatened to extend southward. Even a small tribe on the east side of Lake Tahoe was restless.

Just at that time, I happened to be separated from my party, camping on the western shore of the lake, opposite the Indians. With me were only two young men, natives of California. One was cook, the other took charge of the horses. They were intelligent fellows and agreeable companions.

Seated about a pleasant camp fire, I was telling them of some curious experiences in Europe many years before, when Jack, our big dog, growled and walked out of our circle toward a clump of manzanita bushes. I ordered Jack to be still, and lie down. He replied by a loud bark.

This was so unusual with our dignified dog, that Jake offered to bet, on the instant, it was

Injuns, and that we should all be killed and scalped.

Soon Jack calmed down, but continued walking about in the fashion of stylish watch dogs, head and tail erect, keeping up a low, angry growl, which threatened every moment to break into a bark. Usually most obedient, he now refused to lie down, or to keep still.

The conduct of the dog, and Jake's suspicion, opened the Indian question afresh. For days the subject had been constantly in our minds, for the mountains were filled with cattle which had been hurried down from the north to escape hostile Indians.

It was a dark night, and we were several miles from any white settler. When we had talked ourselves into the condition of children who have been listening to ghost stories, Jack suddenly burst into a tremendous roar, and flew at something out beyond the clump of manzanita. A human voice cried:

“Ugh!”

The dreadful fear that we were surrounded by

Indians seized us. We sprang to the tent, clutched our guns and flew into the bushes. Our first impulse was to get away from the light of the camp fire.

We were scarcely a hundred feet from it, and had just turned our faces toward the danger, cocked our guns, brought them to our shoulders, and I was saying to my companions:

"Now listen to what I tell you; keep cool, and take good aim," when two Indians walked out from behind my tent, and lay down by the fire as coolly as if it had been their own.

I said to the boys:

"Keep your guns cocked, and we will see what they mean."

As we approached, they were conversing in their Indian jargon. I said:

"Good evening."

"Ugh!"

"Have you had supper?"

"Ugh!" with a negative intonation.

"Would you like some?"

"Ugh!" with an affirmative intonation.

"Sam, can't you give these men some supper? We must be hospitable if they are Indians."

"We h'aint got nothin'," said Sam.

"We have canned oysters. hard tack and tea."

I knew we had these, for we had been living on them for several days.

Sam opened a can of oysters, cooked and placed them on the table, with a dish of hard tack and three quarts of tea. In ten minutes the Indians finished it all, leaving not even a spoonful of tea.

The older one lay down by the fire again. The younger stepped to the pile of sticks which Jake had gathered, picked up an armful and was about to put them on the fire. I said:

"Don't put those sticks on the fire."

"Ugh! All night!"

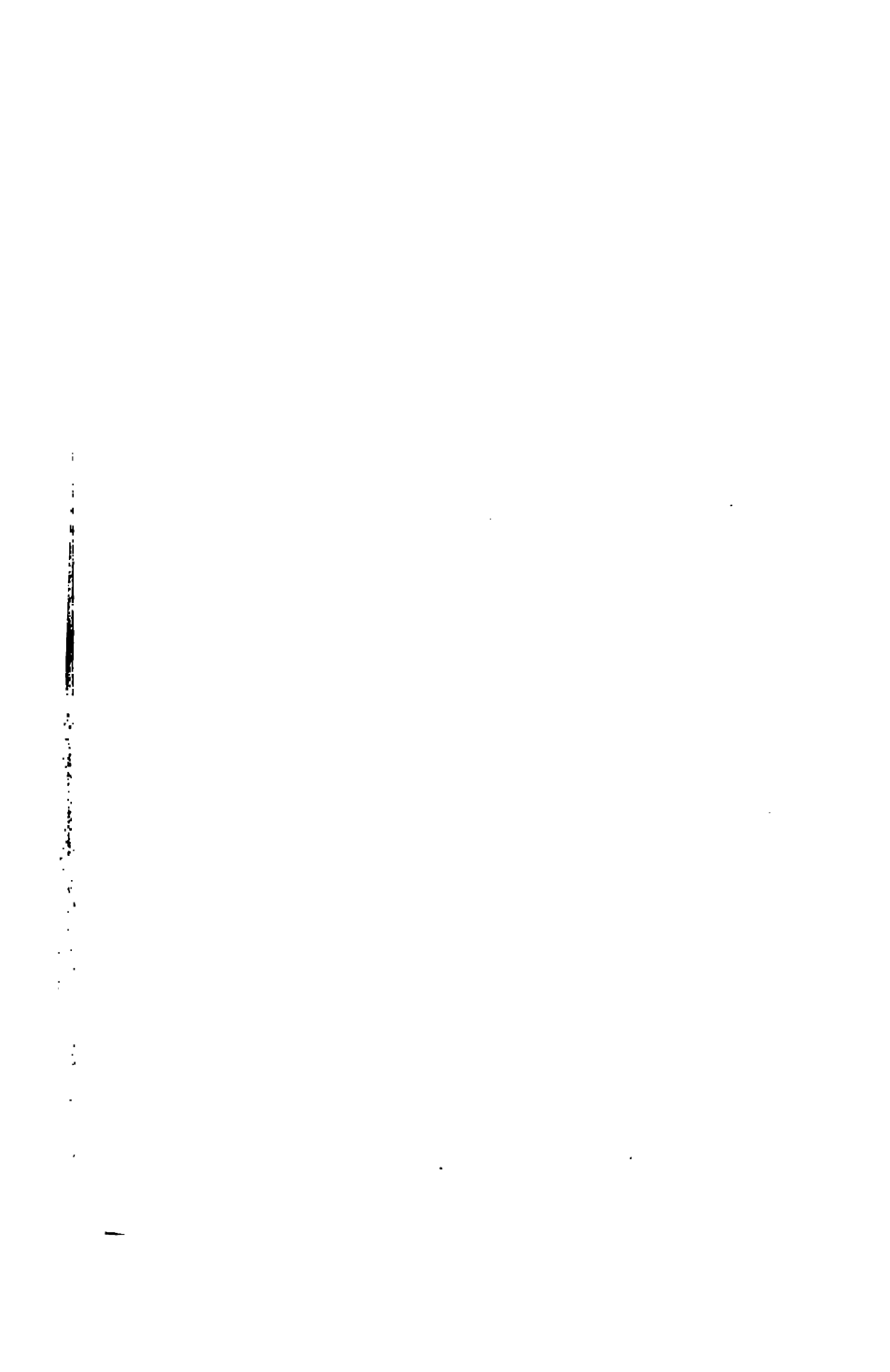
"No, you won't stay all night. If you don't 'git up and git,' I'll shoot you!"

The Indian threw his sticks on the fire, got another armful and very deliberately threw *those* on. I called to my companions:



"DO YOU MEAN IT?"

(See page 261.)



"Come here. Cock your guns. When I give the word, shoot the young Indian. I will see to the other one. Shoot through the body.

We brought our guns to bear upon them. The young men who were standing close by me, whispered:

"Do you mean it?"

"I mean what I say. When I give the word, fire! and fire to kill!"

Natural language every one understands. The Indians slunk away.

I do not now believe that we should have run any risk in letting them remain by our fire all night. I think they were a couple of vagabonds, and unarmed, but I did not think so then.

One reason which influenced me very much at the moment, was this,—I thought our big dog feared nothing that breathed the breath of life, but as soon as he rushed out into the dark and found what it was, he came back, slunk behind us, and disappeared. There was something so mysterious and awful in this behavior of the bravest dog I ever saw, that, taken with the re-

ports of the Indian atrocities which filled the very air, and our position all alone in the mountains, I had no other impulse but to fight.

We heard nothing of them from the moment they walked away, full of our oysters and hard tack. I am glad we did not kill them. It must be a dreadful memory that you have killed a human being, unless, perchance, you have done it professionally, as a soldier or a doctor.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THOSE DREADFUL CLOTHES.

Coming down from Lake Tahoe, I reached Truckee at four o'clock in the afternoon, and went to the most ambitious hotel of that ambitious little town.

The funniest incident of my California experience occurred here. My dress was very bad. I changed my flannels frequently, and washed myself all over in soap and water every morning, thus keeping my skin in immaculate condition; but I had only one suit of clothes. They were very rough to begin with, and were now worn out. Besides, I had lain down in them in the dirt a hundred times. My head was "sand-papery" as the boys call it, and altogether I think I could have claimed the belt for bad looks.

I entered the hotel, with face smutty from a long ride over a dusty road, and walked up to record my name. The clerk was writing in a big book. I asked him for a room. He wrote on for a minute, and then said:

“I suppose so.”

“Will you please have me shown to my room?”

He wrote on for a minute or two longer, turned slowly, selected a key, and said to a rough looking fellow whose boot legs were outside his pants:

“Here, Jim, show this man 48.”

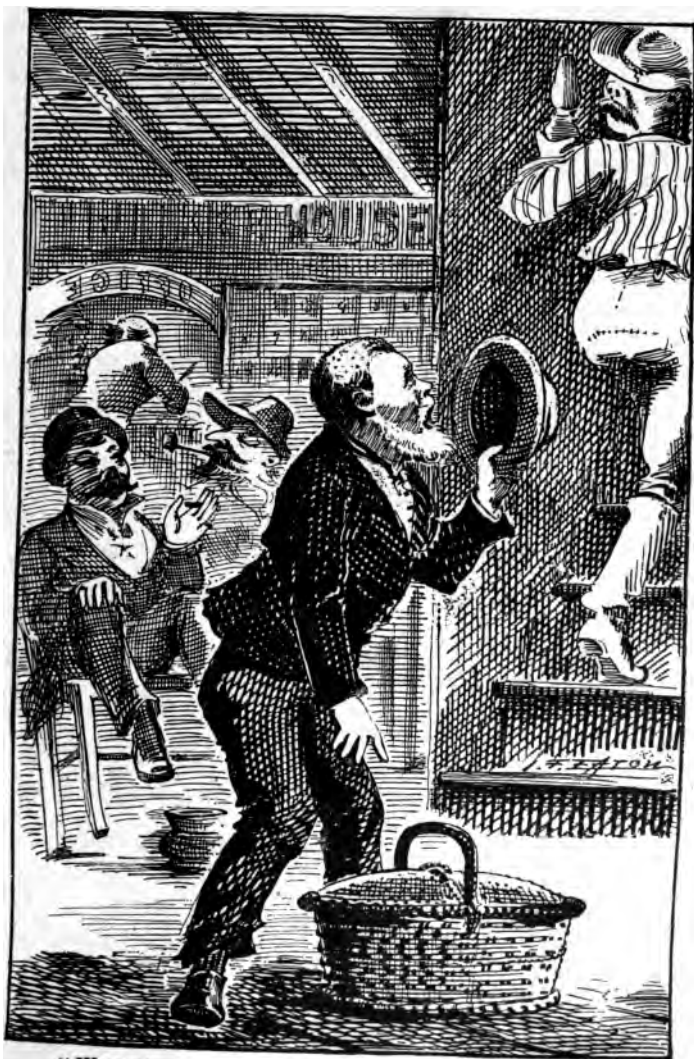
I had with me a large willow basket which contained some things from my camp on Lake Tahoe. Jim started on ahead with the key. I asked:

“Will you please carry my basket up?”

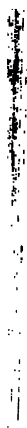
He stopped, looked at me, and said:

“I reckon, old feller, you can carry your own basket.”

I carried the basket and he conducted me to *a little room* in the upper story. So small and



"WILL YOU PLEASE CARRY MY BASKET UP?" (See page 270.)



poorly furnished a room you would not find in any but a mountain hotel.

Soon the Methodist minister noticed my name on the register and asked to see me. He inquired:

“Are you the Dr. Dio Lewis who started the ‘Woman’s Crusade,’ in Ohio?”

In his distant home he had heard glowing reports of my efforts in that wonderful movement, and at once said, with great eagerness:

“You must lecture for me to-night.”

“What, in these clothes? That is impossible!”

“Oh, we will fix you. We can borrow a shirt and coat, and if you stand behind the desk, they won’t see your pantaloons.”

His impetuosity bore down all objections. He and several other gentlemen went about the streets and notified the people. The church was crowded.

Whatever may be said of the lecture, I venture the opinion that another such sham in the

way of dress never stood before a civilized audience.

When I returned to the hotel, accompanied by the minister and some other gentlemen, the landlord shook my hand, the clerk explained with labored politeness that they *now* had a room which would suit me better, &c., &c.

Moral:—You should always wear your store clothes.

If I were discussing Social Ethics, I should generalize a little just here on the value of good dress. It is difficult to exaggerate its importance.

WOMAN'S PRAYER IN GROG SHOPS.

Seated in my new room, a gentleman touched upon the "Woman's Crusade," and urged me to relate its origin. I did so somewhat as follows:

The story is a long one; I will only mention a few facts. In 1852, while in Fredericksburg, Va., with my invalid wife, I wrote a paper upon "*Woman's Prayer in Grog Shops.*" It contained much of personal reminiscence and sor-

row, and was first read in Citizen's Hall in that city.

In 1855, I abandoned the practice of my profession, and began a public career, lecturing and laboring in behalf of my improved system of physical training for girls. The lecture "Woman's Prayer in Grog Shops" was generally delivered on the Sabbath in some church.

In 1858, while in Dixon, Ill., I organized a movement on the plan I had so long advocated. I asked the Rev. Dr. Wm. W. Harsha, the Presbyterian clergyman, well known for his services in the Christian Commission during the war, and now pastor of a church at Jacksonville, Ill., to omit his Sabbath evening service, and take his congregation to a large hall. He assented, as did also the Methodist and Baptist clergymen.

I gave my old lecture, and at the close of the meeting, a visiting committee of fifty ladies was organized from among the best women in the city.—The wives of the three clergymen were appointed to prepare an appeal from the women *of Dixon to the dealers in intoxicating drinks.*

At nine o'clock the next morning, the committee met, adopted the appeal, and at once began their work in a grog shop under the hall. There they knelt, prayed, sang "Nearer my God to Thee," "A Charge to Keep I Have," and pleaded in a gentle, patient, loving way with the saloon keeper.

On that morning in that saloon, was heard the first prayer, the first song, and the first pleading of the Woman's Crusade.

Dixon had thirty-nine grog shops. Six days afterward, not even a glass of lager beer could be bought in that city.

Strange to say, I was so impressed with the importance of physical education, to which I had given the busiest and best years of my life, that I did not heed the voice of God.

Two months later, at Battle Creek, Mich., a similar movement was made. The Rev. Charles Jones, at present the Congregational minister at Tolland, Mass., then a leading clergyman at Battle Creek, was most active in the new movement. *It was managed as in Dixon, but the visiting*

committee numbered one hundred. The town was then what is called "a hard place." The temperance movement had never made a deep impression on that community. In two weeks its fifty rum holes were closed, with one exception, and that, kept by a wealthy man, succumbed in about six weeks.

Between 1858, and the date of the well-known Ohio movement, I organized the Woman's Crusade in nineteen places, and always with decided temporary results.

In 1869, I felt the necessity of making a marked success in some large town, and selected the city of Manchester, N. H. Hon. Luther Clark, U. S. Senator, presided at an immense meeting held in City Hall. It was magnificent in its enthusiasm and passion. I proposed that several committees of one hundred women each should be selected, and the work begun the next morning.

It was soon apparent that I had miscalculated the temperament of New England, for after much *discussion it was voted* that instead of the move-

ment I proposed, a large number of small committees should be appointed to circulate petitions through the city, and obtain the names of women over sixteen years of age. This work occupied a week. The names were then put into the hands of a printer, and in another week, a formidable pamphlet was issued. I do not care to discuss this mistake, but I need hardly say that the "Woman's Crusade" conducted in this way, proved a very indifferent success.

THE OHIO MOVEMENT.

But what you wish to hear is the history of the Ohio movement. That began, you know, in the winter of '73 and '74. A series of lecture engagements before lyceums, took me from Boston to the West. At the close of my lecture Friday night, December 12, 1873, at Fredonia, Chautauqua Co., N. Y., notice was given that I would speak on temperance the next Sunday, in one of the churches.

I gave my old lecture, "Woman's Prayer in *Grog Shops*," but when I proposed to organize,

the clergymen thought it would not be proper on the Sabbath day.

We adjourned to meet the next morning, when the crusade was organized. A long procession of women marched out of the church, and at once began their work. When I left at one o'clock, to go to Jamestown a few miles below, my hotel was filled with singing and praying women. The landlord came to my room to ask what he had done to offend me, that I should set a thousand women at him? He wished to know if I had seen anything in the conduct of his house that required prayer? Fredonia was immediately relieved of the drink curse, and staid relieved.

Before the beginning of the lecture that Monday night in Jamestown, a report of the wonderful movement in Fredonia reached the people, and the clergymen asked me to remain and lecture on temperance the following evening. I was obliged to decline on account of a lyceum engagement.

But *early Tuesday morning* we held a meet-

ing in Jamestown, organized the crusade, and before the sun went down, more than half the rumsellers had signed a solemn pledge to stop.

Monday night, December 22, I gave my lecture on "Our Girls" at Hillsboro, Ohio. At the close of the lecture there, I mentioned that I had no appointment for the next night, and would deliver a temperance lecture, in which I should advocate a new plan for ridding the community of the drink curse.

Mrs. Thompson, in whose hospitable mansion I was entertained, told me a sad story of their struggle with the foe, and of their great discouragement.

At the close of the Hillsboro temperance meeting, I asked if the ladies present were disposed to organize? There was great enthusiasm. A visiting and appeal committee were elected.

Next morning one of the friends drove me over to Washington, better known as Washington, C. H., a very bright little village of about 3,000. Before the lyceum lecture began on that *Wednesday* evening, at Washington, news of

the flame at Hillsboro had arrived, and the clergymen asked me to remain and hold a temperance meeting. Having an engagement to lecture the next evening on "A Higher Education for Our Girls," I told them if we held a temperance meeting, it must be very early in the morning. We assembled at nine o'clock Thursday morning, and organized the two committees.

A few days later, in the far West, I was urged by letters and telegrams to return to Ohio. Abandoning many important engagements, for I was then one of the busiest of men, I went back, spoke three or four times a day, and assisted everywhere in organizing the Crusade. This excessive labor was continued till I could not utter a loud word. I did not recover the natural use of my voice for four months.

This, gentlemen, is the simple story of the origin of the Woman's Crusade.


I may mention that dear Mother Stewart, within two weeks after the movement began, came forward at a public meeting, gave in her

adherence, and added her powerful influence to the great work.

The Cincinnati "Gazette," "Commercial" and "Inquirer" kept reporters in the field from first to last. These gentlemen were cognizant of the Woman's Crusade as it developed itself in Ohio, and two of them wrote considerable volumes about it. If you are interested in details, you will find in a large book written by Mr. Brown, reporter for the "Gazette," much which you will read with pleasure. The reporter for the "Cincinnati Commercial," whose name I do not recall, published a graphic account of the beginning of the Crusade, in a small volume, which I hear is still in the market.

I neither ask nor deserve any commendation for what I did. It was the natural outgrowth of my mother's teachings.

Fifty times I have been asked to write the story of the Woman's Crusade. I have never complied, because it was so entirely my own work, that I have feared the public might *suspect me of egotism.*



The facts are these,—I began the work in 1852, and before the well known outburst in Ohio, started it in nineteen different places. Even the movement in Ohio was anticipated ten days by a still more victorious effort in Western New York. When the Ohio work began, Fredonia and Jamestown had already achieved a complete victory.

Some one asked:

“Do you think the movement was wisely managed in Ohio?”

“It was wisely managed until they consigned their holy cause to the politicians. That paralyzed it. In all social, moral and religious movements that is a fatal blunder.”

“Do you think the Woman’s Crusade will ever be resumed in its original form?” asked one of the company.

“Nothing would be easier than to light anew the divine flame. But it is doubtful if it would serve the cause, until the people thoroughly comprehend this vital truth, viz: that all moral and religious movements must be kept within the

sphere of moral and religious agencies. Until the people learn this, temperance interest will be used as fuel to run some politician's machine. I pleaded with the women in Ohio not to let the men put their cause into the Spring elections. If women were voters, with the present misconception of the function of civil law, such a magnificent outburst of moral and religious power as the Woman's Crusade would be impossible. A constable is no part of the remedy for intemperance. The "Washingtonian Movement" and the "Woman's Crusade," contained divine power, and illustrate the only law of cure."

CHAPTER XIX.

FROM LAKE TAHOE TO SAN DIEGO.

The journey from Lake Tahoe to San Diego, the southernmost town of the State, a distance of more than 500 miles, took more time and labor than the reading of this paragraph will give you.

Let me say a few words about the southern portion of the State.

BEAUTIFUL SAN DIEGO.

San Diego, only ten miles from the Mexican line, as seen from the ocean, is one of the most beautiful towns in the world. The hospitality of its people is really phenomenal. Every new comer is treated as if he were the long-absent, rich, East India uncle.

When we were in San Diego, hopes of Tom Scott's railroad still animated the people. The town has since become very quiet; but it can never cease to be a beautiful and healthful spot.

Seventeen miles back in the country is the valley of the Cajon. Among the Spaniards, there is a saying, "See the beautiful Cajon, and die." This valley is surrounded by wonderful hills, and covered with the beautiful grey backs of squirrels.

One of their plans for getting rid of these squirrels, is to keep two or three hundred cats, giving them shelter during the rainy season, but never any food.

A gentleman residing in the valley, who owned 1,000 acres of its squirrels, showed me some colts which he pastured upon the banks of the San Diego river. The two year olds were larger and handsomer than the father, or any of the mothers, all of which were shown us. I believe California will become famous for its fine horses. It is a paradise for them.

THE NUMBER OF SQUIRRELS TO THE ACRE.

We often hear the expression, "I never saw a country where there is so much land to the acre," or "so many stumps to the acre," and in the West, the common conversation is filled with corn, wheat, or other crops "to the acre."

But in southern California, I heard a man talk of the number of squirrels to the acre. The country is overrun with them. They burrow in the ground, and throughout much of the State seriously threaten agriculture.

I asked the hotel keeper at San Felipe, how many squirrels there were in a six acre lot near his house. He leaned on the fence, watched their gambols awhile, and finally said:

"I should think about 2,000 to the acre."

Every good farmer is expected to do his part toward killing them. Large cans of squirrel poison are among the staple articles in all stores and groceries. I fancy it is mostly wheat soaked in strychnine.

While we were in California, a Yankee came

from the East with a new kind of squirrel poison. In order to advertise his goods, he went into a county where squirrels were rather thick, and where they gave one cent bounty for squirrel scalps. In two weeks he delivered scalps enough to amount to \$600.

The California squirrel is like the grey squirrel of our woods, only his tail is not so long. They are excellent food, though not quite equal to the rattlesnake. I know, for I tried both.

BEE PASTURES.

Did you ever hear of any one owning a pasture for bees? This is regular property in southern California; as real as pastures for cows in New England.

We visited a relative of my wife, thirty miles back of San Diego in southern California, who was occupying a bee ranche, and had much to say of his bee pasture. He paid a rental of \$200 a year for it, and complained not a little that a man had established himself eight miles down

the canyon, whose bees were trespassing upon his pastures.

The honey of southern California is regarded as the best in the market. I believe the white sage is the most valuable pasture, and as immense districts of country grow nothing but a little, starved, white sage, you can understand how bee pastures should rise to the dignity of rentable property.

Reading the southern California newspapers, you will observe constant reports of the prospects of the honey crop. Like everything else in that part of the State, it sees hard times.

PARADISE VALLEY.

A few miles south of San Diego, lies Paradise valley, a wonderful spot. It has sufficient water for irrigation purposes, and tropical crops grow in amazing quantity and perfection.

I met a correspondent of an Eastern newspaper, a highly intelligent gentleman, who in this beautiful place was seeking the restoration of *his lungs*.

I think he owned only an acre of land, but a couple of wind mills pumped water from productive wells, so he irrigated thoroughly, and was raising crops of various sorts, which would, in the aggregate, be larger than the products of a fifty acre New England farm.

While at San Diego, we drove to the Mexican line, a few miles away, and crossed it. It was a dreadfully barren region. You have no idea how the changing governments of that land have blighted everything. On their side were nothing but rocks, gravel and miserable squirrels. On our side were beautiful squirrels, lovely boulders, exquisite pebbles, and over all, the glorious stars and stripes.

The Mexicans have a great deal to learn about republicanism. Let them send a committee to New York and study things. What a pity that Tweed is gone. But then, there is Kelly. He could give them some useful points.

LOS ANGELES.

On our way back from San Diego we stopped

at Los Angeles, the most ambitious and prosperous town in the southern half of the State. While San Francisco must ever remain the commercial capital of California, overshadowing all other places, Los Angeles bids fair to reach a population and business of considerable magnitude.

The orange groves in the neighborhood greatly interested us. I have seen nothing in the tree world so beautiful as those orange groves.

The day we left, the temperature was 103 degrees in the shade. We were fairly fricasseed. The new railroad facilities are greatly enhancing the activities and chances of Los Angeles. As a home, San Diego is much to be preferred.

SANTA BARBARA.

Several years ago a Mr. Johnson travelled through the East, delivering lectures illustrated by maps, etc., upon the healthfulness and prospects of Santa Barbara and the surrounding country. These lectures, together with the many

glowing letters written upon the subject by newspaper correspondents, gave a great impulse to the development of the city.

Real estate and rentals soared skyward, and for a time it was extremely difficult to raise money enough to buy a home, or even to hire a shelter. I don't know a place in the United States where it is easier to do it now. Houses that rented for \$500 a year, now rent for \$100, or more likely, stand empty.

What is meant by the "bursting of a bubble" is exactly what has happened in Santa Barbara.

The climate is probably the finest of its kind in California.

DUTCH FLAT, YOU BET, &c.

There are few things that strike a visitor more than the strange names of people, towns, mining camps, canyons, &c.

Dutch Flat, a mining town on the line of the Central Pacific Railroad, is called Dutch Flat *because there is not an acre in it that is flat.*

It is a very bright, active village, and has been so for a quarter of a century.

In that neighborhood I visited "You Bet," "Red Dog," "Nary Red," and "Shirt-Tail Canyon." In alluding to the last named place they generally leave out the word canyon. I heard a lady in the parlor of a hotel, ask a gentleman if he had been up at "Shirt-Tail." California is full of the most grotesque, absurd and funny nomenclature.

A MOUNTAIN PARTY.

In a mountain district not a thousand miles from Hog Canyon, we camped near the residence of an old Missourian.

These Missourians are very warm in their neighborhood friendships, and after all that may be said against them, are among the most hospitable people on the coast. Our neighbor, before leaving Missouri, had been a regular hard shell Baptist preacher, but giving up his clerical profession had removed to California and become a mountain rancher.

The day we pitched our tents in his neighborhood, he and his son were distributing invitations to a dancing, or what I should call a kissing party. We were all invited. Our ladies sent their regrets. I went. The dancing was peculiar. The gents were in shirt sleeves, boot tops and slouched hats; the ladies, of the roughest mountain pattern and of assorted ages, went in strong; the music was a horrible violin, with a style of playing which baffles description, and the movement, a hop, skip and a jump.

THE KISSING GAME.

Whatever may be said of the advantages of youth, when it comes to kissing, a gray-headed gentleman of the portly variety can discount all your youngsters. The girls have doubts about young men, but with a touching trustfulness they take to gray-headed men. It is beautiful.



"HERE I LANGUISH."

(See page 293.)

HERE I LANGUISH.

One of their kissing games was truly refreshing. When you "Go to Rome," you must take 'em as they come, and may strike one occasionally who is not to your taste. But with "Here I Languish," you take your choice. I know from experience its the best way.

The play was this: A rough six-footer stood up against the side of the room, in his shirt sleeves and boot tops, with slouched hat on, turned his head on one side in the most ridiculous way, and said:

"Here I languish."

A person sitting in the centre of the room, whose duty it was to manage the play, said:

"What for?"

"A kiss."

"Who from?"

"Betsey Stumps."

Whereupon, Betsey, an overgrown girl, stepped forward.

The kiss was an explosion. Then she took his place and sighed:

“Here I languish.”

“What for?”

“A kiss.”

“Who from?”

She named the young man who had just kissed her. All the young fellows cried out:

“Hold on! hold on! that ain’t fair.” After a rumpus she was compelled to languish for some other fellow.

I never saw anything funnier than one of those six-footers, strong enough to lift an ox or whip his weight in wild cats, turning his head on one side and saying, in a soft, lovesick way: “Here I languish.”

The young folks insisted that I should take my turn at languishing. There was trouble in store for me. In the corner sat a dreadful creature, enormously fat, with a red eruption all over her face. I had noticed that not one of the young fellows languished for her, and I did not *blame them*.

When in position, I told the company that being a stranger and not knowing the names of the ladies, I would thank some one to assist me.

A young rascal cried out:

"Sally Shin!"

We proceeded with the play, and I said:

"Here I languish."

"What for?"

"A kiss."

"Who from?"

"Sally Shin."

That dreadful eruptive mountain in the corner slowly rose and waddled toward me, opening wide her arms. Well, she had two big brothers present, and I am alive to tell the story.

BIG JOE.

Joe was our teamster. The rest of us were extremely sensible and respectable persons, but there was not the vestige of a hero or heroine about us.

Born of poor but honest parents, we had contrived to preserve inviolate these family

characteristics, but not one of us, in our most inspired moments, would have suggested anything you had ever read in a novel.

Joe was different. He was very different. He was romance itself. He was a sweet, gentle, loving, walking, kicking, smashing romance. His presence, even in the performance of the most menial services, suggested thoughts of—of all sorts of beautiful things. Looking at one of his gigantic hands, one of our ladies remarked that that hand was made to guide a beautiful princess through the labyrinths of life. Such curious and foolish thoughts were constantly suggested by Big Joe—"Prince Joe" as one of our ladies always called him.

Miss A., a young lady of fortune, a member of our party, our only aristocrat, thought it was "just dreadful" when it was suggested that we invite Joe to dine with us.

"What! that hostler, with his great paws, sitting here by me!"

Fourteen months later, in white satin, with *elaborate* trail, she stood by Joe's side, put her

little hand in his "great paw," looked up into his face with infinite trust, and lovingly whispered the solemn vow.

We all said, "she is rich, pretty and good, but not half good enough for Joe."

Joe has since then, now four years, become a rich man, and is regarded as one of the coming men in Central California. His wife's friends are absurdly vain of "the grandest and best man that ever lived."

CHAPTER XX.

PROFESSOR TAPP.

Speaking of professors, I have never met one who interested me so much as Professor Tapp of San Francisco, the horse tamer.

He was terribly cruel to his mother tongue, but very gentle to horses. He occupied a number of corrals, where he tamed wild and vicious horses. I had organized, in Oakland, a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and been honored with its presidency.

Professor Tapp wished me to witness his method of training wild and vicious horses.

He showed me a herd of wild horses from the mountains, which had never been handled, and said:

“You may pick out any horse from this herd, *and in two hours I will drive him before a buggy,*

and when going down that hill will let the buggy loose on his heels, without the least risk."

"Can you accomplish this miracle without violence or drugs?"

"I won't give him no medicine, nor draw nary a drop of blood."

I selected one horse who was larger than the others, held his head very high, and always led when the herd ran.

It took an hour to separate the chosen horse from his fellows. At length he was in the professor's private corral, which was the size of a circus ring, with sand six inches deep, and surrounded by a strong, close, plank fence twelve feet high. I took a seat in the circle above, among the spectators. Professor Tapp entered the corral through a narrow door which he closed after him. In his right hand he held a whip with a short stock and long, heavy lash, and in his left, a strong halter minus the hitching strap, two old potato sacks and two articles which looked like the interfering straps worn upon horse's fetlocks, and a strong rope about

thirty feet long. Everything but the whip was put into a little recess in the fence, and Professor Tapp quietly and very slowly turned towards the horse.

The animal was making the most frantic efforts to get away and actually attempted to jump over the twelve foot fence. The professor stood still a minute or so, watching his opportunity. Then the whip cracker hit one of the horse's hind fetlocks, making the dust fly. The horse sprang and scampered from side to side. In a moment the long lash flew coiling through the air and the cracker reached the same place. Within fifteen minutes this was repeated from twenty to thirty times. Within thirty minutes the horse had learned the lesson this treatment was intended to convey, which was — that there was only one safe place in the corral, and that place was close by Professor Tapp. There, there was no hurt, but a very gentle, soothing voice. The professor stood so still, his voice was so gentle and persuasive, that in half an hour, when *he ran across the corral*, the horse would run

after him. He had learned that it was very dangerous to be more than about ten feet away.

Professor Tapp at length succeeded in touching the horse's head with his hand. This frightened the animal and he started away, but before he had taken three steps, bethought himself and came quickly back. Within three quarters of an hour from the beginning the strong head stall was on. The wild creature was greatly frightened to find something on his head which he could not remove, and used his feet with the agility of a dog in his efforts to remove the encumbrance. For a moment he again forgot about his heels and the danger of distance, but the silk cracker soon refreshed his memory. Now it was very easy to rub his head and neck. The end of the whip stock then tickled his side. The horse switched the spot with his tail, and the professor caught the ends of the long tail hairs. This frightened the animal again. He forgot, and the whip cracker called him back. The second or third time of seizing the tail of the horse, the professor held

it for a moment, drew it hard toward him and by a quick movement of his hand, tied into the end of the long hairs a strong cord which he had taken out of his pocket; the other end had been already fastened to the iron ring in the head stall. This drew the head and tail strongly toward each other. The professor stepped back. The horse began to turn in a circle. Soon he was turning as fast as he could move, and in a minute fell, drunk with dizziness. The professor quickly seized the potato sacks, wound one around a hind leg close to the hoof and fastened the strong short strap over it; the other leg was treated in the same way. There was an iron ring in each of the short straps; through both of these iron rings the strong rope was passed and tied upon itself, eighteen inches from the hind feet.

The long, loose end of the rope was then passed between the horse's fore legs, through the ring of the head stall, and then tied into a heavy ring in the wall of the enclosure. The small *cord connecting the head and tail was cut, and*

after a little time the horse began to recover. Still dizzy and uncertain, he slowly rose; but when he found he was fastened he made a tremendous struggle. The professor stood by the ring where the horse was tied to the plank wall.

The animal could not turn his head from side to side because the rope ran through the strong ring of his head stall. Finding he could not move his head first, he tried to back, but as he was tied by the two hind legs below the fetlock joints, his efforts to back resulted in his sitting down in the sand. It is difficult to conceive of a horse in a more helpless position. He instantly and violently sprang to his feet and tried to turn his head first in one direction and then in the other, but finding that impossible, he again backed with a tremendous effort, and sat down in the sand. The professor looked on as quietly as though the affair had been one in which he had no possible interest, and remarked to me, while the horse was making the most violent

struggles to get away, every one of which resulted in his sitting down in the sand:

“Pretty soon he will switch his tail from side to side; that means he gives up.”

Sure enough, within eight minutes from the beginning, the horse moved his tail from side to side. The professor said slowly:

“Now he’s done and you can crawl between his legs, he won’t make no trouble.”

The professor at once knelt down by the horse’s hind legs, untied the rope, unbuckled the straps, walked behind him, put his hands upon the horse’s hind legs, stuck his head between them, walked all around him, patted his head, tied a rope into the ring of his head stall and led him about the corral. He urged me to come down and crawl under the horse’s belly and between his legs. I told him I thought I would not do it just then, because of a slight rheumatic difficulty in my left knee.

At length I was obliged to leave, but afterward learned that he harnessed the horse, and *performed* the trick of letting the buggy strike

his heels while going down hill, without the least trouble.

Professor Tapp told me that a horse trained in this way was always safe about his heels.

I was with Professor Tapp a few days later, when a man drove up with a fine bay horse and said:

“I have come, Professor Tapp, to see if you can cure my horse of his fear of buffalo skins and umbrellas. He is a valuable animal, and was purchased for service in the Ten Cent Package Delivery Company, but we must give him up unless you can cure him.”

Professor Tapp took the horse into the corral, put the potato sacks, which he always used to prevent the straps injuring the parts, about his fetlock joints, put on the straps, tied in his rope, and in every way managed as above.

“I have forgotten what you said he was afraid of,” said the professor.

“If you have a buffalo skin or an umbrella and will take it within ten feet of his head, you will soon find out.”

The professor sent for the two articles, and held the buffalo skin near the horse's head, whereupon the animal sprang back as if he had been attacked by wild animals, and sat down in the sand. His fright was most touching. The professor again presented the robe and struck the poor horse over the head with it a dozen times. The animal was perfectly helpless, and sitting down with his hind legs drawn forward, could do nothing to get away from the hated skin. After a deal of snorting he smelt of it and found it would not hurt him. Then the umbrella was opened and shut in his face, and in three minutes that too was over. Prof. Tapp then said to the owner of the animal:

"He'll never be afraid of buffalo skins or umbrellas again. He has found out they don't hurt him."

Professor Tapp treated all vicious horses in exactly the same way, and so far as I know, with precisely the same result.

CHAPTER XXI.

ABOUT SNAKES, TARANTULAS, &C.

California has the reputation of harboring many poisonous snakes, and other deadly creatures.

It is easy for the reader, if interested in snakes, to look up what the books say about them. I will only relate what I saw.

While camping at Isabel Grove near Santa Cruz, an old resident invited me to go hunting with him in Blackburn's Gulch.

We had been looking an hour or two for the small game of the neighborhood, when my companion exclaimed:

"See there! that's the biggest rattle snake I ever saw."

It was one of the long, slender sort, with black and white skin.

The snake saw us, and slowly coiled, opened his mouth, thrust out his tongue and was ready.

He was under a manzanita bush in deep shadow, but the brilliant white spots of his skin and his dazzling eyes emitted a strange light. A more fascinating, thrilling sight I never beheld.

It seemed too bad to disturb him, but cocking both barrels of my gun, I fired and killed him. He was four feet seven inches, with nine rattles.

On a cliff over the Yosemite Valley I was walking a trail, and saw just before me, crawling quietly along, a rattle snake of what I call the other variety,—brown with regular black stripes, and very thick for its length. I had no gun.

He coiled, shook his rattle, and cried:

“Come on, Macduff.”

I did not come on, but retreated and picked up a pine knot. It was too short, somewhat less than two feet. I dared not throw it at him, for only ten feet from the path was a fissure in a rock *through* which he might escape me. I knew

my only chance was to smash his head. I walked up within five feet. He was on the point of making a spring when I made one.

It was a desperate business, but I would not have missed bagging him for anything.

I climbed up around him, and down into the trail on the other side. But from that point it was plain if I threw my club, no matter how I hit him, he would be sure to get away.

When I struck the trail beyond him, he was facing that way, with the same open mouth, terrible fangs and wild eyes.

I dared not leave him to look for some more effective weapon, for I knew when I came back my neighbor would be "not at home."

I resorted to the dodge of rushing at him, hoping he would uncoil, but he didn't scare worth a cent.

My pockets were filled with small geological specimens which I tossed at him, and threw one or two at his head; but he stood his ground.

At length a plan came to me. I took my long

silk handkerchief, tied it to the end of the club, swung it round my head a number of times to make sure of the motion, then giving it an extra whirl, hit him just below the head. He lost the coil and squirmed in every conceivable way, evidently stunned and bewildered. Seizing the end of my short club I approached and hit his head when it was on the ground. This blow was followed by half a dozen others and the snake was dead.

There were ten rattles. The snake was four feet eleven, and in the largest part fully three inches and a quarter in diameter.

I dragged him into camp and devoted my leisure moments for a month to bragging about it.

The other small animals most feared on the Pacific coast, are the *tarantula*, the *scorpion* and the *centipede*.

The tarantula is an enormous hairy spider,—the most hideous creature of its size imaginable. Its movements are slow; it rarely attacks, but if you happen to put your hand upon it, it will

bite, and the chances are about one in five that the poison will kill.

An estimable citizen of California, a friend of mine, while taking his siesta, lying without a blanket on the bank of the Russian River, was awakened by a stinging pain on the back of his neck. He sprang up and saw a horrid tarantula walking slowly away. He ran to a ranche house a mile off, but they had no whiskey. He could get none for half a day, and twenty-six hours after the bite died in dreadful agony. It is rare however for a tarantula's bite to kill a strong man.

The tarantula is a horrible creature to look at, and a terrible bed-fellow, but he has fine tastes about his private residence. He builds for himself a palace and lines it with white silk. He is so confident of his skill, that he makes the door to open outward, hangs it on a perfect hinge, crawls in, shuts it right in the face of a furious storm, fastens it with a patent hasp and goes to sleep like any other nabob, quite indifferent to the troubles of the outside

world. I brought home a tarantula's nest and find it difficult to convince people that it was really made by a spider.

Then comes the *scorpion*. The scientists will tell you he is a "pedipalpous, pulmonary arachnidan." I don't agree with them. My opinion is this:—The scorpion is a nasty, sneaking little brute, who crawled into my bed once up in the Putah Creek Mountains and would have stung me, but I happened to be awake and felt him moving on my hand and getting ready.

The scorpion is common in California, but people are not often stung by him, because he is such a lazy sneak.

And last, the *centipede* which I did not see, but which I was told had a great number of feet, and was very fond of crawling on warm human flesh.

A lady, whose shoulder a centipede had chosen as the field of a little journey, told me that his feet felt like red hot needles. This is the way he poisons folks.

EARTHQUAKES.

When people hear California praised, they ask:

“How about the earthquakes? I would rather live where it is cold, than have my house shaken down over my head.”

Since California has been occupied by the whites, I believe only two persons have been killed by earthquakes, and the damage to property has been very slight.

A single tornado in the West has destroyed in one minute more lives and property than earthquakes in California are likely to destroy in one hundred years.

Three times while we were in town there was a slight shake, just enough to move the pitcher and tumblers, and rattle the shovel and tongs. I saw no plastering cracked, nor chimneys shaken down. In San Francisco they are putting up six and seven story brick buildings, and smile when you talk of earthquakes.


THE BAY TREE.

A curious tree known as the bay tree is scattered all over California. I was told that bay rum was distilled from the leaves of this tree. I have never taken pains to learn whether this is true or not, but certain it is that the odor is precisely that of bay rum.

Our Joe thought it contained the bay rum itself, alcohol and all. He inferred this from the fact that the tree, although one of the greenest in California, will, if touched with a match, burn with almost explosive rapidity. We burned hundreds; on two or three camp grounds depended upon them for our evening fires. Each tree burned but a brief time, but touching up one after another was splendid fun. We found that burning did not kill them, although it would kill any tree at the East, as it not only consumed the leaves, but small limbs and much of the bark.

The vitality and tenacity of vegetable growths in California is amazing. In Fremont's grove,

we camped near a redwood stump, close against the sides of which two young trees had sprung up. At the top of the stump, these young trees sent out pancakes of living vegetable matter which had united and extended completely across the top of the stump, entirely covering it. I guided several persons to this remarkable achievement of the two young trees, and we all agreed that as an illustration of devotion to ancestors, it beat the most extraordinary performances reported of the Chinese.



CHAPTER XXII.

MUSTANG HORSES.

The Mustang is a wonderful saddle horse, but worth little for draught purposes. For numberless generations he has carried a man on his back. The development of bone and muscle has conformed to this labor. A horse weighing but 800 pounds, will carry a heavy man thirty miles a day over mountain roads. The same horse in harness would look sorry enough, if compelled to draw the half of a small wagon load ten miles. On the other hand, the large, strong harness horse of the East, who makes nothing of heavy wagon loads, would soon find himself used up, if obliged to carry a small man ten miles over mountain trails.

The mustang weighs from 700 to 1,000 pounds. He rarely weighs as much as a thous-

and. He is not generally handsome, though some of the small ones are perfect pictures.

It is a common notion that he is wild and vicious; on the contrary, he is singularly docile and quiet. It is common to see a Mustang saddle horse standing in the street in San Francisco without being hitched, patiently waiting for his rider. If the wind is blowing hard, or the rain falling, he may go round on the lee side of the block to shield himself; but if accustomed to start at a certain hour, he will come round on time.

Mustangs seem to me more thoroughly alive than eastern horses, and can be ridden over rough roads where any other horse would be helpless. They look out for holes in the ground in such a wonderful way, and the fact is so well understood on the coast, that the most intelligent breeder of horses that I met in California, said, when I asked:

“Why don’t you bring the Kentucky saddle horse to this country?”

“Oh, they wouldn’t answer here at all. Our

country is dotted all over with squirrel holes, and your \$1,000 Kentucky horse would break his neck. But," he added, "we might cross the Mustang with the Kentucky saddle horse. He must have enough of the Mustang to look out for squirrel holes."

Taking one of my Mustangs to a blacksmith's shop in San Francisco, I objected to his standing with several others, waiting to be shod. The blacksmith, who was from New York and had had much experience in shoeing horses, said:

"Don't be alarmed! They won't kick. At the East, I was obliged to be very careful about putting horses together, but during the sixteen years I have been in this city I have never seen a native horse kick another in my shop."

I owned a good many Mustangs, and every one was quiet, patient and obedient. The Spaniards practice the most inconceivable cruelties upon them; but they suffer and die, and almost never resent the wrong.

Mustangs are very cheap. I bought one excellent young horse for \$10, and a number for



"HOW LADIES SHOULD RIDE." (See page 319.)

\$25 and \$30. They require very little feed, take care of themselves and are on the whole about as perfectly adapted to their circumstances as any creatures I have ever seen. They are curiously free from shying, and indeed from all vices.

HOW LADIES SHOULD RIDE.

The ladies of our party all rode horseback and all rode astride. In my camping party of the third year were quite a number of fashionable young ladies. When told that we never took any side saddles, some of them exclaimed:

“Never! never! never!!”

Very soon they were not only satisfied with the man's saddle, but without exception became quite enthusiastic over it.

One young lady declared that she could not begin that dreadful way of sitting on the saddle in the presence of the whole universe; she must practice a little privately. So we walked around the other side of some chaparral, I helped her into the saddle and we rode away together. In

an hour we returned to camp and she sat in the saddle for some minutes, quietly saying that it was the only sensible way for any one to ride on horseback.

My own wife, who had been unable to ride the lady's saddle, always suffering from pains in back and side, found no difficulty in riding six or eight hours in the man's saddle.

The ladies wore over their flannels, pantaloons which from the knee to the ankle fitted as neatly as a stocking, and were closed with a row of buttons on the outside of the leg. They wore flannel dresses that reached to the ankle and unbuttoned in front. They would, when in the saddle, open the dress just enough to let it hang down over the knees like a gentleman's overcoat.

You would hardly notice when a lady was thus dressed and sitting astride, that she was not riding as ladies usually do, except that she sat square instead of sideways.

One of the most beautiful and wealthy young *ladies* in San Francisco, dressed in rich black

silk, I saw on the fashionable Cliff House road, riding astride.

Of course the newspapers hit the ladies occasionally. They would say: "Dr. Dio Lewis's party passed through town yesterday, the ladies riding in the saddle, clothes-pin fashion."

A SUNDAY HORSE RACE.

There is no Sunday in the mountains of California. Many of the miners work every day in the year. The herders give the same attention to their flocks on Sunday as on Saturday. The lumbermen and ranchemen either hunt, fish, or attend a horse race.

One Sunday morning while we were reading and singing in one of our mountain camps, people began to gather half a mile above us. Some one in our party thought it might be a camp meeting. Soon the crowd was so large that I went over to see what it meant. It was a horse race.

The course was about one eighth of a mile long. The active little Mustang mares were

pretty and very restless. Each had her backers. The bets ranged from one dollar to one hundred. There were two active drinking booths; in fact, everything was on a high key.

One or two little preliminary spurts showed that some of the nags were flyers. A little calico mare, that betting men offered to back against the field, was so wild that no one could mount her. At length, a young fellow said:

"If you'll put a surcingle round her, so that I can get hold, I'll ride her or bust."

After a good deal of maneuvering, the surcingle was buckled. Our plucky young fellow seized it with his left hand, and after half a dozen attempts landed on the right place. Holding on with his heels, he seized the reins and cried out:

"Let her go."

Two men held the rope, while another succeeded in untying it.

Such rearing! Such springing! Such bucking! But she could not throw him. Though *terribly* shaken and deadly pale, he clung on,

and with a six-jointed oath swore he would "stick or die." The crowd was wild.

After a quarter of an hour, the little calico mare was on the road and running at a tremendous rate. It was half an hour before this furious creature would make a fair start with the others. The running and jumping loosened the surcingle, which worked back almost to her hind legs and hung down some distance.

The little calico outran everything; but when nearing the end of the course with tremendous strides, caught one of her hind feet in the surcingle, came down on her head, turned a complete summersault, threw her rider thirty feet, where he struck his hands, face and chest on a rough, rocky road, nearly killing him. The little mare dislocated her leg, besides terribly cutting her head and back. The young fellow was carried to a mountain house, the mare immediately shot, dragged away and tumbled into a deep canyon. Then they proceeded with the next race, but I did not stay to see the finish.

On my way back to camp, I slipped on a rock and sat down very hard. It hurt.

Moral: If you wish to keep your horse's legs in joint, you must not run them on Sunday; and if you wish to sit down easy, you must never attend a horse race on that day.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LIZARDS.

California has a small-sized lizard, the rapidity of whose movements is a constant surprise. Observers speak of these lizards "flashing across their pathway."

They run up and down the side of the roughest rocks, in and out, here and there, with inconceivable velocity. Nothing but a thousand generations of life in the bright sunshine could develop such rapidity.

I had always thought that the swallow, catching thousands of flies while darting through the air, was the most striking illustration of rapid movement with definite aim. But I had not seen the California lizard.

I cannot fully describe this flash of four-legged lightning, for we did not catch one; but

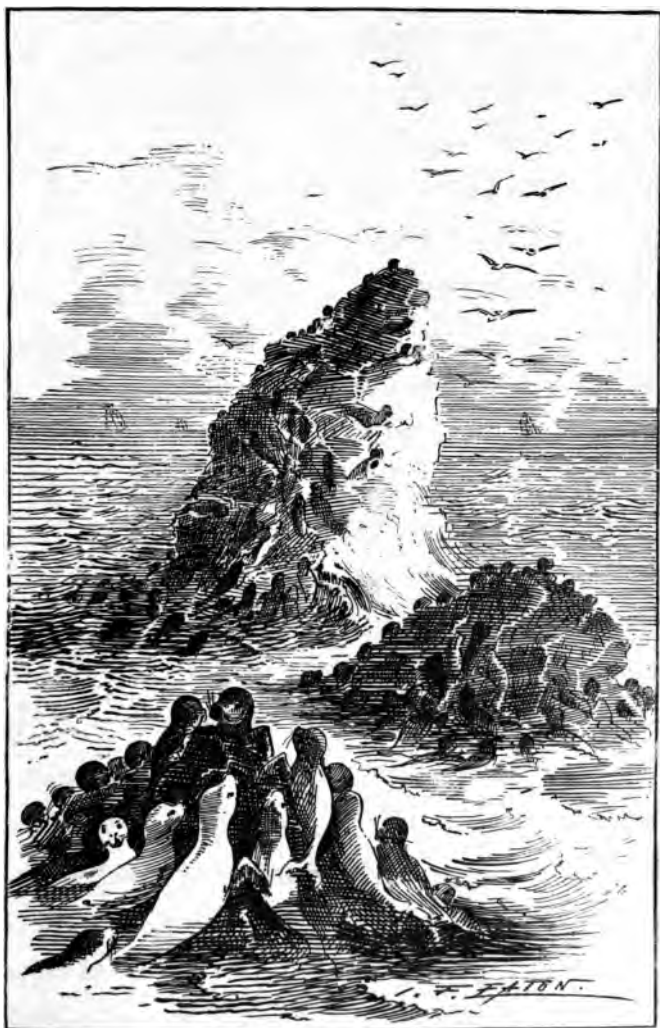
I should say it was about six inches long, brown and green, with eyes from the Golconda mines, —none of your South African diamonds.

SEA LIONS.

One of the most attractive sights to visitors in California is the colony of sea lions which play about the Seal Rocks in the Pacific Ocean, a hundred feet from shore.

Seated on the elevated piazza of the Cliff House, you can watch their antics, their crawling upon the rocks and diving into the water, and see every movement as distinctly as those of a colt in your dooryard. Some of the seals are enormously large, and must weigh more than a ton.

The largest one is called "Gen. Butler." The next in size, "Gen. Grant." When Gen. Butler crawls out on the rocks, if he happens to come near Gen. Grant, Grant immediately dives off. The voices of these animals, heard anywhere but in the open air and tempered by the *roar of the sea*, would be anything but pleasant.



SEA LIONS ON SEAL ROCKS.

(See page 328.)



The legislature of California has made a severe law against shooting or molesting these creatures. The result is the same that usually follows such mercy — the animals have become very tame. What a thought! that man should treat dumb animals so cruelly that their only impulse is to flee at his approach, when it is intended that he shall befriend them, and they be happy in his society and grateful for his kindness.

SEAL ROCKS.

“The seal rocks of San Francisco are well worth seeing. There is a weird fascination in them — something so hideously uncanny in the swarm of crawling things that rear themselves about among the jagged fissures, and so utterly unlike any other known voice of animate or inanimate nature is the hoarse, deep cry that goes up incessantly from all the million throats and predominates over the thunders of the ocean itself. Every rock, from the base of the peak, is alive with shapeless things in perpetual mo-

tion; tumbling over each other, twisting, rolling, fighting in a clumsy fashion with their uncouth flippers or plunging with marvellously smooth, graceful curves into boiling foam that breaks all around their rocky fortresses.

“Some are tawny, brown or yellow, and these have had their coats dried by the sun after a few hours basking on the rocks; but those who have just wriggled up out of the surf are dull slaty-black, and look like animated bags of wet gutta-percha. All ages and sizes are represented, from the monarch of the colony, a gray old giant who might weigh some three thousand pounds, down to the babies who are just learning to wriggle and leap after the fashion of their mammas, and add their infant notes to the general chorus.”

JIM AND BOB.

We had fitted out for one of our camping trips, but lacked a pair of mules. I advertised in the San Francisco papers, and looked through *the sale stables*. We found mules, but the price

was too high. While a pair of good Mustang harness horses can be purchased for \$100, \$400 will be asked for a pair of good mules. At length some one directed me to a sale stable on Mission Street.

There I found a handsome pair of mules, of about the right size. I asked the price, expecting it would be \$300 or \$400. To my surprise, the dealer named \$100.

I expressed no surprise, for one soon learns that is not the way to buy. I asked the age. It was four years. Well, I thought, that is the best age — four years for mules and six for horses.

“Are they sound?”

“Warranted perfectly sound.”

“Have they any vices, or stable tricks?”

“Only one. Otherwise, they are perfect.”

“What is this vice or trick?”

“Oh! nothing in particular, except they will kick the head off a cast iron dog. I’ll warrant them to kick faster, stronger and straighter than any other mules in California. Why\

those mules would be worth \$400 if it wasn't for their kicking."

"How long can I have the refusal of them?"

"If you will keep away from their heels, you may have the refusal for some time, but if you get within six feet of them, the refusal won't do you much good."

I went to fetch Joe. Joe liked them. He said their kicking would be nothing but fun. The dealer, fearing, I presume, that we would not return, told me if I would take them out of the stable at once, he would discount five dollars. We took them.

MY WIFE TRAINS THOSE MULES.

I wish to tell you something of our experience with the little mules. When we brought them to our own barn, and reported our purchase in the house, my wife said at once:

"That means beating. If there is to be anything of that sort you may count me out."

I promised at once that only gentle means *should* be used, and we all went out to see the

new purchase. Joe was trying to saddle Jim, and was obliged to resort to the expedient of tying him up against a projecting timber, on the other side of which he stood while putting on the saddle. I never saw a pair of heels fly so persistently or so viciously. These mules were really wild animals.

When we came to put on the bridles, we found they would not permit us to touch their ears. Indeed, the only way we could bridle them was by tying them with a strong rope so that they could not possibly help themselves.

Joe was very gentle and patient. Mrs. Lewis contrived to get near enough to give them lumps of sugar and bits of fruit.

Within six months their gentleness was such that they became almost a nuisance in camp, following my wife about to have their heads and ears scratched, and were just as safe about the heels as an old cart horse.

The most vicious mules and horses can be cured by kindness.

WHAT BEAUTIFUL COMPANIONS.

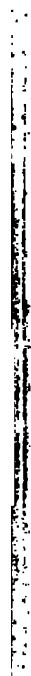
Considering only our own pleasure, what a stupid blunder it is to treat animals so that they flee at your approach. How much it would add to the sweetness of life if birds, squirrels and other pretty creatures would come and play about us.

My wife and I spent the night at Dr. Mill's Ladies' Seminary, in the outskirts of Oakland. Early in the morning we were awakened by the sweet voices of many quails. I looked out of the window and saw near by at least 200 quails being fed with the crumbs from the kitchen, the servant standing in their midst as she scattered the bits.

One of the young ladies told us that a little mother quail made her nest on the piazza under a vine, where hundreds passed every day within a foot of her. She laid eighteen eggs, and hatched every one. The bird made no objection to being fondled while sitting on her eggs. The



"WHAT BEAUTIFUL COMPANIONS!" (See page 332.)



quail is a very wild bird, but all they had done to tame these was to keep away guns and feed them.

A new world would be opened to us if we treated animals so that they would gather about us to be petted. I would go half round the globe to enjoy a month of such intimacy with these beautiful, innocent creatures.

The birds thus encouraged would greatly multiply and take care of the insects which now destroy our fruits and grains.

Visiting a relative in a frontier village I saw a deer, pursued by hounds, fleeing down the main street. Perhaps the poor, helpless thing thought it might find protection among men; but every man seized his gun and soon the frightened creature was wounded; the dogs arrived and with their fangs tore the beautiful neck and killed her. An examination showed that she was suckling a baby. Within a week it probably died from hope deferred and starvation.

A few years ago we had on Boston Common a large number of gray squirrels. Small boys

often chased them and threw things at them; but they were not very cruelly treated and became so tame that they would take nuts out of one's hand. It was really the great attraction of that beautiful park.

Fox hunting in England improves horsemanship and human health I suppose. I have been in England at different times, and on one occasion saw a fox hunt. I have never witnessed anything more unmanly than fifty men riding over people's fences and trampling down their crops, in pursuit of a poor, frightened little fox.

I do not know but the low instinct of the hunter is so strong in the English Aristocracy that nothing but mortal terror, blood and death will attract them to the saddle and the field. But I try to think better of them.

I wonder if a score of field sports, riding with friends on horseback, etc., etc., would not suffice. Or must there be flight, terror, blood, agony and death to attract ladies and gentlemen to the field?

CAMP MEETINGS IN CALIFORNIA.

At the East, camp grounds have become so common and are resorted to by so many persons for rest and recreation as well as religion, that it seems like one illustration of the familiar phrase "combining business with pleasure."

In California, this is tenfold more so. There are camp meetings every where and every one goes to them. If a young man wants to take his girl riding in summer, he takes her, as a matter of course, to a camp meeting.

In California, everything in life is of a mild type. There is nothing bigoted nor puritanic in religion, and people are as jolly and happy, socially quite as boisterous on a camp ground as they would be if the meeting were a political, rather than a religious one. Some of the most delightful days in our life were spent at camp meetings in California. The brethren often asked me to speak for them, and when I inquired what the subject should be, they usually said:

“Anything you please.”

I don't mean to say that the christians of California are less sincere or less genuine than those of Massachusetts, but they have a free and easy manner that is exactly adapted to out door camp meetings.

A physician in California could hardly do better than advise his dyspeptic patients to spend a few weeks visiting camp meetings. Some of the grounds are very grand, though perhaps none of them are equal to Martha's Vineyard or Old Orchard.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A WORD ABOUT FARMING LANDS.

A very large part of California is mountainous, and of no value for agricultural purposes. The valleys, with the exception of the San Joaquin and the Sacramento, which are in fact one valley and not two, are limited in extent, exceedingly fertile, and the land held at fabulous prices. There was no congruity between the fee simple price and the rental. Land that rented for five dollars an acre may have sold for two hundred. This is the more remarkable, as money commanded from ten to thirty per cent. But we need not go far for a solution of the incongruity.

There are a great many people at the East with money, who, tired of cold weather, seek homes in California. The general impulse is to

purchase land and grow fruit. The new comer inquires for land. He says:

“My idea is to buy a small farm and raise fruit.”

He is told that grapes require little culture, have no diseases, and that the crop is uniformly large. He instinctively figures the income, at eastern prices, of the tons of grapes which an acre will produce. He sees a bonanza! But when he learns that he must gather the grapes, cart them ten or twenty miles and sell a ton for five or eight dollars at one of the wine presses, he clutches at his bonanza and shuts his hand on nothing.

Two things are indispensable to the success of fruit culture,—a good crop and a good market. In California the crop is immense, the market very small.

I saw twenty herds of swine in beautiful vineyards. Thousands of tons of delicious grapes are yearly consumed by hogs. The ranchemen cannot afford to pick them.

A few ranchemen who live in the warm belts

that are screened from the west wind by the mountains, make money by *early* tomatoes, *early* cherries and other *early* fruits. But when we consider the population of California and the wonderful capacity of its soil, we shall see that only a very small proportion of the fruit growers can profit by the *early* crop.

There is not a farm crop in New England, grown under average conditions, but will pay better than fruit in California.

An effort is now being made to grow fruit that may be dried or otherwise preserved, and sent abroad. California raisins are already in the market; but they are not equal to the best European article. Until the people learn in its perfection, the art of preserving, and organize Chinese labor, even this new departure is not likely to prove successful.

THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA.

Connoisseurs agree that the wines of the Pacific coast are inferior to the best European wines. The wine grower thinks this is preju-

dice. But assuming that the wines of California are inferior to the wines of Southern Europe, (and I believe they are,) the explanation without doubt is to be found in the *very cold nights* of our western coast. For example, in Sonoma County, where the temperature at noon is often 100 degrees, or more; at three o'clock in the morning, if sleeping out, you will need two thick blankets. With such cold nights throughout the season, the grape juice must lack something, which the more uniform temperature of Southern Europe imparts to it.

I rejoice with the friends of temperance that these cold nights prevent California from taking high rank as a wine producer.

The oranges of California strikingly illustrate the influence of its cold nights. It is very rare to find even among the Los Angeles oranges, which are the best on the Pacific Coast, one that is really sweet.

I wonder if people really believe that the general use of wine lessens intemperance. I wish *that* any one who entertains this idea could have

taken a Mustang and ridden with me through Sonoma County.

Riding a few miles in advance of my party, I came upon a school house. Leaving my Mustang by the roadside without hitching, (for although he had a fierce temper, he would, like many Mustangs, remain where he was left until his rider returned,) I knocked at the school house door. The teacher, a tall, keen Yankee, invited me in.

I asked him if he could spare time to answer a question. He said:

"Let me appoint a monitor, and I will come to you."

We leaned against the fence, and I said:

"Through the East there is an impression that wine countries breed few drunkards. This county I hear is devoted to wine. What is the influence upon the habits and morals of the people?"

"Very bad, sir, very bad. More than half of the boys and girls in this school drink wine. *They are frequently incapacitated for school*

work. The grossest drunkenness prevails. You see that little brown house yonder?"

I nodded.

"Well, sir, a few weeks ago the woman who lived there failed to appear on Sunday morning. On Monday she was not seen. On Tuesday morning some neighbors knocked at her door. No answer. They broke in, and she was lying on the floor, dead. She died of beastly drunkenness, and she is the fourth woman who has died in the same miserable way, in this neighborhood, within a few months. It is dreadful. I don't know what is to become of them. I tell you, sir, wine curses everyone that touches it."

Similar testimony I heard from intelligent men and women in several wine districts.

FLOWERS.

In California everything goes by contraries; so by travelling in summer we were not in the season of flowers. Yet we never missed them long at a time.

The Mountain Lilac, a small tree, hung out

its clusters of white or lavender colored flowers on every hill-side from the coast to the high Sierras. The Buck-eye, a variety of horse-chestnut, was always in season as we climbed. For a time the fields were yellow with the California poppy. But after awhile, it suffered from the drouth, became smaller and smaller, and at last lost its charm.

In the mountains we admired the Mariposa Flower with its bright petals; the Azalea patches were of great extent and exceeding beauty.

Near the Yosemite Valley we found the wonderful Snow-flower, so called because it springs up near the snow. Its spikes of flowers, sometimes nearly a foot long, are as red as blood. It is a parasite, and grows on the roots of several species of trees.



THE MORMON TABERNACLE.

I forgot to mention in its proper place something I had in mind to say about the Mormon Tabernacle, and because the thought seems to

me to have possibly some practical value, I venture to introduce it here.

The acoustic problem of a hall in which 10,000 people can distinctly hear an ordinary speaker is becoming urgent. We manage three or four thousand, but not ten thousand.

Mr. Spurgeon's auditorium seats 4,000, (his enthusiastic people will tell you 8,000) and you can hear him well; but the ordinary speaker fails even in that room. Music Hall, Boston, seats between two and three thousand, and the average speaker is well heard by only about half of them.

An auditorium which will seat 10,000 people, all of whom can hear the speaker without effort, is a problem, that in the future will become so important it must be solved.

All the architects will have to do, will be to go to Salt Lake City and copy the Mormon Tabernacle. In that room 10,000 persons can see and hear the speaker without the least effort.

In explanation of this surprising result,

Brigham Young used to say that an angel gave him the plan. I fancy he always laughed in his sleeve when making this statement, because of the curious fact that an English mormon, by name of Angell, went with Brigham Young to Utah, and being a builder and architect, made the plans for the tabernacle.

There is not in Europe or elsewhere in America, a large auditorium which approaches the Mormon Tabernacle in acoustic advantages. Set down in New York, it would command an enormous rental for great musical conventions, political meetings, and lectures.

Suppose Mr. Beecher were announced to lecture in this tabernacle, centrally located in New York, the admission might be ten cents and the receipts large enough. The influence of such a building on popular intelligence, and the progress of good causes, can hardly be exaggerated.

I do not doubt that within a hundred years, 20,000 people will listen to the burning words of a future Patrick Henry, while he presents

the duty of the hour. If worse comes to worst, we can get a Mormon angel to build a large hall for us.

The only thing in the revelations of the latter day saints, which seems to give any color to their claims, is found in the acoustic miracle of their great tabernacle. We must not decide against them until some one else can furnish a comfortable auditorium for 10,000 persons.

CHAPTER XXV.

A WORD ABOUT THE CHINESE.

One cannot write a book about California without saying something of the Chinese.

In California there are 140,000 Chinese men, and about 6,000 Chinese women.

With the exception of a few hundred merchants, the men are engaged as farmers, house servants, miners, shoemakers, cigar makers, manufacturers of ready-made clothing, and other mechanical occupations. They are industrious, honest, sober and thrifty. They do not get into the poorhouse, are remarkably healthy, rarely become inmates of hospitals, and are singularly quiet and peaceful. A large part of the 6,000 Chinese women are occupied as a majority of the first 6,000 white women were.

CHINESE WAITERS.

This side of Ogden the eating-houses employed white waiters; beyond Ogden we explained our stomach needs to the Mongolian. The contrast was striking.

This side of Ogden the waiters rushed, shouted and blundered. The other side they glided, spoke just above a whisper, forgot nothing, and made few blunders, in spite of the language difficulties. At each station beyond Ogden, I asked the proprietor or person in charge how he liked Chinese help. The first one replied:

"It is the best help I ever employed." All spoke favorably of it.

I stood on the rear platform of the car while crossing the Sierras, and observed standing by my side, an intelligent Irishman intent on the track. I inquired if he was a track master. He said, "Yes," and I asked him what he thought of the Chinese as railroad laborers. He exclaimed:

"I wish they were all at the bottom of the sea."

"But what do you think of them as laborers?"

"Oh! they are good enough."

"But tell me more. What *do* you *really* think of them?"

"They are good men on a railroad."

"Suppose you owned the road yourself, which would you prefer, Chinese or white laborers?"

"On some accounts, I should prefer the Chinese."

"On what accounts would you prefer them?"

"Well, one reason would be because they always come on Monday morning."

To a railroad man, the fact that laborers do not get drunk on Sunday, but come promptly on Monday morning, fresh from Sunday's rest, is important.

OUR FIRST CHINESE COOK.

Our first camp cook was a very little Chinaman, not more than four feet ten, and weighing *not* more than ninety pounds. I think

he knew eight words—eat, coffee, tea, oysters, beef, chicken, rice and all-e-same.

Rice he pronounced with an L in place of the R; the common Chinaman cannot speak the letter R. You can imagine how we felt at the pit of the stomach when Sing asked us if we would have rice; and to make the matter worse he would repeat the word several times—“Rice! rice! rice!”

I tried to teach him how to speak it. It really did seem necessary to our digestion, that we should either give up rice, or that Sing should learn to begin the word with an R; but I found that his tongue could not compass it, so we continued to eat rice with a “hell” to it, as our young Englishman put it.

Just before we broke up in the Autumn we reviewed our Summer in the mountains.

We differed about many things, but we all agreed that Sing had never failed to have our food on time when it was possible, that he had never failed to make good coffee, good tea and good roasts; that he always came to the table

in a clean jacket and with clean hands; that in short he was a perfect cook and waiter.

When you are told that the difficulties in the way of a cook in camp-life are numerous, that often in California it is well nigh impossible to get fuel or good water, and that we had no ice, you will conclude that Sing achieved a great victory.

We were conscious all summer that our food department was managed by a superior intelligence. I do not believe we could have found a white man on the coast, who under the same circumstances would have achieved such complete results.

Considering that our little cook could not understand our conversation, that he was practically living alone in the mountains, he was wonderfully cheerful and contented. He went about his tasks humming some Chinese air, and always seemed to feel that his \$25 a month filled the measure of his ambition.

He did the laundry work for the party, and always to our satisfaction. Sometimes it was

difficult to get the needed water, but he kept us clean, and besides managed to have a few quarts of water for his evening bath, which he contrived to take after we had all turned in.

His cleanliness of person, of his clothing, of his cooking utensils, and our "silver plate" or tin dishes, was a surprise and pleasure.

SING'S FLUTE.

We were camping in the neighborhood of a small mining camp, when Sing came to ask permission to visit some of his countrymen who were serving as cooks among the miners. I gave the desired permission. Sing was gone till a late hour, and came back full of Chinese brandy. There was no staggering, no uncertain movements. The breakfast was ready a little earlier than usual, but Sing did a good deal of laughing, a very unusual thing for him.

We moved up the mountain side about fifteen miles that day, and after supper Sing disappeared. We wondered why he was absent, and were afraid he had found some more country-

men, and more brandy. While talking about him we heard sweet music. The tune was not familiar, but the tone of the instrument was clearly that of a flute. It was very sweet, and we listened for an hour, when Sing returned and in a shy way showed us his flute. He had procured a piece of Chinese bamboo from his friends in the mining camp below, and with a hot nail burned the holes which transformed it into a flute.

The instrument was one with which I had long been familiar, and I found that all the intervals were exact.

This illustrates Chinese accuracy and precision. All their manipulations in cooking, in wrapping and parcelling, in measuring, in everything I have seen them do, are singularly exact and precise. If I were asked what mental peculiarity of the Chinese had most impressed me, I should say it was this precision and exactness. It may be observed in all their laundry work.

I may as well state here that our Chinese

cook during the second and third summer was quite as satisfactory. He was a very large man, about six feet, well shaped and strikingly *distingue* in bearing and manner.

I have seen in San Francisco not a few Chinamen weighing from 200 to 240 lbs. Among the better classes the men are often very large and of noble presence.

THE CHINESE AS WORKMEN.

During the three winters of our stay in California we resided in San Francisco or Oakland, and saw much of the Chinese. We studied them.

They are so deft with their fingers that a Chinaman is worth much more than a white man in picking berries and fruits.

The railroad bosses spoke to me of their skill in the use of the shovel and pick. More than one of them said that while a Chinaman was not as strong as a white man, he would accomplish quite as much work with the pick and shovel *because* of his greater intelligence.

Their gardens are managed with rare skill. I was struck with their ingenuity in conducting water for irrigation.

Our laundry work was done by Chinamen. We found them uniformly honest, clean, prompt and courteous, while their charges were reasonable.

We boarded at a hotel in Oakland two winters. The cooks, table waiters and chambermaids were all Chinese. The general opinion in the house, was, that the service was the best they had ever enjoyed.

A Chinaman made my shoes, and they were satisfactory. For a wonder the shoes were done on time. That comes near being a miracle. The feat was performed three times.

THE CHINAMAN'S HANDS.

The Chinaman shows a pair of handsome hands. They are small, the fingers taper and the skin does not readily harden under rough labor. I saw 800 Chinamen at work upon the Central Pacific railroad, and studied their hands.

Not one hand showed the usual large joints

and clump fingers of the pick and shovel brigade. The overseer pointed out a group, with the remark:

“They have been at work upon the Central Pacific four years and it is rare that one of them misses a day.”

These men all had the pretty, taper fingers. I spoke of it to the overseer. He said:

“After four years of pick and shovel, their hands are handsomer than those of our dry goods clerks.”

“Why do not their joints swell like those of the white laborer?” I asked.

“I don’t know, unless they are a finer blooded race. You know that is one of the peculiarities of the blooded horse—his joints and limbs never swell, while the legs of the scrub swell by simply standing in the stable.” This was an intelligent white man’s reply.

WHAT OTHERS SAID ABOUT THE CHINESE.

My wife and I, being quite at leisure, gave ourselves up, for the first time in our united life,

to social enjoyment. Our contact with families from the East was broad and constant. Such persistent and thoughtful hospitality, I venture to say, cannot be found any where else in the world.

Just as in the South before the war the Negro question was sure to figure in every conversation, so in California, the Chinese question was always before the house.

Since our return to Boston, we have frequently recalled those conversations about the Chinese. We cannot remember one word from an intelligent, respectable white man or woman against them. I wish to be careful in my statements. What I mean is, that we cannot remember *one word spoken against the Chinese, growing out of the personal observations* of any intelligent, respectable white man or woman.

Many told us dreadful stories of the conduct down in the Chinese quarter. But not one of the 200 ladies and gentlemen with whom we discussed the Chinese, uttered one word against them, *of her or his own knowledge.*

And when we remember that they nearly all employed Chinese servants, this is a very remarkable fact. We often contrasted it with the conversations about servants among ladies at the East.

Scores of ladies commented with much feeling upon the change in their households since the employment of the Chinese. In a company of about twenty of the better class of ladies, they all agreed to the statement:

“I never knew the comfort and pleasure of housekeeping till we hired Chinese.”

We dined one evening with the R's, one of the wealthy families. The dinner was elaborate; the plate very rich. When engaged upon the last of the eight perfect courses, my wife asked the lady of the house:

“What had you to do with the preparation of this dinner?”

“Nothing whatever. I did not know what our dinner would be any more than you did. I only told Charley that we were to have six *friends* with us. He buys everything and man-

ages just as he would if we were boarding here. My husband pays the bills once a month. I turned to the husband with the question:

“How do you find the bills compare with the former regime?”

“The bills are not as large and the meals are ten times as good,” was his reply.

“Do you know any one else who manages as you do?” I asked.

“Oh! yes, I fancy they all manage about the same way. If you trust these fellows they won’t cheat you. I am confident the girls we used to employ stole ten dollars where these chaps steal one.”

CHINESE IN THE TULE SWAMPS.

The tulé swamps of California, when turned up to the air, emit a deadly malaria. White men quickly succumb. I saw a party of thirteen Irishmen ditching a tulé patch. Within four days six were attacked with malarial fever. The others quit work in fear, not one being quite well. Eight Chinamen were employed

to finish the job. In three weeks the ditch was done. The little brown men took their money and left, healthy and happy.

The tulé swamps of California are immense in extent. Their redemption, by a system of enormous levees, is one of the great tasks of the country. Thousands of Chinamen wallow in the black mud, often up to their hips. They live in this foul mire year after year, giving to white men vast areas of the richest land in the world, and receiving themselves only a dollar a day. These redeemed tulé swamps are by far the most valuable land in the State. None but the Chinese could redeem them.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CHINESE SABBATH SCHOOLS.

Another fact, which will help the reader to arrive at a true conception of the standing of the Chinese among the better class of white people on the Pacific Coast, is the Chinese Sabbath School.

Almost every Protestant church has one. The vestry room is used for this purpose. I think I visited ten of these schools, and was everywhere assured that the ladies who teach in them were among the best; often wealthy and fashionable.

The Roman Catholic Church has not, as yet, joined in this Christian work. But this church has done a vast deal of earnest work in China.

Father Buchard, a Catholic Priest, declared in a famous address in San Francisco, delivered *in the midst* of a shouting, yelling crowd, and

reported in "The Monitor," a Catholic paper in San Francisco, that:

"These pagans, these vicious, these immoral creatures are incapable of rising to the virtue inculcated by the religion of Jesus Christ, the world's Redeemer."

But the best men in that church do not cherish this opinion, else their missionary work in China would be abandoned.

They claim 2,000,000 communicants there, and have welcomed, in San Francisco, Father Peter, Father Theodore, and Father Sian, priests of the Chinese race, who have baptised white children and shrived white adults.

The Chinese Young Men's Christian Associations are numerous. They have fine rooms, pay all their expenses themselves, and entertain with prodigal hospitality. I frequently visited them and never without receiving some proffer of food, or tea.

BUT THEY COME AS COOLIES.

But they come as slaves! They are "coolies!"

I suppose I have heard this statement from the enemies of the Chinese, fifty times.

Not one of these objections, so far as I know, were ever made against Negro slave labor. But all at once people have found out that it is very dangerous to have slavery among us.

I do not propose to argue the coolie question; every one who cares to know has learned that Chinamen have never come to this country as coolies or slaves. They come just as free as our own people go from the East. It is true that a great many of them emigrate with the aid of money furnished by the six companies; if they live, they pay back the money. But it is not true that the six companies have any other claim upon them than that which one white man has upon another.

You remember that Congress sent a committee of our best men to the Pacific Coast, to investigate the Chinese question. That good and great patriot, Senator Morton of Indiana, was the chairman of the committee.

At the conclusion of a long and patient investigation of the coolie charge, during which the enemies of the Chinese resorted to every means to sustain it, Senator Morton, in summing up, said, it was plain that there was not the slightest taint of the coolie or slave in the case.

He said it was true that a good many of the Chinese emigrants borrowed money to come with, but so did thousands of our men, from the East. He said he saw no difference between them, except the Chinese paid the debt, and the whites often did not.

The only grain of truth in the coolie charge is this—the Chinese prostitutes are generally owned by those who import them; but even this ownership does not hold a moment when the girls appeal to the courts.

In the case of the men there is never anything like ownership. They simply agree to return money lent, and if the money is not paid the lender can sue. He rarely has occasion to urge his claim. The Chinese pay their debts.

THEY SEND THEIR BONES TO CHINA.

"They send their bones to China," is a constant complaint.

I found the Chinese graveyard of San Francisco large and beautiful. My companion, who hated the Chinese, said, when I called his attention to the stretches of graves.

"Oh! yes, but they are sure to take them up by and bye and ship them to China. They won't leave the least bit of a finger."

I suggested to him, and repeat the suggestion here, that some arrangement might be made, perhaps through a new treaty, to keep those bones in this country. Let the deep anxiety among our people in regard to them, be vividly portrayed to the Chinese government. It might be well to send a commission. If a dignified course should be pursued, I have no doubt that the Chinese government would issue a solemn mandate to its people:

"Let those bones remain in America."

And pending these negotiations, something

might be done by a direct appeal to the Chinese in this country. A kindly temper on our part might at least induce them to leave the smaller bones. Even the bones of the little toe would be some comfort.

THEY SEND THEIR MONEY TO CHINA.

Another common complaint against the Chinese in California, is that they send their money to China instead of spending it here.

Those who have studied this question, think the Mongolians send home about ten per cent of their earnings. This estimate is probably too high. I do not believe that five per cent of the money earned by the Chinese in this country, goes to China. In this estimate I do not include the money sent there to buy rice and other articles consumed here.

And where the Chinese send one dollar to China to buy food and clothing, the whites on the coast send fifty dollars abroad to purchase articles of luxury.

But suppose that the Chinese send half their

earnings to China, they can't send their labor away; that remains here, in the railroads, tulé swamps, levees and other monuments of their patient toil.

What is the cloud hanging over the future of the Pacific States? Is it not the *certain* depreciation of silver? The whole world has banded against it. Even in this country where it is one of the great products, we are piling it up in countless millions, with little prospect of finding use for it. About the only spot on earth where it can be put away and not come back to trouble us, is China.

The Chinese send home *silver*, not gold. If they could be induced to send *all* their earnings to China and would contrive to keep them there, California could afford to pay them large wages. I have heard more than one intelligent gentleman on the coast make exactly this statement.

There is less than nothing in the objection that the Chinese send their money out of the country.

THE CHINESE MERCHANT'S CONVENIENT

PIGTAIL.

One day while in Oakland, I saw a gentlemanly Chinaman, who I afterward learned was a merchant in San Francisco, entering a car. A young hoodlum, about ten years of age, seized him by the queue or pigtail and jerked him to the ground. The boy did not run; he had no occasion to. If the Chinaman had resented the wrong he would have been set upon by a dozen men.

That trick of jerking the Chinaman by the queue, which forms such a convenient handle, is good fun for the hoodlums. A boy eight years old can go into a company of a dozen Chinamen and jerk one or all of them by the queue, without risk. If the Chinaman should chastise one of these rude boys, no matter under what provocation, he would be guilty of attacking a white child, and that would be the beginning of a "terrible uprising among the Chinese."

An uprising, it is always best to put down with a strong hand.

MICHAEL O'SHEA'S "BIT OF A KNOCK-DOWN."

I was passing up beautiful Broadway in Oakland, arm in arm with a friend, when Michael O'Shea, walking in the same direction, passed us. I knew Mr. O'Shea, a man of property but who was in the habit of drinking to excess. As he passed, he was saying to himself with a threatening movement of his fist:

"I'll give it to 'em."

I said to my friend:

"He's after the pigtail brethren."

We hurried on to see what might happen. Within a block, Mr. O'Shea came upon two Chinese boys, standing by the window of a book store, looking at some pictures. The boys were not more than thirteen or fourteen years old, quite small, and dressed in pretty hats, blue broadcloth blouses and white soled shoes.

Mr. O'Shea, a large, strong man, struck the *first* of the two boys on the side of the head,

knocked him against the other, and both fell.

I was President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and wore on the lappel of my vest, a silver star as a badge. Under the laws of the State, I was obliged to wear this as evidence that I had certain powers of arrest without warrant. I turned back my coat collar, showed my star, and siezed Mr. O'Shea.

He was astonished that I cared for "a bit of a knock-down" like that.

"The blathering haythen had no business in this counthry."

I took him to the lock-up and next morning appeared against him. A crowd of Mr. O'Shea's friends were in court, astonished that any one should interfere with their "Chinese-must-go" friend.

Mr. O'Shea was fined six dollars for getting drunk, and twenty dollars for striking the boys.

He paid the fine, and on passing out of court said to me with ominous fist movements:

"You will hear from me."

I sprang to my feet and demanded that Mr. O'Shea be arrested for his threat; but withdrew my demand upon receiving from him an humble apology and a promise to behave himself.

The attacks upon the Chinese are of daily occurrence, the Chinaman has no rights which the smallest hoodlum is bound to respect or fears to violate.

“A WHITE MAN AS IS A WHITE MAN.”

The following is a specimen of the proceedings of the Anti-Chinese meetings as reported in the daily papers of San Francisco.

“The Seventh Ward Anti-Coolie Club met last evening. After the business was transacted, a gentleman who had felt the evils of Chinese invasion, asked permission of the club to make a few remarks, and said:

“‘Mr. Gintlemin and Prisidint, I have some remarks to make on this great thing. I’ve been wurricking amongst these haythens as foremin and head boss over some iv ’em, and you bet *your life* I knocked ’em down whin iver they tuk

any airs on themselves wid me. I am a white man as is a white man, and, Mr. Prisdint, I claim as how whin a man is a white man, he should aither be a white man or lave the counthry. I showed thim are haythens as I was a white man, and forninst such emplied Chinamen. Why, sur, I seed these min who emplied these Chinamin, actually give 'em a chaw of terbacker, and indulgin 'em in every way and manner as was possible to indulge 'em, and I was discharged because I knocked 'em down whin they tuk too many liberties wid me. Yis, sur."

CURIOUS WORK OF THE HOODLUMS.

While we were in San Francisco, the following appeared in one of the morning newspapers:

"On Sunday afternoon while a small Chinese youth was pursuing the even tenor of his way along Clementina street, near Eighth, he was suddenly set upon by a crowd of hoodlums, one of whom bravely knocked off his hat. As the little fellow turned around to regain his lost *property*, the entire gang of valiant young Amer-

icans pitched into him with rocks, clubs and articles of warfare, cutting a large gash in the back of his head, and finally left him senseless on the pavement. He was picked up by some of his countrymen and carried into a wash-house where his wounds were dressed. During this outrage, a crowd of interested, full grown male and female hoodlums stood rubbing their hands over the fun, which they did not try to interrupt."

CHAPTER XXVII.

RELIABLE TESTIMONY.

Mrs. Arthur, the widow of Rev. J. H. Arthur, the lamented Japanese missionary, writes me after four years of life in Japan and much acquaintance with the Chinese, that she thinks the Japanese compare with the Chinese about as the French compare with the English.

She says the Japanese hold the Chinese in very high esteem. The Court language of Japan is Chinese. Japanese law books and important scientific works are printed in the Chinese language, and in the Japanese magazines and newspapers there is hardly a paragraph in which a Chinese character is not employed to give fulness and strength. Mrs. Arthur informs me that the foreign bankers in Japan employ

Chinese in important and confidential positions. They are regarded as able financiers.

Mr. N. T. Allen, principal of the old and excellent preparatory school at West Newton, Massachusetts, has had several Asiatics in his school, and speaks very warmly of their morals and manners, and with great enthusiasm of their intellectual capacity.

At my bank of deposit in San Francisco, I noticed a Chinaman at work among the clerks, and asked the teller if they employed Chinese. Thinking, I suppose, that I might be picking up evidence against the bank, he sent me to the cashier.

I told that gentleman I was very much interested in the Chinese, and wished to learn what his experience with them had been. Conducting me to the door of his private office, he pointed to the Chinese clerk whom I had observed, and said:

“That fellow is a miracle! We have a good many complicated interest problems, some of which would require considerable time and care

with the pencil; we give such difficult problems to that pigtailer. He is ready with the answer as soon as the question is stated. I tell you he's a miracle! There's a mighty sight more behind those quiet faces than most of us imagine."

I visited a large shoe manufactory in which the workmen were Chinese. The proprietor told me the Chinese overseer was the brightest man in accounts he had ever met, and then added:

"I reckon if we got right down to naked facts, a Chinaman has a mighty sight sharper brain than a white man."

An intelligent, wealthy and christian lady, who has been greatly interested in the Chinese, told me some remarkable stories of their mental aptitude. She took a class of six boys, who as household servants had become familiar with many words of our language, and undertook to teach them to write. After two lessons of an hour each, one of them sat down in her presence *and wrote a letter, bad enough in its spelling*

and arrangement, but there was clearly an intelligent use of certain words. After four lessons of an hour each, another boy wrote a letter in her presence. After six lessons, still another; and after eight, ten and twelve lessons respectively, the other three each wrote her a letter. She gave those letters to me; I still have them. The last three were beautifully written, intelligible and intelligent; one of them bright and playful.

I asked a gentleman familiar with the Chinese people, a missionary among them for seventeen years and well acquainted with the intellectual capacity of our own people, how long he thought it would take six bright white boys to perform a similar feat in the Chinese language. The answer was, "From three to five years; but then, I suppose their language is more difficult than ours."

The teachers in the Chinese evening schools of San Francisco and Oakland, spoke with the warmest enthusiasm of the mental capacity of the Chinese boys.

I visited the famous Mission Woollen Mill in San Francisco, and asked the overseer, an Irishman, what he thought of the capacity of the Chinese. He said:

“They’re as smart as lightning.”

When I asked what the result to that corporation would be if the Chinese were driven out of the country, he replied with emphasis:

“We should close our doors and stop business.”

Another woollen manufacturer told me they could not carry on business without the Chinese. He said their nimble fingers, close attention, patience and freedom from intemperance made them invaluable.

When I speak of their freedom from intemperance, you will ask, “How about opium?”

The Rev. Otis Gibson, who knows more of the Chinese in California than any other man, who has no maudlin sentimentality about them, and who commands the respect of their bitterest enemies, said, in answer to my question:

“What proportion of the Chinese use opium?”

“Of the Chinese now in San Francisco, whose habits are worse than those outside the city, about one in eleven uses opium.”

TESTIMONY OF BAYARD TAYLOR.

Returning from China, Bayard Taylor wrote that China is perfectly honeycombed with nameless and destructive vices. Bayard Taylor was a good and great man. I think there have been but few Americans so thoroughly good; but it is never safe to trust a white man in his statements about one who is not white. It is the habit of the white man to see crooked and talk crooked about people who are not white. I have no doubt Mr. Taylor heard such testimony from white people living in China, but it is not true. Like most statements by Americans and Englishmen about the Chinese, it is false. You hear the same statement about the Chinese in California, and there is no doubt that the Chinese there, like the Americans who first went to that State, have exceedingly bad habits.

I heard it stated, in a public address in San

Francisco, by a highly intelligent and respectable gentleman, that the Chinese in California were honeycombed with horrible vices which must ever remain nameless among a christian people.

Suppose, dear reader, some one should point to a group of men and tell you that they were honeycombed with horrible vices, and you were to learn that they were the healthiest men in the community, working, if you please, in a laundry from sixteen to eighteen hours each day, and almost never falling sick; that they were wonderfully hardy and enduring, and retained a strange youthfulness into and past middle age: what would you think about the statement that they were "perfectly honeycombed with horrible vices?" You would know it was false.

It is for exactly this reason that I know that the statement about the Chinese in California, and Mr. Taylor's statement about the Chinese in China, are among those reckless misrepresentations which the Anglo-Saxon is constantly making about the Indians, Negroes and *Mongolians*. The white man never has, and I fear

never will tell the truth about a black, a brown or a yellow man.

There is no doubt the Chinese have bad habits; but their opium is not half so bad as our tobacco, and they are not given to drunkenness and other vices as are white men.

THE CHINESE LANGUAGE.

The Rev. Otis Gibson, the famous Chinese missionary, now resident in San Francisco, one of the strong men of the Pacific Coast, to whom reference has already been made, greatly interested me in his portrayal of the difficulty of learning the Chinese language, and of the corresponding difficulty of the Chinese learning our language.

He said that to learn all the languages of Europe is child's play; but when you approach the Chinese language you find yourself standing before the Himalaya range of mountains.

He tried to explain to me that the whole habit of thought, the whole mental drift was so utterly unlike ours, that one had to create a new world

before he could construct sentences in the Chinese language; and that after years of labor in China, the missionary would conquer only two hundred words or so, while before him was that vast mass of 150,000 words.

THE CHINESE FILL OUR ASYLUMS.

At a memorable Anti-Chinese Convention in San Francisco, presided over by the Governor of the State, and held under circumstances which gave it commanding influence, an Anti-Chinese Memorial to Congress was adopted and a committee of well-known citizens appointed to bear it across the Continent.

The writer of that document was mistaken about the facts. The Memorial stated that "the Chinese fill our asylums."

The Almshouse, one of the asylums of San Francisco, had, during the year previous to the meeting, 498 inmates. Among them were 143 natives of the United States, 197 natives of Ireland, and 158 of all other nations, but not a

single Chinaman. This was the official report of the Superintendent.

In the other asylum, the hospital, there have been during the year, 3,975 patients. Of these 1,112 were natives of the United States, 1,308 natives of Ireland, 68 were natives of China.

But my reader will exclaim:

“This is impossible! they certainly would not manufacture lies out of whole cloth.”

My dear innocent, the Anti-Chinese movement in California has never given any attention to facts. To state that the almshouse of San Francisco was filled with Chinamen when there had not been one in it during the previous twelve months, would not choke the Anti-Chinese party in San Francisco. I have known them to circulate scores of stories without a shadow of truth.

AS CITIZENS THEY WILL STRENGTHEN US.

America is engaged in a great experiment. Thousands in Europe watch our progress with

deep anxiety. Should we fail, I believe they would mourn more than we.

If we could fully comprehend the value of the great work we have in hand, we should be filled with painful solicitude.

The great danger that hovers over our experiment in self government comes from ignorance and intemperance. To these I would add a certain temperamental incapacity among a large class of our adopted citizens.

This temperamental incapacity, with ignorance and drink, has almost resulted in a wretched failure in New York, and perhaps I might add, in two or three other cities. New York has been carried on the shoulders of its native and agricultural population for many years.

I have lived much in France, and think I understand the incapacity of French people for self government. In my own country, I have studied the political drift of Germans, French, English, Irish and Scotch, and believe I have learned to rate them, as citizens of the Republic, *at their true value*. It is my opinion that no

foreigners have ever come to our shores whose temperament, intelligence and habits so fit them to contribute to the permanency of our government, as the Chinese. I am certain that the addition of 5,000,000 Chinese to our population would add incalculably to our chances of final success.

Americans laugh at the possibility of any danger to our government. Let us forget, if we can, our narrow escape in the war of the Rebellion. Surely we cannot ignore the events of the winter of '76 and '77, when through good luck or good Providence, we were saved from a bloody and final civil war.

This, the Maine election case, and the government of New York City for the last twenty years, warn us that we are drifting on the rocks. It is not the part of wisdom or patriotism to sing "all is well" with such startling events in our recent history.

The Chinese possess in rare degree the temperament and habits which will help us to secure *the permanence* of our institutions. If we would

treat them so that they would love us and our institutions, they would become an invaluable factor in the great citizenship.

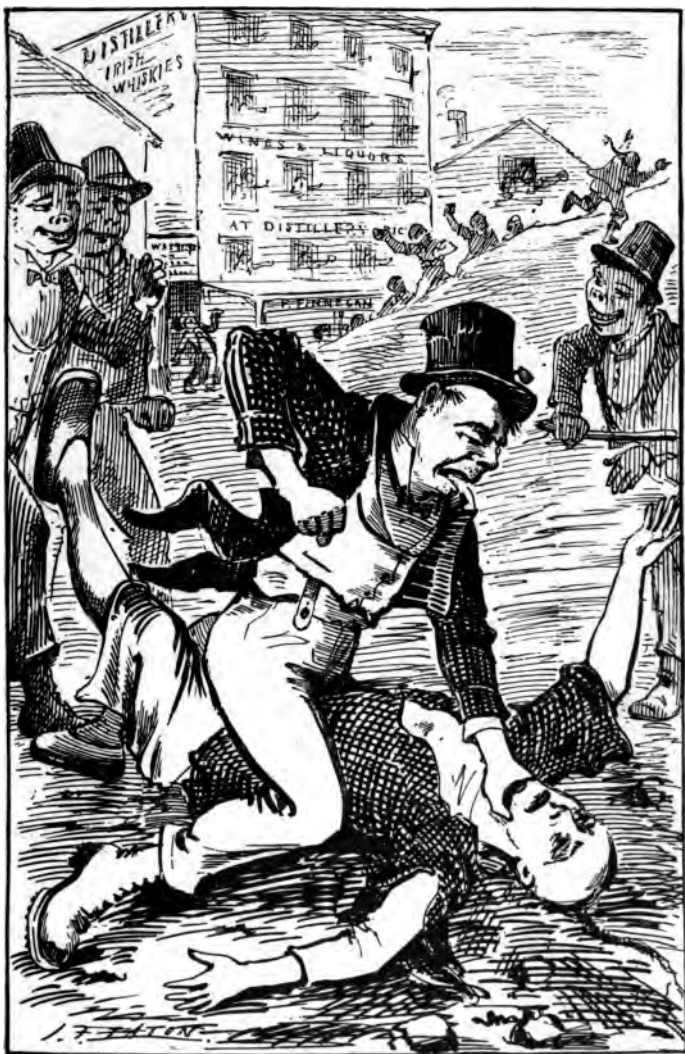
People in California complain that the Chinese will not assimilate. A picture which would exactly illustrate the situation, would represent a white man sitting astride a Chinaman, pounding his face with his fists, and crying out:

“——you, why don't you assimilate?”

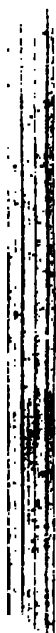
I do not recall, in the public life of America, anything more undemocratic, anything meaner, nor any more shameful subserviency to street ignorance and brutality, than the recent Chinese treaty, permitting educated Chinamen to come to this country at pleasure, and shutting out those who come to work. Nine Americans out of ten, who have read this treaty, are ashamed and indignant.

IN CONCLUSION.

The white man will continue to over-ride and wrong the Mongolian, because the white man *can fight*; the Mongolian cannot.



“— YOU! WHY DON'T YOU ASSIMILATE?” (See page 386.)



A few thousand English soldiers, for the greater part low, ignorant men, but with great fighting capacity, will continue to rule India, though in point of intellectual, moral and religious development they are greatly inferior to the natives of that country. I have seen a dozen or more Hindoos, and have been impressed with their intelligence and refinement; but it was clear they were not fighting men. A tiger would put to flight a thousand horses. A brutal bully, with a club, entering a drawing room filled with the first ladies of the land, would soon put them all to flight.

I do not mean to compare the tiger or the bully to the white man. I am only trying to illustrate the advantage of fighting talent.

I suppose we shall continue to treat the Chinaman as we treated the Negro. It would seem that our experience with the black man should have taught us something; but it evidently has not.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ABOUT THE CLIMATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Of all the agencies which influence our happiness and destiny, climate is the most potent.

If our Pilgrim forefathers had landed at the mouth of the Mississippi instead of on the coast of New England, the character of American civilization would have differed widely from that which prevails to-day.

During the discussion of the proposition to annex San Domingo to the United States, one of our brightest thinkers said:

“Select ten choice families from New England, the heads of which may all be exemplary deacons. Let them remove to San Domingo. The third generation will not, on Sabbath mornings, dress in immaculate suits and demurely walk to church, but in shabby clothes, bare-



“In the distance are mountains covered with snow. In a few hours the train brings you down to Sacramento and sweltering heat.”
(See chap. xxviii. p. 388.)



footed, hair sticking out of the tops of their hats, armed with pistols and bowie knives, a rooster under each arm, they will make their way to the cock fight."

It is hardly possible that such a climate as that of San Domingo should produce a high type of civilization.

Give Massachusetts the climate of Florida, and within two years her people will begin to lose the moral vitality which is their most precious characteristic.

The inhabitant of the Torrid zone is the son of a rich man. He has no need to exert himself. His faculties sleep. The inhabitant of the Frigid zone is the son of a very poor man. He must devote his whole life to the struggle for existence. The inhabitant of the Temperate zone is the son of a man who has enough to give his offspring leisure for mental growth, but not enough to excuse him from constant effort.

VARIATIONS IN TEMPERATURE.

The climate of California differs greatly from:

that of the Atlantic States in the same latitude. In San Francisco there are but eight degrees difference between the mean temperatures of summer and winter. The ground is never stiffened by cold, and the ice never forms thicker than window glass. During our winter in San Francisco there was not a day we could not pick fragrant roses from the bushes in our front yard.

From the latter part of April no rain falls for six months; during the other six, there is more or less rain, though sometimes in the middle of winter, when rain is expected and most needed, not a drop will fall in two months. During the two winters we remained in Oakland there was rain one day in ten; but most of the time we had beautiful, sunny weather.

The nights in California are strangely cool. The thermometer may be one hundred at noon, and at night, if sleeping out, you will need thick blankets.

Snow is very rare on the coast and in the

valleys, but upon the mountains it often falls to the depth of sixty to eighty feet.

No country in the world has such cool summers and warm winters. When the winds blow from the ocean it never rains; when from the land it is showery, and resembles May day on the Atlantic Coast.

At London and Amsterdam there are about sixty unclouded days in the year; at New York, one hundred; at Los Angeles two hundred and forty.

During the summer, the atmosphere, away from the immediate coast, is so exceedingly dry that meat hung up in a sack on the limb of a tree, dries without taint. One often sees by the roadside the carcass of a sheep or cow dried like a mummy, without any rent in the hide. I left a pocket knife lying on the ground. Two months after, I returned and found it in the same place, as bright as when I left it.

The weather bureau in Washington may devote the entire month of June to getting up weather for the 4th of July, and the chances

are two in three that they will miss it. But in California, a child six years old, with both hands tied behind him, can tell you the weather for the 4th, ten years ahead. This goes far to confirm the opinion, prevalent on the coast among parents, that their children are the smartest in the world.

UNINTERRUPTED SUNSHINE.

The climate of California is a great surprise to the new comer. He, perhaps, is from New England, and has always been accustomed to sudden and sharp changes. He is now in one of the interior valleys of California.

It is April. For 150 days the sun rises clear every morning and sets clear every evening. Every day is filled with bright sunshine. Every night the heavens glow with stars. Not a drop of rain, no dew.

The 150 days are all alike. The 150 nights are all alike.

The New Englander makes an appointment *with a friend* to go fishing the 4th of July, and

forgetting where he is, adds, "if it does not rain." But he soon learns better than to indulge in that sort of *if*. He can prognosticate weather for the 4th of July with absolute certainty.

No umbrella need be taken, even on a six months' trip. During our first year, beginning with the 10th of April, we had 166 days and nights almost without a cloud. It really takes a whole season to get over the astonishment. The weather, which has all your life been a synonym for fickleness, you find as reliable as the law of gravitation.

One of our camping companions rung the changes, day after day, on:

"Strange! Surprising! Wonderful! Amazing! Why this is not weather! Well I never!" &c.

The first morning after you arrive in California, you exclaim:

"This is a delightful morning!" The next you say: "This is another delightful morning!" The next you declare: "This is superb!"

But you soon notice that people smile, and then laugh at you. For six months you say not

another word about the weather, but wonder and wonder!

It certainly is delightful,—this balmy, sweet, bright sunshine, and it certainly is very convenient to plan business or pleasure without regard to the weather. My Eastern reader will recall the hail storms, snow storms, 20 degrees below zero, sweltering heat, drenching rains and all the rest of the 267 kinds of weather of which Mark Twain speaks, and think that the climate of California must be a paradise.

We all enjoyed it immensely, and were unanimous in the opinion that climate is an important factor in the comfort and pleasure of life.

THE VALUE OF CAMP LIFE.

In reply to any disparagements which may be made on the climate of the Pacific Coast, you will say:

“My friend was in consumption. He was emaciated and coughed day and night. The doctors gave him up. He went to California,

and in six months was fat and hearty. What do you say to that?"

I do not doubt it. Thousands could tell the same story and tell the truth.

Let me relate a very wonderful case of restoration in California. It is true and only one of thousands that might be cited.

A little girl was desperately sick with bowel disease. The malady had gone on until the sufferer was but a shadow. The mother was at length told that she must try out-door air, in the Foot Hills. So leaving her beautiful home in a California village, she took her dying child, borne gently upon a stretcher, out into the Foot Hills. She was warned that a tent might spoil all. There must be no roof over them.

They had been out two weeks when we came upon them, and we shall never forget the joyful tears and ejaculations of that happy mother.

"Why! we had not been out here twenty-four hours before my darling smiled and begged for something to eat. She has improved so rapidly that I can't believe my eyes. I really

think she is gaining half a pound every day."

This patient was not from New England, but from one of the most beautiful and healthful villages in California.

Thousands of sick persons resident in the State have been cured by camping out.

This is well understood there. You frequently hear even farmer's wives and daughters say, after complaining of ill health:

"Oh! I shall be all right as soon as I can camp out for a few weeks."

I could fill this volume with the recital of cases which came under my observation, or which were enthusiastically related to me, of sick persons residing in California who were cured by camping out.

Indeed, the most remarkable cases that I met with, were of persons who resided in the State, and not of persons recently from the East. All of which means, that house air is bad and out of door air good.

About this there can be no doubt, and it is well to intimate, just here, that all persons who

have not the courage to dress properly and go out freely and constantly in this climate, will do well to go where it is so warm that they cannot live in doors, and so are compelled to live out. It is these indolent, timid people who get the most good from Florida and Southern California. They will not live out in the sunshine and fresh air, here or anywhere, unless the heat compels them to leave the house.

I have an invalid brother-in-law, living in Kohala, Sandwich Islands, who has abandoned his profession and become a sugar planter. He left his home in Kohala in August, weak, thin and miserable, and came to New England, where he stayed till the first of December, a part of the time at my house. During his three months here he gained twenty-five pounds, and returned, apparently a well man.

Hundreds of persons in California, suffering from various forms of chronic invalidism, have found in the New England climate a vitalizing sanitarium.

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A WORD TO EXHAUSTED BRAIN WORKERS
ABOUT CAMP LIFE.

The number of exhausted brain workers is very large. They rest a little, resume work, rest again, work again and soon break down and disappear. Many of them know that they need a long and complete rest, but business and the great expense of hotel life renders protracted rest unmanageable.

The testimony of those who have camped out and slept in the open air, is that this sort of life builds up rapidly and radically.

Three months of camping out and sleeping in the open air will do more for the restoration of exhausted brain workers, than six months of the usual seaside or mountain hotel life, while the expense of camping is merely nominal. Ordinarily it will come within quarter or half a dollar per day for each person. If saddle horses are added the expense is increased.

It is a common impression that camp life in *California* or *Colorado* may do well enough, but

camping out east of the Rocky Mountains, where rain is frequent, is impracticable. Camping can be just as well managed in New England as in California. The only difference is that here one is obliged to use some India rubber.

If a party of half a dozen persons who leave Boston on the 1st of July for two months, camping wish to economize, they may obtain one of the camp beds, of which there are quite a number of good ones now in the market, two pairs of blankets, a rubber blanket and a rubber oil cloth cape for each person; a sheet iron cook stove, a few cooking utensils, tin dishes, knives and forks, some canned meats and vegetables, a little oat meal or flour—in brief, whatever they choose to eat—some fishing tackle, and if disposed to kill birds and other game, a shot gun: go by rail to some point in New Hampshire where they will not be troubled by mosquitoes, and in some dry, sunny place near a good spring and shade trees, pitch their tent, put up their stove, arrange their services as

cook, dishwashers, etc., etc., and their preparations are complete.

The tent should not be used for sleeping, but only for baths, change of flannels, etc. A rubber blanket which can be drawn over the head, leaving a breathing place, will protect from the severest rain storm.

After remaining two or three weeks, a change of location would be advisable and can be easily managed.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CLIMATE LOCALIZATIONS.

The localization, as it may be called, of the climate of California, is one of its most curious features. The most striking contrast I experienced was that between San Francisco and San Rafael, which are on opposite sides of the bay, about fifteen miles apart. San Francisco is naked to the ocean winds, while San Rafael nestles in a little valley behind Mount Tamalpais.

On the 2d. of July, at noon, on the wharf in San Francisco we waited for the boat, and in overcoats shivered with the cold. An hour later we were in San Rafael, where the thermometer stood at 103.

San Francisco and Stockton, which are in the same latitude, not far apart, will average thirty degrees difference during the year.

Judging by your sensations, July and August, in San Francisco, are the coldest months in the year. You need more clothing than in December or January. This queer July weather does not last through the twenty-four hours, only through the middle of the day; the early morning and evening may be oppressively hot.

But this is *exceptional* in the climate of California, and is owing to the strong sea wind from which San Francisco has no protection.

There is also another curious fact. The wind comes from the west and blows furiously over this city, but scarcely affects Oakland, although Oakland is just across the bay east from San Francisco, with nothing intervening.

People who cannot bear the winds of San Francisco cross the bay to Oakland for a change of climate. And it really is a great change.

I have frequently during the summer gone to San Francisco from Oakland with an overcoat on my arm, and found the overcoat a comfort on the other side. Returning at four o'clock in

the afternoon, and sailing from San Francisco straight across the bay with the wind, by the time we reached Oakland, only a few minutes, I had to remove my overcoat and perhaps use a fan, for the wind had ceased. Turning, and looking back across the bay, one could see, by the clouds of dust, that the San Francisco winds were still rampant.

It is precisely the same as if some one living on a prairie, tired of a cold west wind, should hitch up his team and move five miles east on the same flat prairie, for a change of climate.

Of course you will ask the explanation. I could easily repeat the one given, but the climate of the Pacific coast is too large a subject for this little volume. I have only space for a few curious facts, and must refer the inquisitive reader to the more ambitious volumes in which these meteorological questions are discussed.

THAT EASTERN JERK.

In Southern California, they say of any one who walks with a spring:

"He is from the East, but he will soon get over that jerk."

During our first year in California, I suppose fifty persons said to me:

"You are recently from the East, I see. That is not a California walk, but you will learn after awhile."

Give Massachusetts the climate of Southern California, and in one year she would begin to lose her most precious treasures—the force and enterprise of her people.

THE INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE UPON THE BODY.

The best men and women in our labor market to-day are from the British Provinces north-east of us. * The stock of blood does not differ from a large portion of the average working men and women who belong among us; but in the market, a Nova Scotia young woman or young man is preferred to one born and reared in New England.

I do not say that this advantage comes altogether from the difference in climate, but cannot

doubt that a considerable part of it does. I have asked many about their diet and other habits, and cannot learn that they are better or essentially different from those which prevail in New England.

There can be no question that a part of the superior health, strength and toughness of these men and women who come from Nova Scotia is due to their more rugged climate.

In one year, there were buried in Christian, Norway, 6,929 persons. Of this number 394, or 1 in every 18, had lived to the age of 90, and 63 to the age of 100.

In Iceland, as is well known, a remarkably large percentage of the inhabitants live to be over 90 years of age, and retain their youthful vigor and activity to the last.

This statement is also strikingly true of the people in some of the colder portions of Russia. Considering their modes of life, the people of Siberia retain their youthfulness to a very advanced period.

Not one of these statements can be truly

made of any portion of the human race living in tropical climates.

No influence, no agency at work upon the human race contributes so directly, uniformly and effectively to the development of forethought, energy and endurance, as a cold climate. I do not mean the degree of cold which is found in Arctic regions, but that degree found, say, in New England.

Considering the barren soil, and recently the sharp competition with the most favored agricultural districts in the world, I affirm that New England has achieved the largest and most complete results to be found anywhere in the world. No one doubts that the climate of Southern California would have prevented these wonderful results in that part of the country.

During the last thirty years, I have seen, perhaps, as much as any man in the country, of consumption and its treatment. I have known hundreds to leave New York and New England for Florida and Southern California. I have induced many hundreds to remain here, dress in

flannels and live in the saddle. My patients who have remained in the North, for the greater part at home, dressed in flannels and lived in the saddle, have more frequently recovered, and have done far better than those who went to Florida and Southern California.

I have just written a prescription for a young man, a consumptive, who came to ask what portion of Southern California would be best for him. My prescription was this:

“First: Go back to your home in Maine.

“Second: Retire at eight o'clock in the evening. On going to bed fill your stomach with cold water.

“Third: Rise early in the morning. Fill your stomach with cold water and a little lemon juice. Rub your skin all over hard with hair gloves. Fully inflate your lungs and frequently strike your chest half a dozen hard blows with the flat of the hands.

“Fourth: Dress in warm flannels. Keep the feet and legs warm. Spend four hours during the morning in the saddle. Ride slowly. Spend

two hours of the afternoon in the same way. For breakfast and dinner eat a good meal—beef, mutton, bread, potatoes, etc. Drink with each meal a cup of weak tea. Eat nothing for supper.

“Your pulse is now, at six o’clock in the evening, 120; in one month, at the same hour, it will be less than 90.

“The apex of your left lung is studded with tubercles. At one point they have softened. You have genuine consumption. In three months you will be ten pounds heavier. Come back at that time, and see me again. It is my judgment that you will get well.”

It is a general impression that if you can only get far enough away from where you now are, all will be well.

If you could go to Santa Barbara, and see, as I have, a crowd of consumptives from all parts of the Eastern States sitting about in the shade of piazzas and trees, and could talk *with* the physicians and others who live there, *and* learn how few improve, you would, when

sick with lung disease yourself or interested in some other sufferer, feel far less interest in Florida and Southern California.

Even in the spring of the year, which is by far the most trying season on this seaboard, consumptives who dress in flannels, keep feet, legs, hands and arms warm, and throwing aside those silly chest protectors, live in the saddle, or trudge about on foot, are better here than they would be in a warm climate; though I do not hesitate to say that an indolent person, who wishes to eat three square meals a day, cover his chest with foolish pads called chest protectors, and sit over a register in a hot, unventilated room, will do better if in a climate so warm that he is driven out of doors.

There is, even in the hottest parts of Florida and Southern California, more vitality than in an air-tight, furnace-heated room at the north.

The most thrilling passages in the history of Europe picture the mighty avalanche of those northern hordes rushing down upon Southern Europe. The power with which they swept

over the fairest portions of the south, resembled a tornado.

Northern countries, covered with ice, full of rugged severity, have always been the breeding places of power.

I have no doubt that Russia will figure conspicuously in the history of the future, because the climate of a large part of her country is so severe.

THE INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE UPON THE MENTAL FACULTIES.

The influence of the climate of California upon the intellectual activity of children is noteworthy. I had many conversations with teachers on the subject.

One of the brightest teachers I met in the State, one who had had large experience as a teacher of the Latin language, both in Illinois and in California, told me that boys in California learned not more than seventy-five per cent as *much* Latin as in Illinois, about seventy-five per cent as well, and forgot it with alarming facility.

A high-school teacher in one of the cities who had been formerly a teacher in Massachusetts, told me that his boys learned about half as much Latin as boys in Massachusetts, learned it about half as well, and forgot it so quickly that it frightened him.

There is a striking difference between the conversation in California and that in New England. The people in California are very bright, but soon fall into a monotonous conversation about "stocks," "striking it, rich," "style," &c., &c.

The cool nights of California greatly retard the physical and mental demoralization which the absence of a cold season would inevitably produce.

CHAPTER XXX.

A WORD ABOUT TOBACCO.

I am afraid no one will believe me when I say that tobacco is used in far greater excess in California than in this part of the country. It would seem impossible. I think, however, that the statement is really true. Very small boys smoke, and smoke excessively. It is rare to find a man of any age or color who does not smoke. If the facts could be known, I am confident it would be found that California uses more tobacco in proportion to her population than any other part of the country. This is more remarkable as these people can live out of doors almost constantly, and it is true that our in-door life during half of the year, fosters the tobacco habit.

During my journeyings in California, I delivered a good many lectures on the subject of to-

bacco, and in connection with them, had some curious experiences.

For instance: While visiting Dutch Flat, a gentleman passing through the street was pointed out to me as Prof. A——, principal of the village school. He was puffing away as if for dear life. It struck me as monstrous that the one man to whom the boys of the village looked for instruction and guidance should smoke tobacco in the public street. I expressed surprise, but the gentleman who was with me laughed and said:

“Oh, we all smoke. The boys begin just as soon as they are out of frocks.” It was exasperating to hear people talk and laugh about the worst habit among our people as being a part of the established usage.

I sought an acquaintance with the professor, and after some conversation, proposed to deliver a public lecture on the subject of tobacco. He was a bright man, and while it doubtless seemed nonsense to him, he said he would be glad to hear a lecture because they had so few. Notice was given. The house was crowded. The professor

presided. The editor of the paper was present to take notes. After some statistics and arguments, I tried the experiment of a most determined exhortation. I pleaded as if for my life. After a while the professor came to the front of the platform, raised his hand, and made a solemn vow that he would never use tobacco again. The editor, who like editors everywhere, smoked like a bad chimney, soon got into the tearful and repentant mood, and gave in his adherence. Upon going to his office to make out his report for the paper, he enclosed the worst looking and worst smelling pipe I ever saw, in a strong wrapper and sent it to me with the following poem:

TO DR. DIO LEWIS.

A TROPHY OF HIS SUCCESSFUL LECTURES AT DUTCH FLAT, 1878.

I thank you, Dr., in that as a friend,
You've taught me I've some dirty ways to mend;
So, filled with resolution fresh and new,
I now present my dear "old pipe" to you.
I say it not in sorrow, yet I say in pain,
Farewell, old pipe, we ne'er shall smoke again.
For sweet companion thou wert long to me,
All charred, and brown, and filthy though thou be.
In years past a present from a much loved friend,—
No matter, all such feelings now must have an end;

To decency and right I must be true,
So good-bye, pipe — “ I’m wearing of the blue.”

LEGH HARNETT,

Forum Office.

Journeying on horseback over a rough trail in the high Sierras, I fell in with a stalwart young man, who, for his health, was spending a few months hunting. He was from Philadelphia, a graduate of Yale College, had been admitted to the bar, and was really a splendid fellow. He ought to have known better, but he was puffing away at a large meerschaum. He talked about his health, and said he was disappointed that his recovery was not more rapid. He had been seven weeks in the mountains. We rode together some hours, and he smoked almost constantly. I asked so many questions about his habits that he finally inquired if I was a physician, and then began to advise with me about his diet, &c. •

I spoke of the smoking. He had for several years smoked a little, but had taken it up in this constant way since he came to California. I advised him to stop. This led to a long discussion. Among other points made against the use of to-

bacco, was this,—that every one who aspired to a high physical condition was obliged to shun the weed. I asked him if he had ever attended a pedestrian exhibition. He had seen many of them. I asked him if he had ever seen boat racing, and if he had witnessed the billiard exhibitions by the champions. He had seen both, and was interested in billiards.

I asked him if he had ever seen boat racers, pedestrians, or billiard players smoke. Oh! yes, he had seen billiard players smoke frequently. But had he seen any of the master players smoke. Perhaps not; he couldn't remember.

I assured him that no ambitious billiard player, pedestrian, boat racer or prize fighter dared smoke. No matter how confirmed a smoker a billiard player might be, he was obliged to desist during the four or six weeks he was preparing for the tournament, and that the same was true of all the rest of them. That, in truth, every one ambitious of the highest level in any physical or intellectual game, was obliged to abstain from tobacco.

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